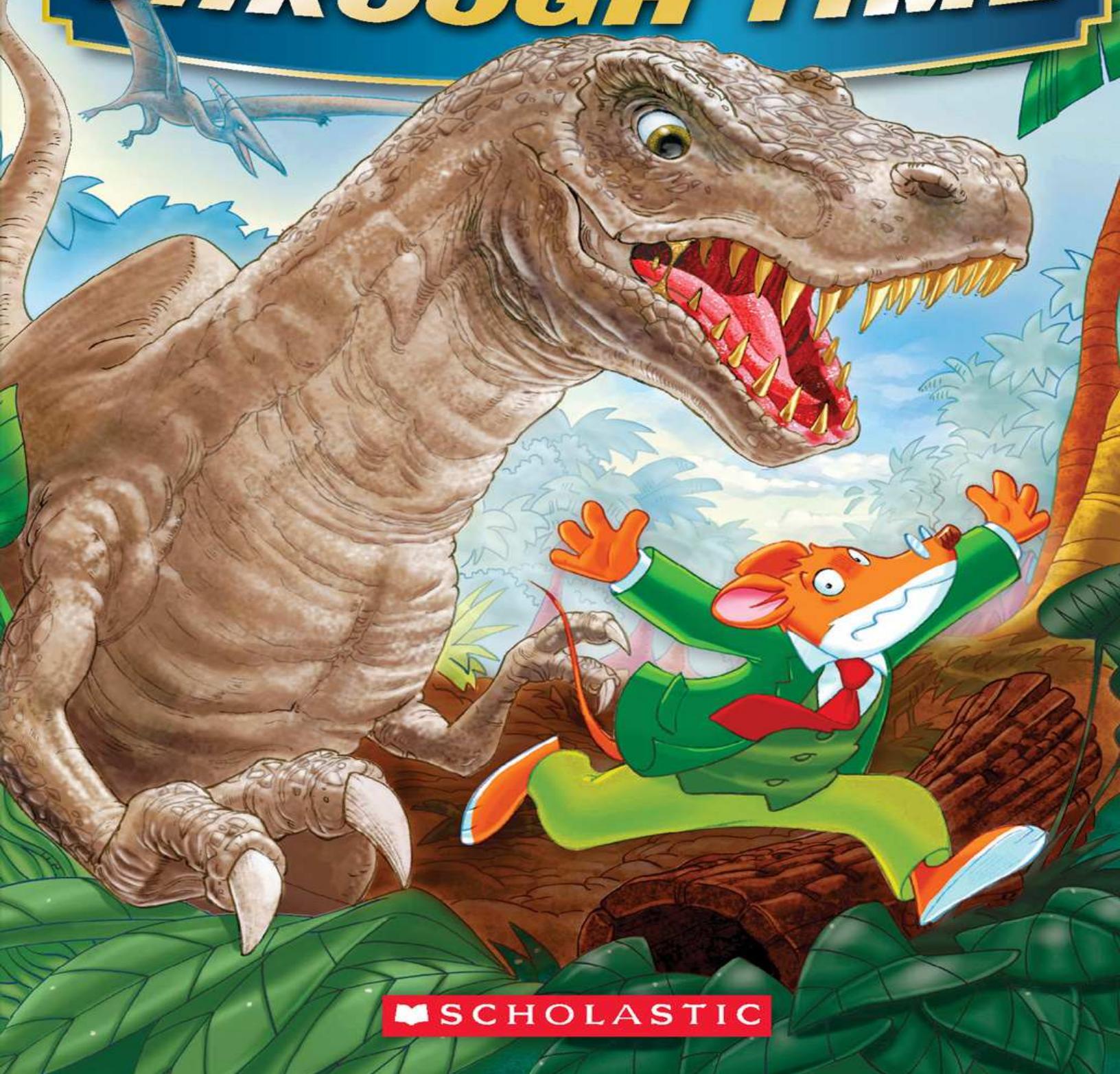




Geronimo Stilton

THE JOURNEY THROUGH TIME



SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton

THE JOURNEY THROUGH TIME





Geronimo Stilton

**THE
JOURNEY
THROUGH
TIME**



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www.geronimostilton.com

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TRAVELERS ON

THE JOURNEY THROUGH TIME



Dear rodent friends,
My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am
the editor and publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*,
the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.
I'm about to tell you the story of one of my most
amazing adventures. Let me introduce you to the
other mice you will meet. . . .

THEA STILTON

My sister, Thea, is a special correspondent
for *The Rodent's Gazette*. She is very
athletic and one of the most stubborn and
determined mice I have ever met!



BENJAMIN

My nephew Benjamin is the
sweetest and most affectionate
little mouselet in the whole world.



TRAP

My cousin Trap is an incredible
prankster. His favorite pastime
is playing jokes on me.



PROFESSOR PAWS VON VOLT

Professor von Volt is a genius inventor
who has dedicated his life to making
amazing new discoveries. This time,
he built a time machine!





THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

It was a **foggy** December morning.



I left home, got a coffee at a nearby café, and munched on a **cheesy** croissant as I leafed through my newspaper, *The Rodent's Gazette*, while walking to work. Five minutes later,



I was in my office.

I immediately noticed a **mysterious** letter sitting on my desk. The envelope was **sealed** with a yellow wax stamp with a **peculiar** symbol on it: a **QUESTION MARK**.



The handwriting looked **very** familiar to me. I opened the

Geronimo Stilton

S — — — *union*

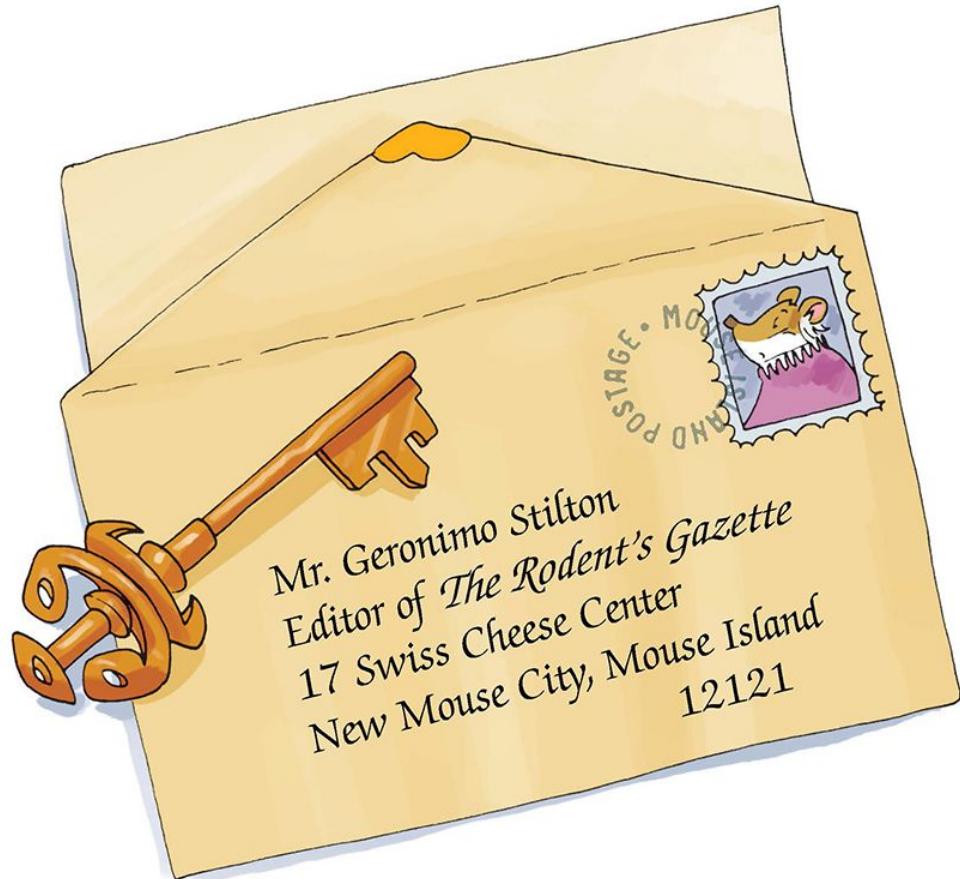
THE MYSTERIOUS



LETTER

envelope cautiously. A **rusty** key slipped out along with a sheet of **crumbly** old notepaper that smelled like **moldy** cheese.

Intrigued, I read the note.





A mysterious letter . . .
a mysterious . . .

Geronimo!

Take the number 17 trolley from Romano Square and get off at the seventh stop. Walk to the traffic light, then take the second street on the left, then the third on the right, and then the first on the left. Cross the bridge, take twenty-three-and-a-half steps, until you reach the billboard with the gorgonzola cheese ad. Then take fourteen steps toward the telephone booth. You should find yourself standing in front of a clock. Turn your back to the clock and take seven steps toward the pizzeria. Go inside the pizzeria, walk to the bathroom, exit through the small window, and climb over the low wall.

Now walk for exactly thirty seconds toward the shoe store, go around the corner, and continue walking until you see a little black door with a sign on it that says DO NOT ENTER. Open the door using the enclosed key. Go through the door, and you'll find yourself in an alley. Take the first right, then the second left, then the third right. Turn into a yard and proceed until you reach a large Dumpster. Climb into the Dumpster for an amazing adventure!

Signed,

??????

P.S. Commit these instructions to memory, then destroy the letter! Do not talk about this to anyone! It's an extremely secretive secret!



THE MYSTERIOUS



LETTER

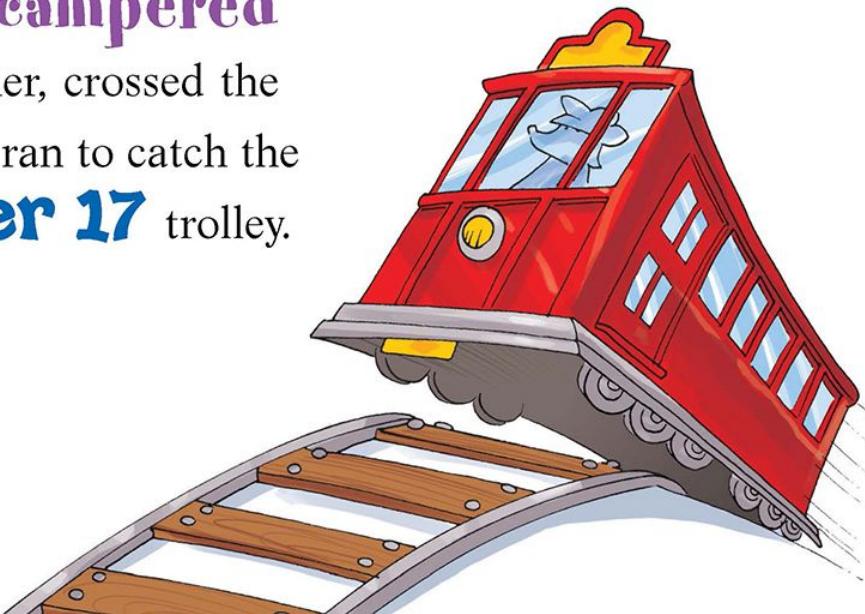
“Moldy mozzarella!” I squeaked. “An **adventure** in a Dumpster? What an **intriguing** letter!”



I carefully reread the letter and examined it with a **magnifying glass**.

“Hmmm,” I said to myself. “It *could* be a prank, but if it’s not . . .”

I thought about it for a minute as my whiskers **trembled** with excitement. Then I made my decision. I memorized the instructions, tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and without saying anything to anyone, quietly slipped out of the office. I **scampered** to the corner, crossed the street, and ran to catch the **number 17** trolley.







MY WHISKERS TREMBLED . . .

The trolley was very, very **CROWDED**. I pushed my way through rats and mice on their way to work. I looked out the window. A dusting of fresh **SNOW** covered the streets of New Mouse City, and it was truly **BEAUTIFUL**! The rooftops looked like white pillows, while the **ice** made the trees look like they were dressed for a party in delicate **lace**.

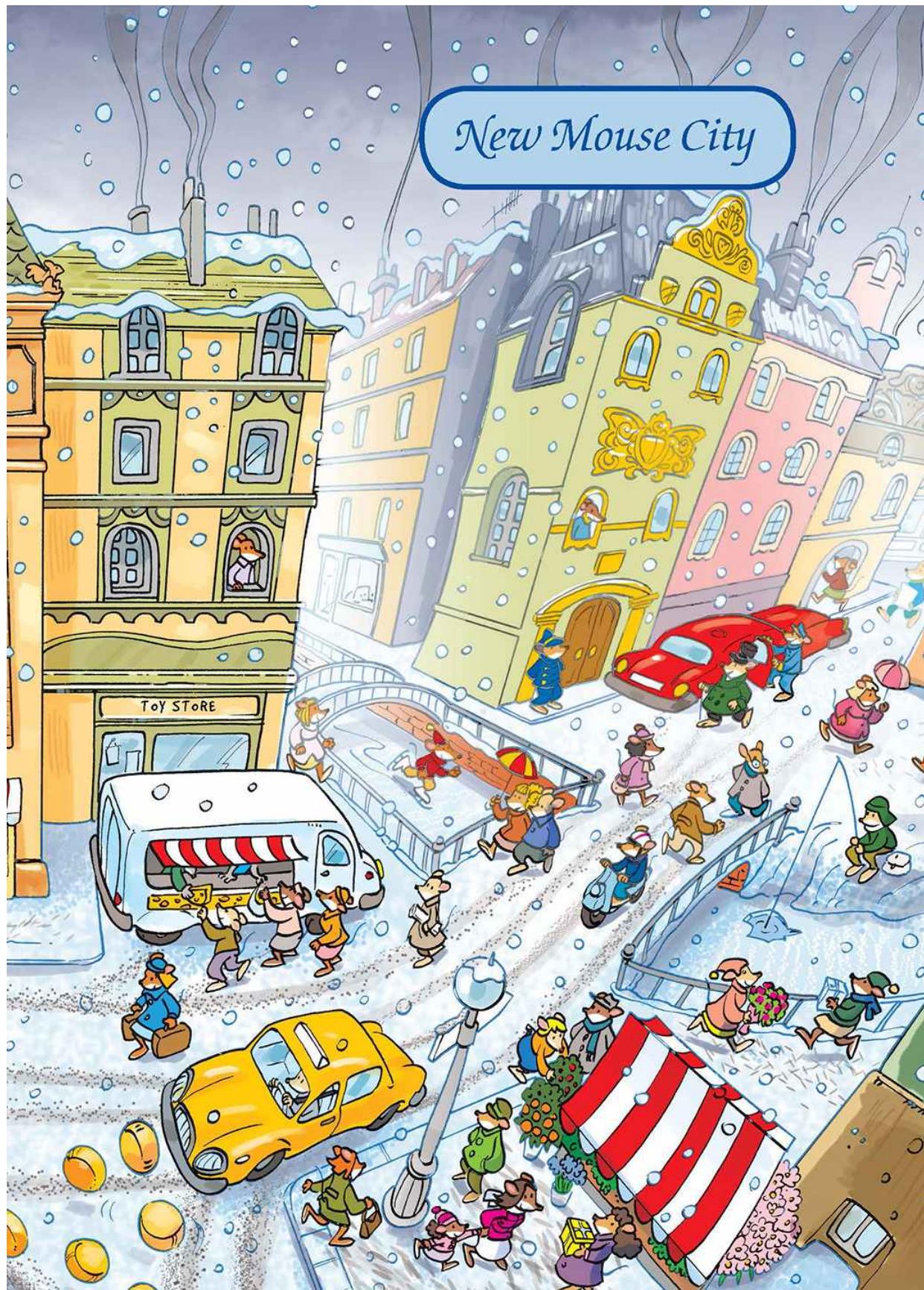
Lost in thought, I almost didn't notice the trolley had come to the seventh stop. The doors creaked open. **Creak! Creak!**

I stepped off the trolley to find that the **FOG** had gotten thicker. I couldn't see anything beyond my own paw! I cleaned my fogged glasses and tried to remember the instructions in the **MYSTERIOUS** letter.





New Mouse City





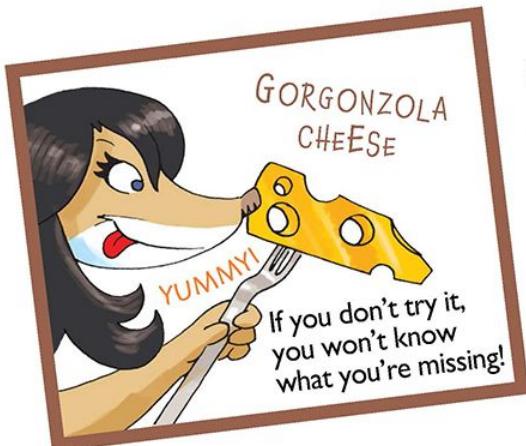
My Whiskers



TREMBLED . . .



Oh, right! I had to walk to the **traffic light!** I took the second street on the left, then the third on the right, and then the first on the left. I crossed the **bridge** and counted **twenty-three-and-a-half** steps toward the **GORGONZOLA** cheese billboard.



I counted **fourteen** steps toward the phone booth.

There was the **CLOCK!**



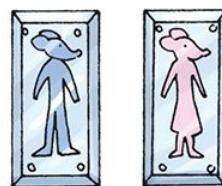
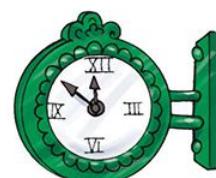
After counting **SEVEN** steps, I found myself in front of the pizzeria. I went in. The owner

winked at me. **HOW STRANGE!** I went into the **BATHROOM**, exited through the small window, and



climbed over the low wall.

I walked for exactly **thirty** seconds toward



RESTROOMS



MY WHISKERS



TREMBLED . . .

the shoe store. I went around the corner, and I found a small black

door with a sign
that read **DO
NOT ENTER.**



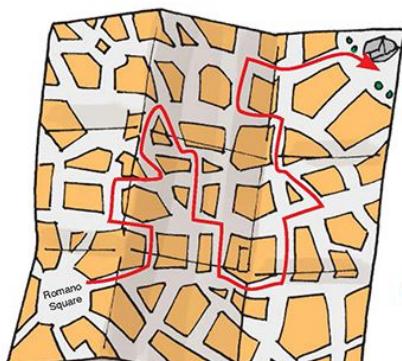
I opened the door using the **MYSTERIOUS** key, and I found myself in an **ALLEY**. I took the first right, then the second left, then the third right, and finally turned into a **YARD**. There, I found the Dumpster. I took off the lid. Ugh! 

What a stench! I pinched my nose and climbed inside. But as soon as I got in, the bottom gave out and I fell into what seemed to be an endless dark

TUNNEL.

I shouted as loudly as I could:

"HEEEEEEEEEEELP!"
"HEEEEEEEEEEELP!"





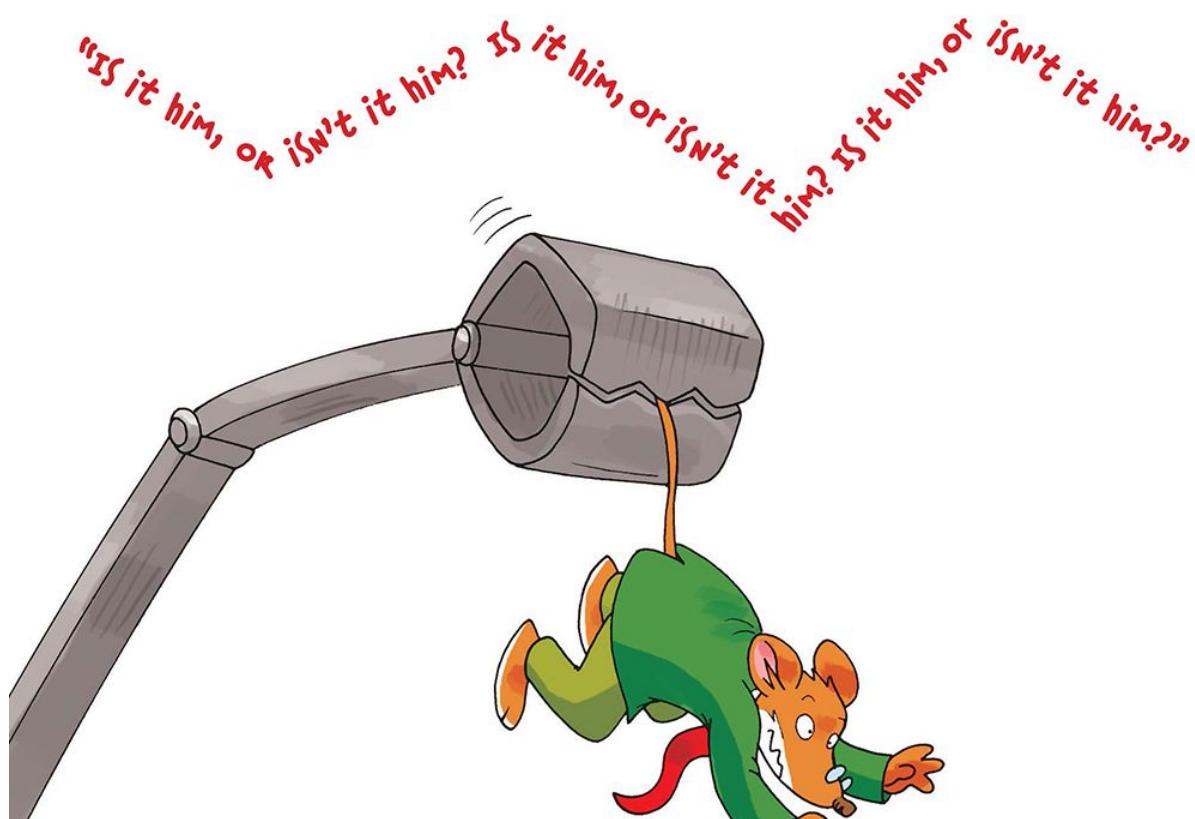
MY WHISKERS



TREMBLED . . .

Everything around me was **PITCH-BLACK**. I fell for what seemed like forever. Was it seconds, minutes, or hours? I couldn't tell. I only know that at one point I **BOUNCED** onto some sort of trampoline. **Boing!** I bounced! And bounced! And bounced!

A steel clamp grabbed my tail. Then I heard a mechanical voice repeat over and over again:



/



MY WHISKERS



TREMBLED . . .

A little robot quickly slid toward me and began to sniff at my fur. **SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF!**

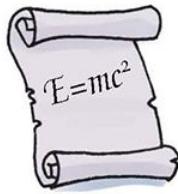
“It’s him!” the robot exclaimed. “It’s Geronimo Stinton!”

Even though I was **SUSPENDED** in midair, I found the strength to correct the tiny machine.

“Excuse me, my name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!*” I insisted.

Suddenly, the steel clamp on my tail released and I fell to the floor with a **thud**. I looked up just as a small door flew open. I instantly recognized a **familiar** snout.

“Professor von Volt!” I exclaimed. “What are you doing here?”



THE FORMULA FOR TIME TRAVEL

Professor von Volt and I have been friends for a long time. He's a **FASCINATING** mouse who has devoted his life to making new scientific

discoveries. Unfortunately,

I never know where to find him. That's because he has a habit of constantly moving his

SECRET lab without

telling anyone because he doesn't want other mice to

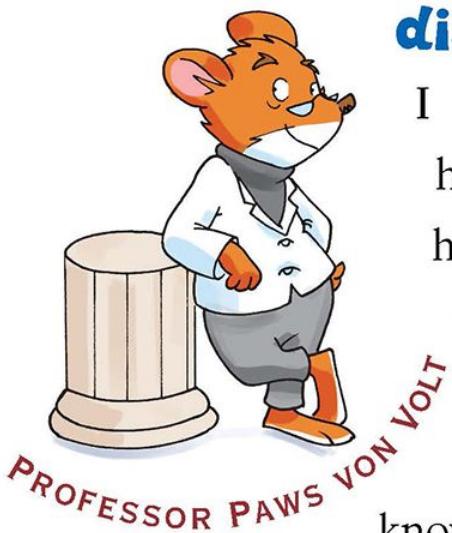
know what he's working on! That

means he usually has to **seek** me out when

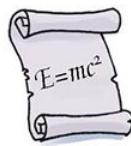
he needs my help with one of his projects or

experiments.

“Geronimo!” he **EXCLAIMED**, giving me a



THE FORMULA FOR



TIME TRAVEL

big **hug**. “What do you think of my new lab?”

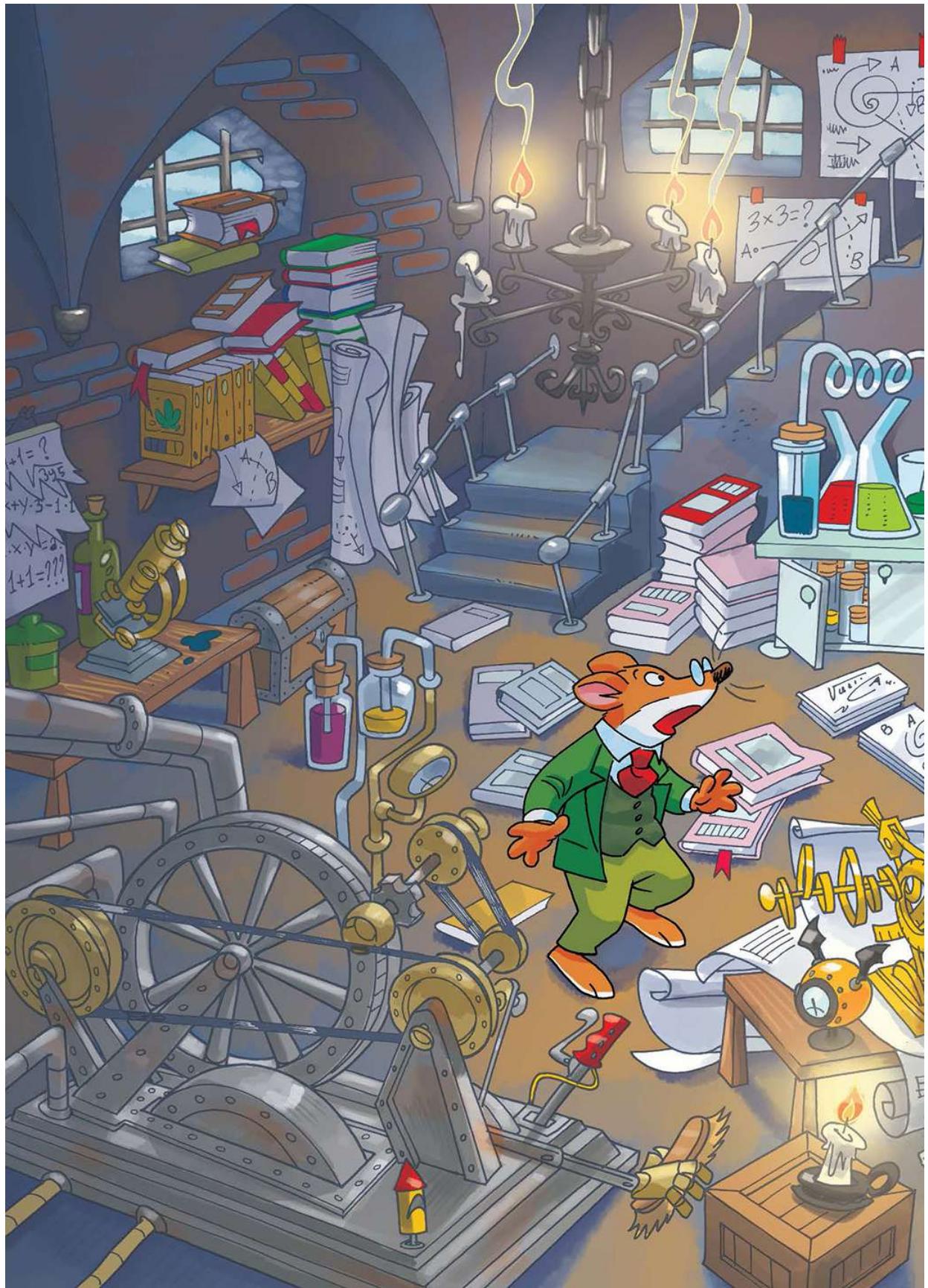
I looked around the huge subterranean room. In front of me was a big steel desk covered in glass **TEST TUBES** and beakers. Each one was filled with a mysterious **COLORED** liquid. The test tubes bubbled and emitted a variety of **stinky** vapors. I also noticed several sheets of paper covered with sketches and scientific **FORMULAS**.

“Geronimo, I sent you that **MYSTERIOUS** letter because I wanted to be sure no one could figure out where my laboratory is,” the professor explained. “But I wanted you to come here so that I could show you my latest and greatest **INVENTION!**”

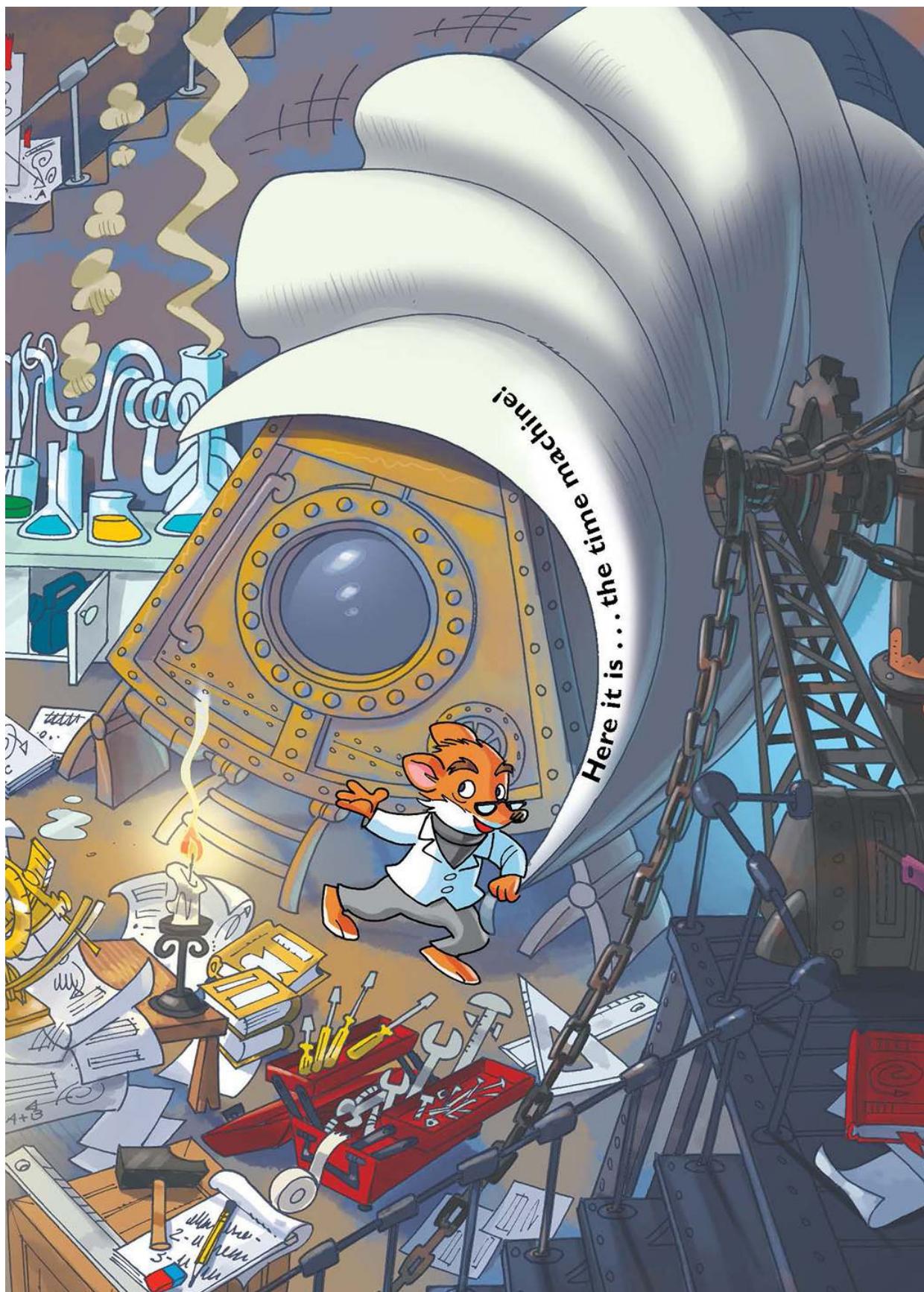
“A new invention?” I asked, intrigued.

“Yes!” the professor squeaked with excitement. “It’s a machine that allows mice to **TRAVEL THROUGH TIME!**”

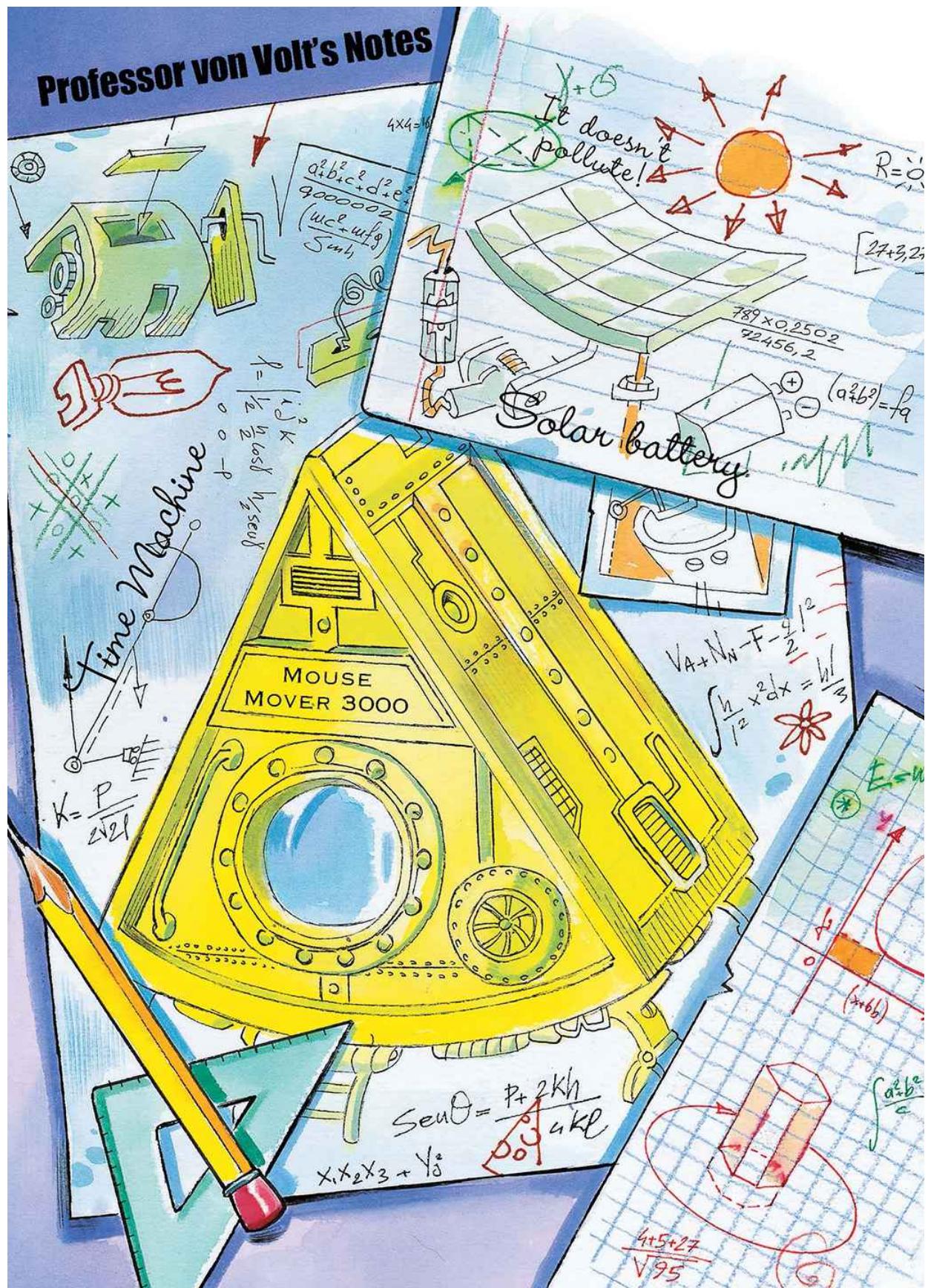
He pointed to a **MYSTERIOUS** object in the center of the room that was covered with a sheet.













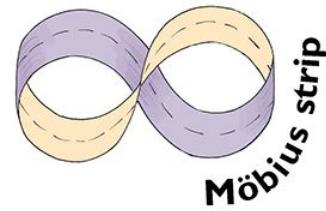
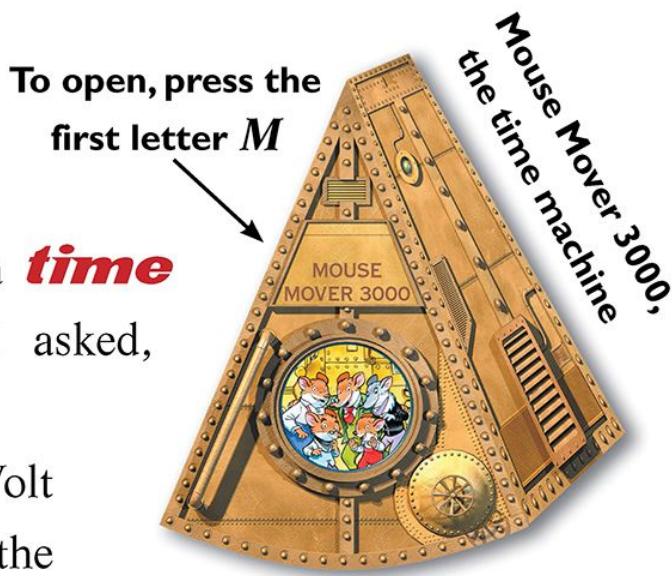
“You mean it’s a **time machine**?” I asked, amazed.

Professor von Volt lifted the sheet off the object to reveal a brass time machine shaped liked an **ENORMOUSE** slice of cheese. An engraving on it read: **MOUSE MOVER 3000**.

“This time machine can travel **forward** and **BACKWARD** in time,” the professor explained. “It can also move in and out of **PARALLEL WORLDS** like a Möbius strip.”

I looked inside the time machine: It had a bright **BRASS** finish with solid bolts. I noticed five velvet-backed chairs that looked like dentist’s chairs, except they were equipped with sturdy **SAFETY BELTS**.

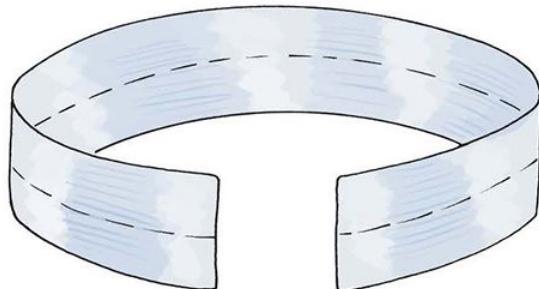
Professor von Volt explained that to travel,



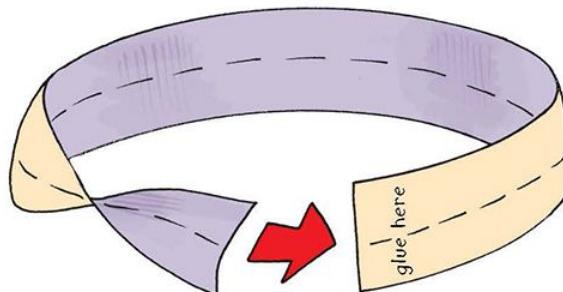
THE MYSTERIOUS MÖBIUS STRIP

This fascinating play-experiment makes us think of the three dimensions and of the mystery of parallel worlds. The German mathematician and astronomer August Ferdinand Möbius (1790–1868) discovered the Möbius Strip in 1858.

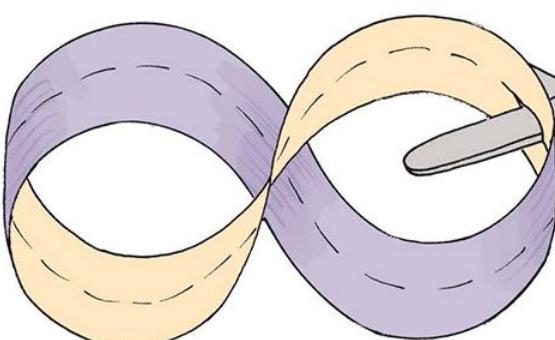
 is the shape of the Möbius strip and the symbol for infinity in mathematics.



Take a strip of paper . . .



. . . twist it and glue it . . .



Take a strip of paper and color each side a different color.

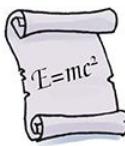
Twist the strip as shown and glue it as indicated. Is the purple side on the inside or the outside? How about the yellow side? Notice that the strip only has one side and one edge. If you trace your finger along the length of the strip, your finger will return to the starting point without crossing the edge of the strip.

. . . and cut it down the middle!

Now cut the strip down the middle. Surprise! The strip doesn't break into two pieces. Instead, it becomes an even longer strip with another twist in it.

* ? * ? * ? * ? * ? * ? * ? * ? * ? * ? * ?

THE FORMULA FOR



TIME TRAVEL

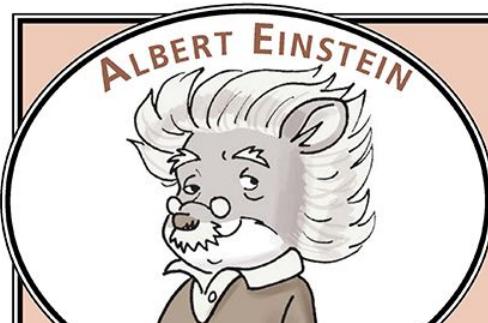
one only had to program the **CHRONOMETER**—which was a super-advanced timepiece, with where and when to visit!

Right next to the Chronometer was a red button labeled **PRESS HERE**.

PROFESSOR VON VOLT continued to explain how the time machine worked.

“Geronimo, do you know about Albert Einstein’s **THEORY OF RELATIVITY**?” he asked me.

“Well, I learned it in school, but . . .” My snout turned **PURPLE** with embarrassment. I didn’t

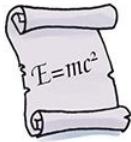


Albert Einstein (1879–1955)
Albert Einstein was a German physicist. His theory of relativity explained the important link between space and time using the formula $E=mc^2$. Einstein's work helped launch a new era in theoretical physics.



a new era in theoretical physics.

THE FORMULA FOR



TIME TRAVEL

remember a **THING** about Einstein's theory!

"Well, in Einstein's formula $E=mc^2$, **energy** is equal to **MASS** times the **SPEED OF LIGHT** squared, right?" the professor asked.

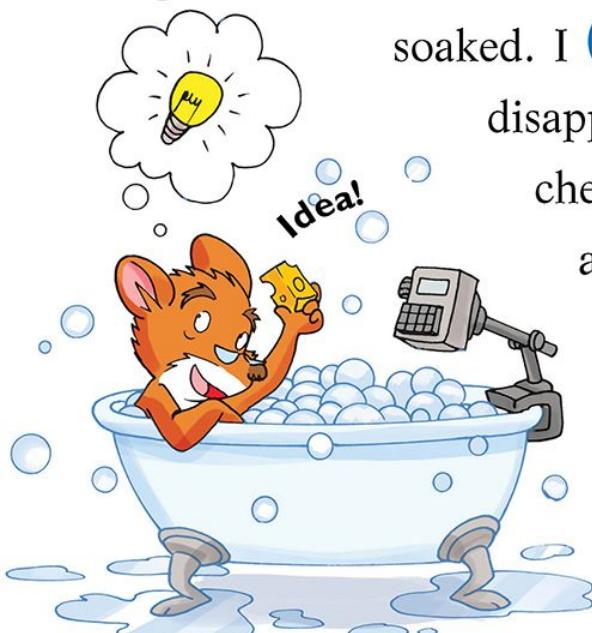
"Yes, of course," I replied.

"One evening I decided to take a **warm** bath," Professor von Volt continued. "I grabbed a cube of **cheese** to snack on as I soaked. I **GNAWED** it quickly, and it disappeared in an instant. The cheese was transferred to another dimension — my **STOMACH**!"

Suddenly, I developed a new formula:

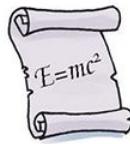


$$E = (mc)(vmg)^3$$

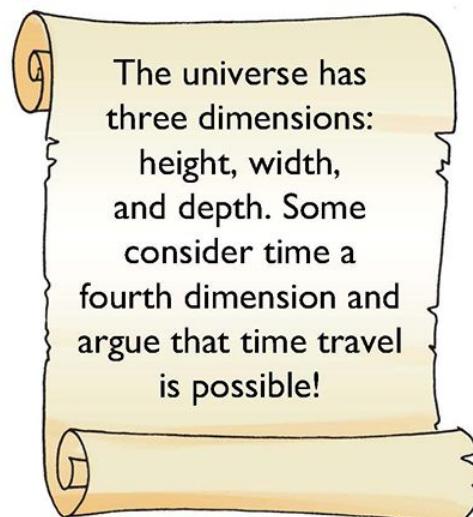


Energy = the mass of the cheese times the velocity at which the mouse gnawed it, cubed!

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“When I did some calculations using my new formula, I discovered it was possible to travel through **time**!” the professor continued. “I’m leaving on my first journey as **SOON** as possible, and I need some passengers for the **MOUSE MOVER 3000**. Would you and your family like to come?”



“M-m-me?” I squeaked. “Oh, no, Professor, I couldn’t.”

Suddenly, Thea’s and Trap’s faces **POPPED** into my mind. I knew the two of them would **love** to go on a trip through time. I sighed. I couldn’t say no.

“Professor, the Stilton family would be **honored** to travel with you!” I told him.



I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

Geronimo Stilton



I called *The Rodent's Gazette*. My sister, Thea, answered the phone.
“Can you keep a **secret**?” I **whispered**. “Professor von Volt invented a **time machine** and invited us to travel with him. Get your things ready, and meet me as soon as you can!”

“Let me grab my **CAMERA**, and I'll be right there!” she shouted. “What a **FABUMOUSE** scoop!”

“Shhh!” I said. “Talk **softly**. Somebody might hear you!”

Thea Stilton



—

—

I'LL BE RIGHT  THERE!

"I won't whisper a **SQUEAK** to anyone," Thea promised. "I give you my **rodent's word**! I'll pass you on to Trap."

A moment later, Trap got on the phone.

"What's this about a **TRIP** with the professor?" he shouted. "Look, I'll come only if there's going to be some decent **food**!"

"Shhh!" I said frantically. "Please don't **YELL**! It's a secret! A super-classified secret!"

"Okay, okay," he grumbled. "I'll come. But if there's a treasure involved, I want my share! **Rodent's word**, okay?"

"Yes, yes, yes," I agreed **HURRIEDLY**. "We'll talk about it later. In the meantime, get here on the double. We're about to **leave**."



I'LL BE RIGHT  THERE!

"It's a deal!" Trap replied. "But first, I want to try out a new **joke** on you."

"Okay, okay," I agreed. "But **HURRY**!"

"What did the mouse say when the **cat** bit his tail?" he asked.

"Hmmm . . . er . . . gee . . . well, it depends how **BIG** the cat is. . . ." I said.

"Gerry Berry, you have no sense of humor!" Trap groaned.

"Trap!" I complained. "You know I hate it when you call me that."

Trap handed the phone to my nephew Benjamin, who giggled.

"Uncle, the **MOUSE** said,
'That's the end of me!'" he squeaked. "Get it?"

I **chuckled** at the joke.

"Is it **true**?" Benjamin asked once he stopped **laughing**.



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I'LL BE RIGHT  THERE!

“Are you really going to **TRAVEL** through time?
Please, please take me along!”

“I'd **love** to take you, Benjamin,” I explained,
“but it could be a very **DANGEROUS** trip!”

“It won't be **DANGEROUS** if I'm with you,
Uncle,” Benjamin replied. “I know you'll protect
me. Please take me, Uncle. **Pretty please?!**”

I sighed. I can never say no to Benjamin.

“Okay, my little morsel of **cheese**,” I agreed
with a smile. “You can come, too!”

“Thank you, Uncle!” he **squeaked**. “Thank you,
thank you! You're the **best** uncle in the world!”

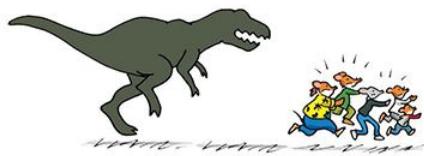
He handed the phone back to Thea, and I told her
how to find Professor von
Volt's **SECRET** laboratory.

Half an hour later, I heard
the sound of the **GONG**.

Thea, Trap, and Benjamin
had arrived!

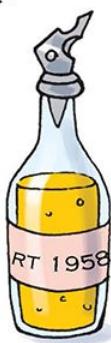
I heard the sound of the
Bonggggggg
Bonggggggg
Bonggggggggg
Bonggggggggg
Bonggggggggg
... gung





SAUSAGE FOR DINOSAURS

ROQUEFORT 1958



Professor von Volt opened a **little** refrigerator.

"I've been saving this bottle for years," he explained. "I've been waiting for a **special** occasion, and this is it!"

Trap examined the bottle with a knowing air.

"Phew," my cousin whistled. He was obviously

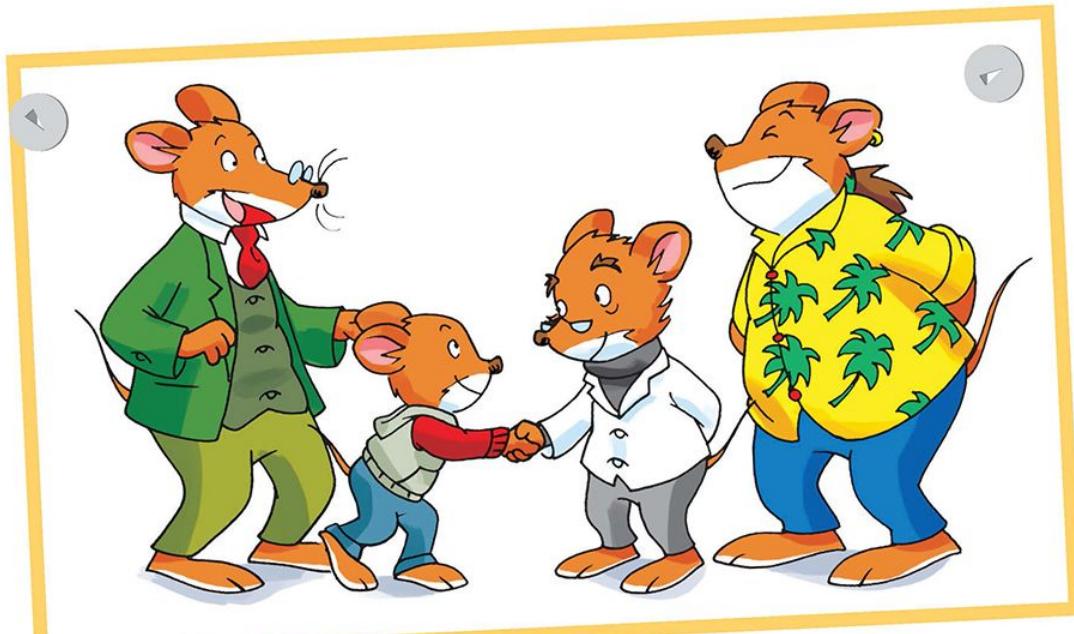


 Photo taken by Thea

impressed. “This is a **milkshake** made of French Roquefort cheese from 1958. It’s **veeeeerrry** expensive! And I’ll bet it’s **WHISKER-LICKING** good. You have very good taste, Professor.”

Thea took a group **PHOTO** as Benjamin shook the professor’s paw.

“And now, let’s go over a few **SAFETY** precautions,” the professor told us.

1 “FIRST: The Chronometer must always be programmed with your desired destination. Be very careful! If you enter the wrong information, we could get lost in time!”

Holey cheese! I would be extremely careful. I didn’t want to get lost in time!

The professor took something out of his pocket.

2 “SECOND: You’ll need earplugs because the trip will be rather noisy.”

He handed out the earplugs.

“By the way, does anyone get airsick?” he asked.



SAUSAGE FOR DINOSAURS

“Geronimo gets airsick, seasick, train sick, bus sick, and even taxi sick,” Trap **SNICKERED**.

“Hmmm,” the professor said. “Well, then, dear Geronimo, you’ll probably experience a little **nausea**. But don’t worry. Each trip takes exactly **Sixty Seconds** — no more, no less!

③ “**THIRD**: The past cannot be modified in any way, shape, or form, or it will change the future with disastrous consequences!

TRAVEL NECESSITIES:





chocolate

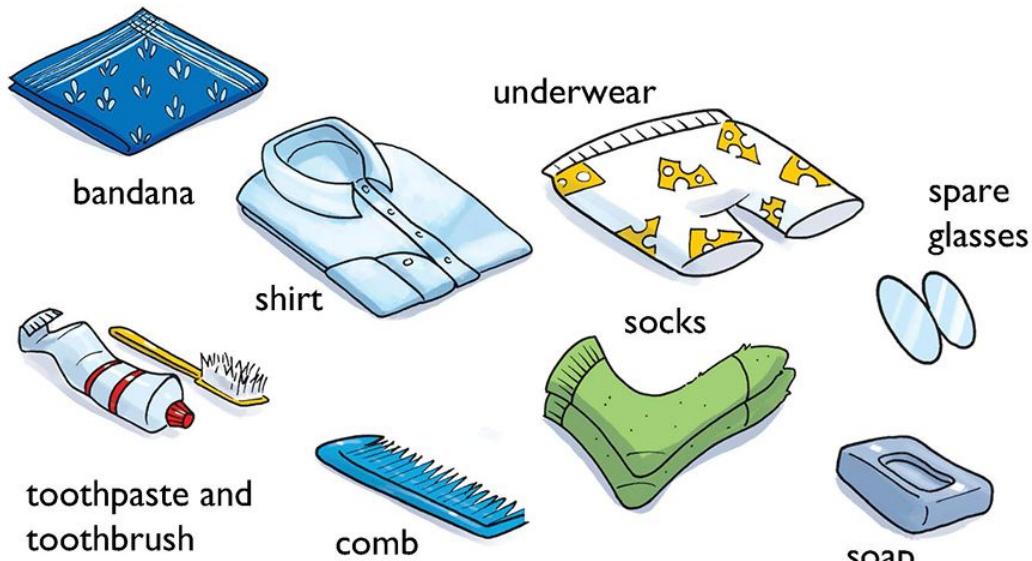
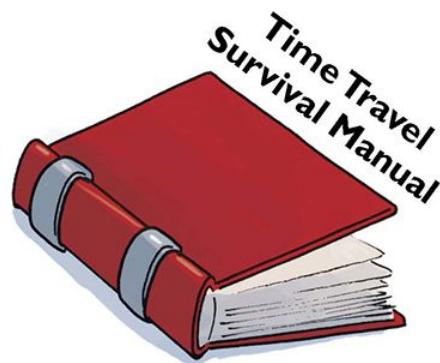


4 “FOURTH: Keep my *Time Travel Survival Manual* handy at all times.”

He waved the manual at us.

“This could **SAVE** your life!” he shouted. “For example, if you encounter a dinosaur, check the manual to find out if it’s an **HERBIVORE** or a **CARNIVORE**! If it’s a carnivore, you’d better run as fast as you can!”

YIKES!



սար

Then Professor von Volt became even more **SERIOUS**.

“Our secret journey through time has three **objectives**,” he told us.



- In the **Prehistoric Period**: Find out why dinosaurs became extinct!



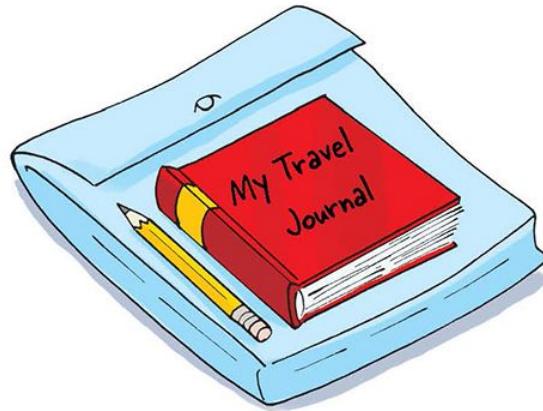
- In **ancient Egypt**: Find out how Cheops, the Great Pyramid of Giza, was built!



- In **medieval England**: Uncover the secrets of King Arthur and his court!

I had to remember everything about the **amazing** adventure I was about to take.

So I slipped a plastic envelope containing my **TRAVEL JOURNAL** and *pencil* into my pocket.



Meanwhile, Trap muttered, “What if we never make it back? We could become **sausage** for dinosaurs! Or a pharaoh might bury us alive in a giant **SARCOPHAGUS**! Or we might end up **skewered** like mouse kebabs on a medieval knight’s sword!”

“Don’t worry!” Benjamin piped up confidently. “Uncle Geronimo will **PROTECT** us.”

He looked at me with such hope in his eyes. **Moldy mozzarella!** I really, really hoped I could live up to my dear nephew’s expectations.



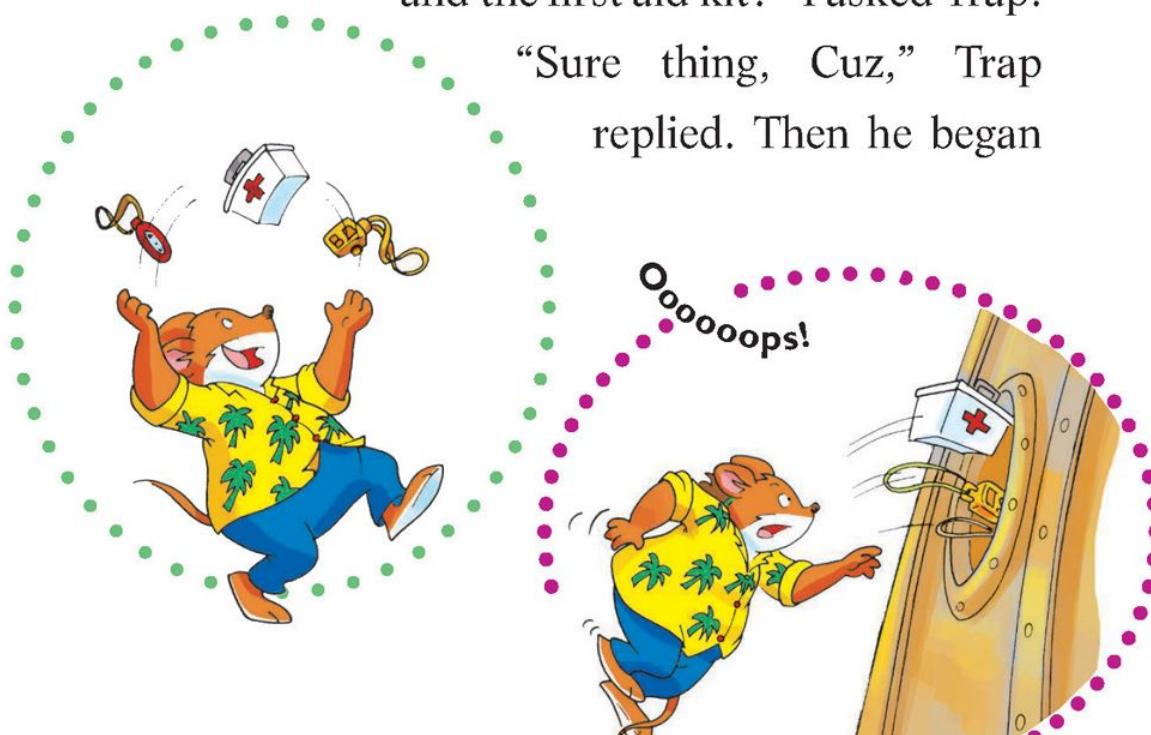


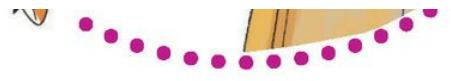
A MYSTERIOUS BLUE FOG

I climbed into the **time machine** first. Trap, Thea, Benjamin, and the professor were still gathering their things.

"Would you please pass me the compass, the remote control for the **CHRONOMETER**, and the first aid kit?" I asked Trap.

"Sure thing, Cuz," Trap replied. Then he began





A MYSTERIOUS  BLUE FOG

to **juggle** the three objects in the air.

I shook my head in **DISMAY**. Why, oh, why did my cousin have to be such a jokester?

Suddenly, Trap **TRIPPED** over one of the many stacks of books and papers Professor von Volt had around his lab.

The **COMPASS** went flying into the dashboard.

CRASH!

The **remote control** bonked me in the head.

CLONK!

And the **FIRST AID KIT** hit the door of the **MOUSE MOVER 3000**, causing it to slam shut.

THUD!

"OUCHIE!"

I cried.

To my **horror**, I realized that the remote control had





A MYSTERIOUS  BLUE FOG

activated the **CHRONOMETER**. I tried to jump out of the time machine, but the door was **stuck**. It was too late!

The **MOUSE MOVER 3000** began spinning faster and faster.

I heard an extremely **LOUD** sound and understood why the professor had suggested earplugs. The little ship filled with a mysterious **BLUE FOG**, and I heard a huge bang.



The time machine came to a sudden stop. Dazed, I gripped the armchair and waited for my head to stop **spinning**. It felt as if **tiny butterflies** were flying around it.

Worried, I called out to the others.

“Thea?” I shouted. “Trap? Benjamin? Professor





von Volt? **Are you out there?**"

No one answered.

Cautiously, I pressed the **BUTTON** to open the door.

I raised my head and looked outside.

I was
left
breathless
with
amazement!





A large white question mark is centered on a solid blue background. The background features the text "Journey through time . . ." repeated in a diagonal, slightly staggered pattern across the entire surface.

μαθητ

χρον

THE JURASSIC PERIOD

199 to 145 million years ago

Ginkgo
biloba leaf

Archaeopteryx



Brachiosaurus

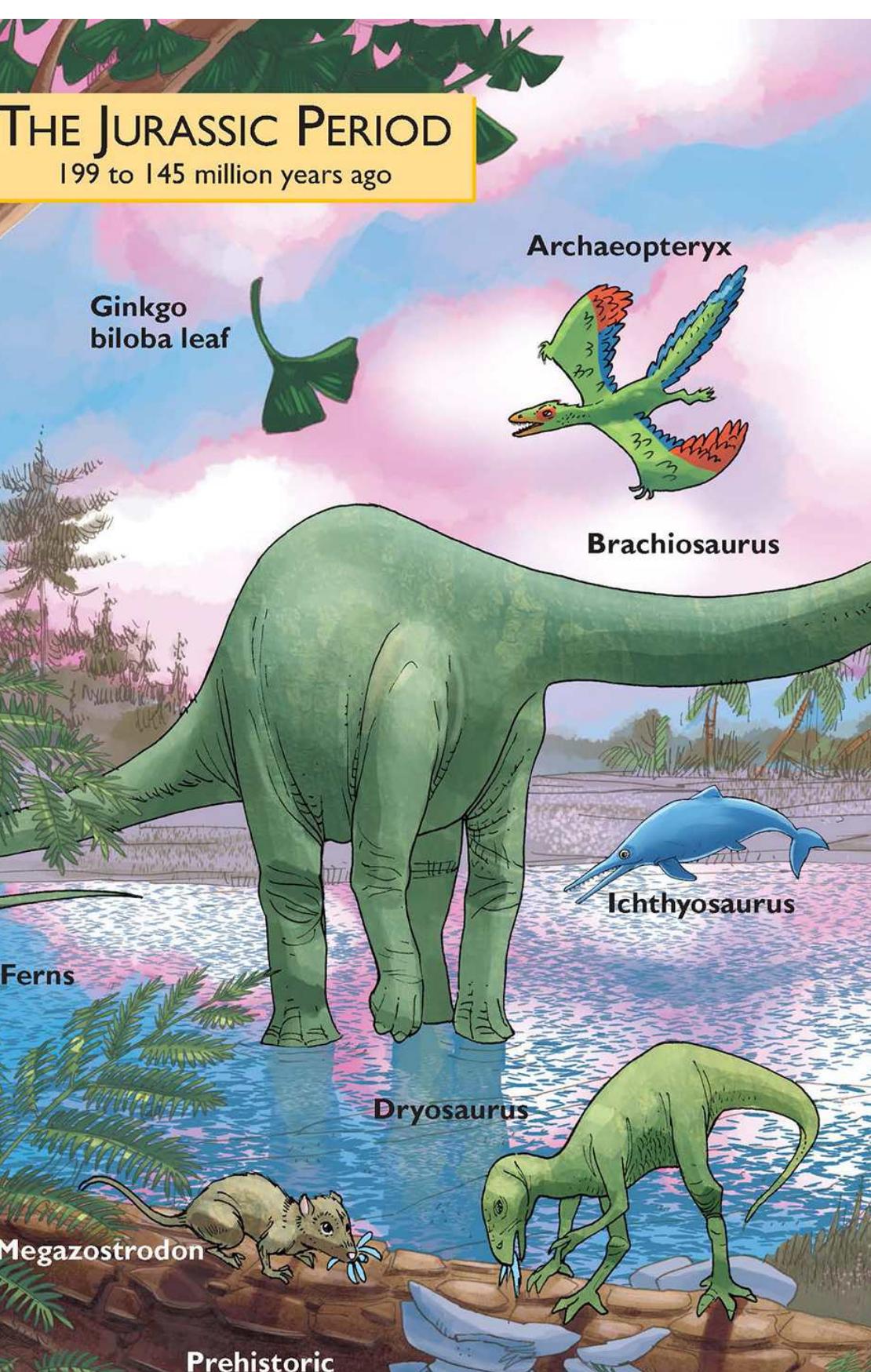
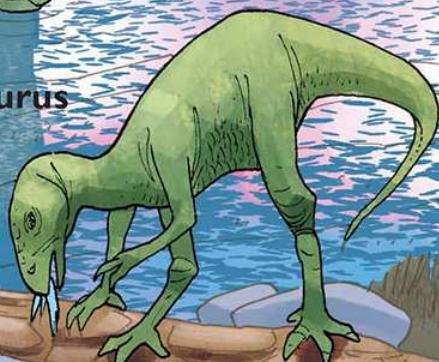
Ferns

Ichthyosaurus

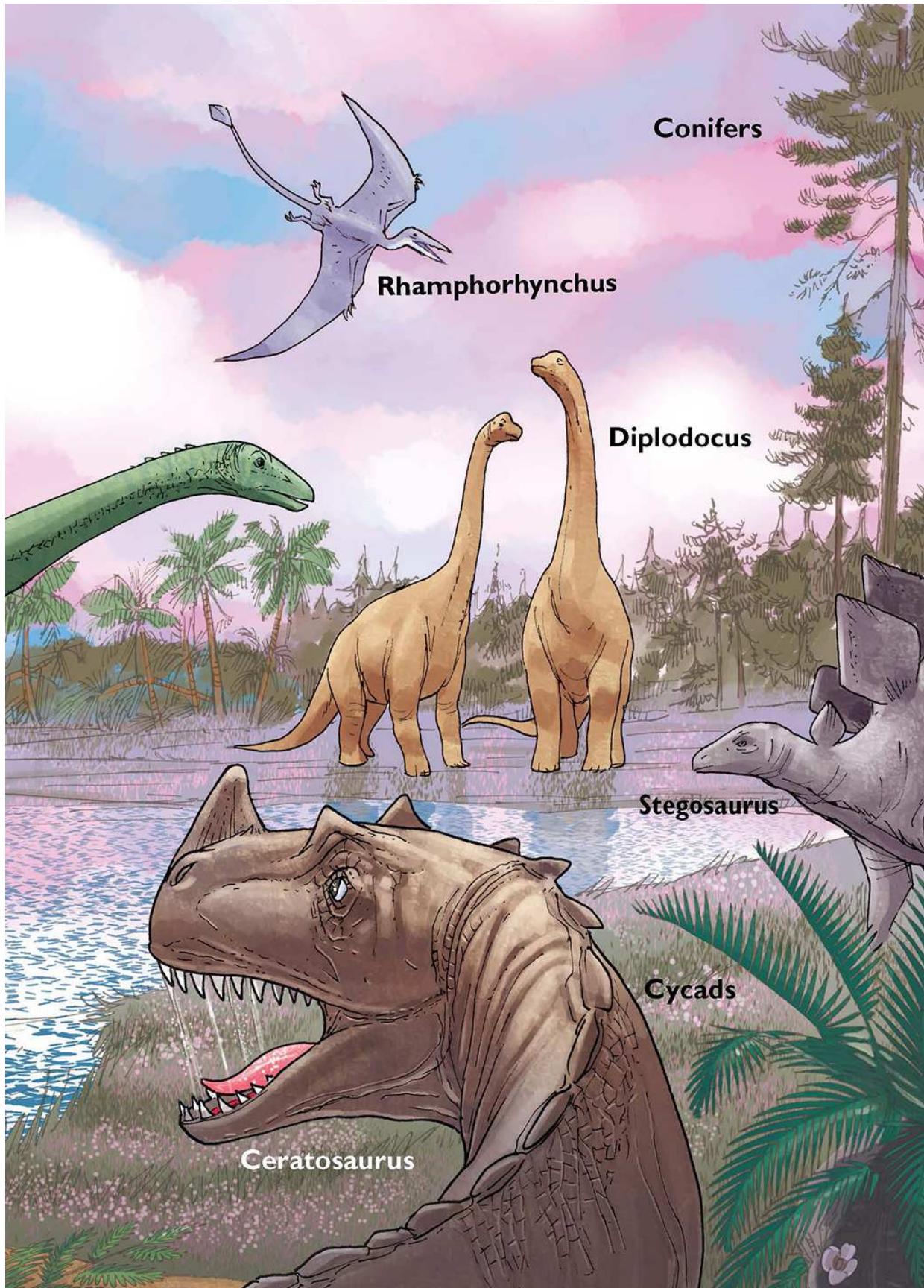
Dryosaurus

Megazostrodon

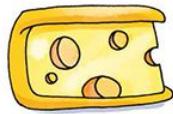
Prehistoric





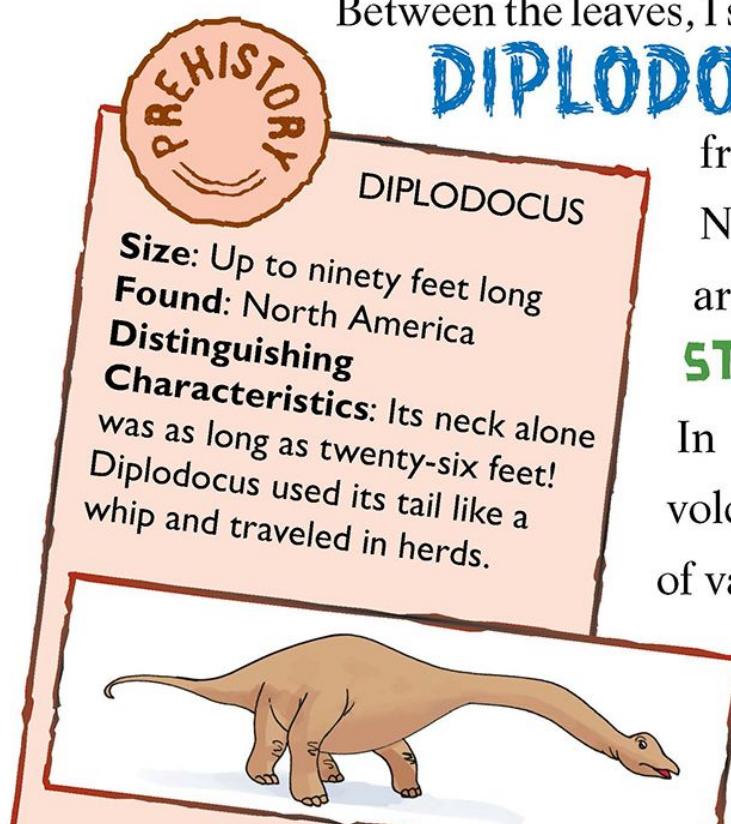






I GOT LOST IN TIME!

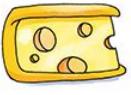
It was such an awesome sight I had to pinch my tail to make sure I wasn't **DReaming**. I saw tall flowerless trees packed with **LUSH** leaves with strange cones instead of fruit. There were bushes of ferns and horsetails.



Between the leaves, I saw the neck of a **DIPLODOCUS** emerge from a **pond**. Next to it was the armored tail of a **STEGOSAURUS**.

In the distance, a volcano shot a puff of vapor into the air, and the earth **trembled**.



I GOT LOST  IN TIME!

A flying reptile silently glided by.
I glanced at the **CHRONOMETER**:



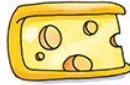
I was in the **Jurassic period**, the era of the **DINOSAURS**! I tried to reprogram the **CHRONOMETER**, but it was no use. It was stuck.

Holey cheese!

What was I going to do? I was going to be **DINNER** for the





I GOT LOST  IN TIME!

dinos! It was just as I had feared. **I, Geronimo Stilton, was lost in time!**

I shut myself inside the time machine and began to sob.

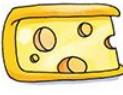
"I'm alone and far away from home!" I sobbed.
"I'm scared! I'm extremely scared! I'm ridiculously scared **out of my mind!**"

Suddenly, I remembered the nursery rhyme my **aunt Sweetfur** always sang to me when I was a little **MOUSELING** who was afraid of the dark.





◎

I GOT LOST  IN TIME!

If your courage fails you,
Do not be afraid. . . .

Eat a little cheese
And do not be dismayed.

Little mouse, you'll be okay
If you know what to do. . . .

Be brave and calm and carry on,
And you will make it through!

I sighed. At that point, Aunt Sweetfur would always give me a little kiss and offer me a **morsel** of cheese.

I would ask her, “Auntie, does cheese make **FEAR** go away?”

She always had the same answer.

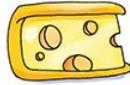
“No, little one,” she’d say with a **sweet** smile.

“But it tastes **delicious!**”

I sighed. Oh, Aunt Sweetfur!

All mouselings deserve a special aunt like her!

— TJ —

I GOT LOST  IN TIME!

To give myself a little **courage**, I began talking to myself in a loud voice.

“Everything’s fine,” I shouted. “I’m going to make it!”

I repeated it **over** and **over** again.

“Of course I’m going to make it! **I will make it. I will make it. I will make it!**”

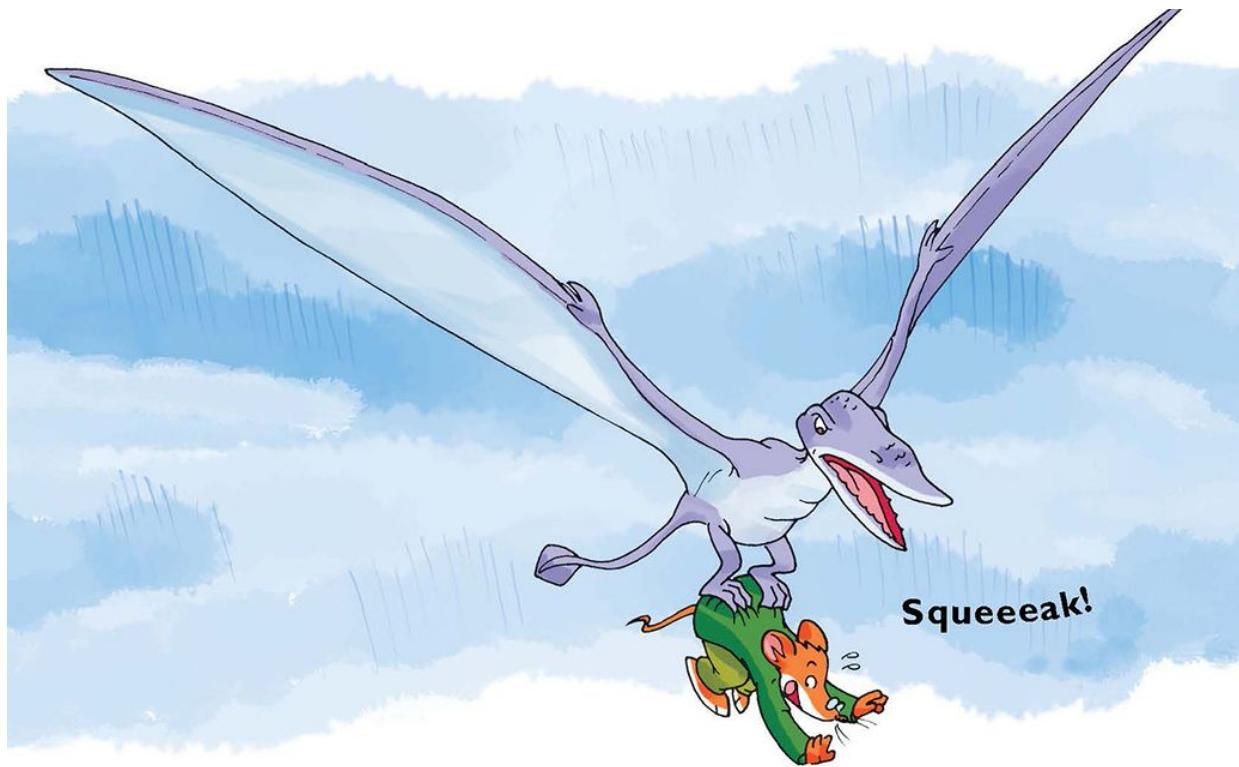
I picked myself up, stood up straight, and opened the porthole. Then I climbed out of the ship, took a deep breath, and entered the **prehistoric** forest.

It was humid outside and very, very **hot**. I took out my travel journal and made some notes:

I find myself in a humid forest during the Jurassic period. I am alone, alone, alone, and it is extremely hot!

Oh, why, oh, why did the **Jurassic** period have to be so hot? I was **ROASTING** like a mouse **KEBAB**! Suddenly, it became shady

— TU —



and cool. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ah, how **wonderful!**" I exclaimed.
"The sky is getting cloudy, and I'll have a break
from this terrible heat. . . ."

I looked up to the sky, but I had barely
lifted my head when an **ENORMOUSE**
Rhamphorhynchus grabbed me in its claws and
MOUSENAPPED me!

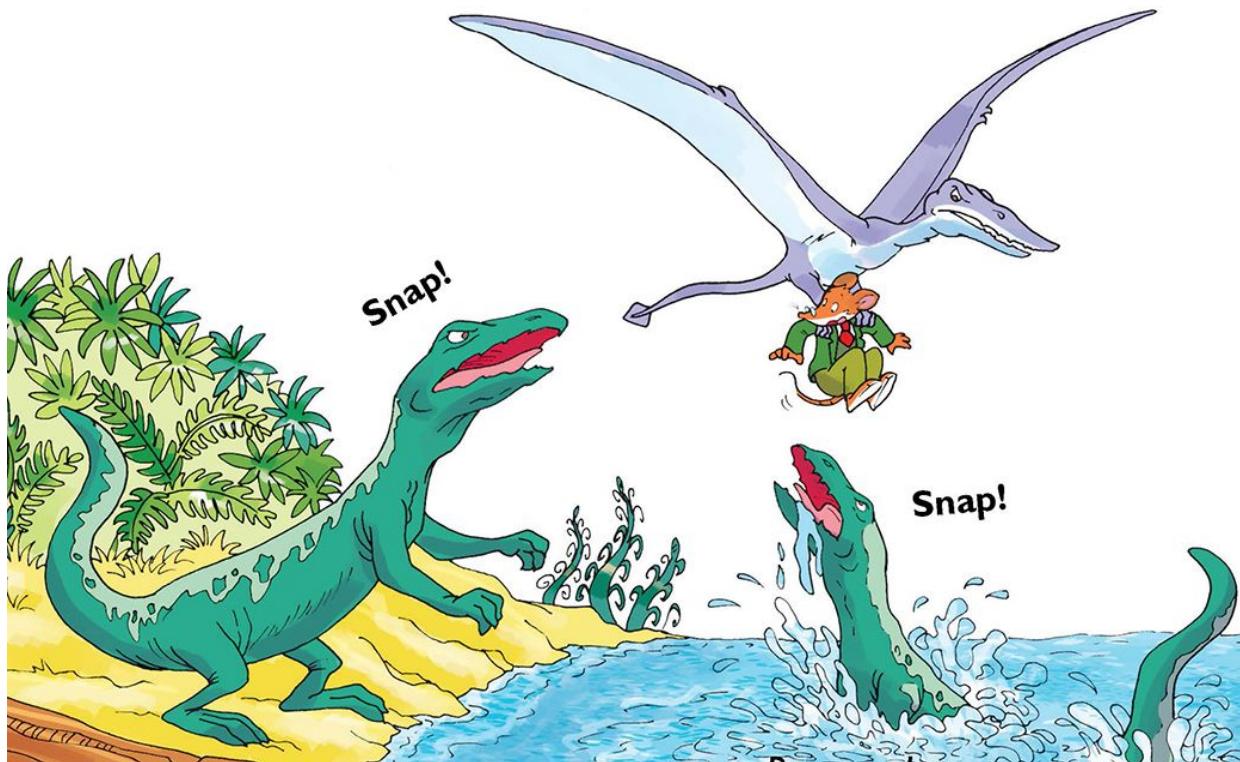


I DON'T WANT TO BE A DINO SNACK!

“**Heeeelp!**” I squeaked. “I want to get off!”

But the Rhamphorhynchus kept on **FLYING**.

“**Holey cheese!**” I cried as the wind rushed through my fur. “This breeze is really cooling me off!”

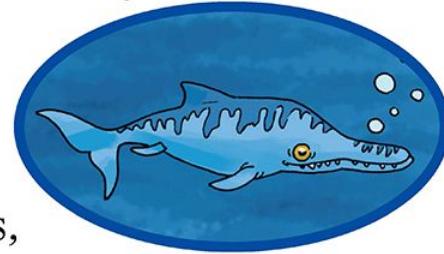




Protosuchus

I DON'T WANT TO  BE A DINO SNACK!

Ophthalmosaurus



We **hovered** over a lake. Here and there among the waves swam Ophthalmosaurus, **marine** reptiles that are similar to dolphins. On the **LAKESHORE**, I saw a herd of Protosuchus, which are similar to **CROCODILES**. As we flew over, the Protosuchus raised their snouts and opened their jaws. **SNAP! SNAP!**

"Let me **ooooooooooooo!**" I shouted to the Rhamphorhynchus.

But the beast didn't listen. Then I had an idea: I reached up and **TICKLED** its belly! The creature dropped me immediately. I **PLUMMETED** down and landed on something soft.

"Ah!" I exclaimed as I massaged my sore tail.
"I'm finally free!"

Then I turned to see two enormous yellow **EYES** staring at me. **SQUEEEEEEAK!** It

I DON'T WANT TO  BE A DINO SNACK!



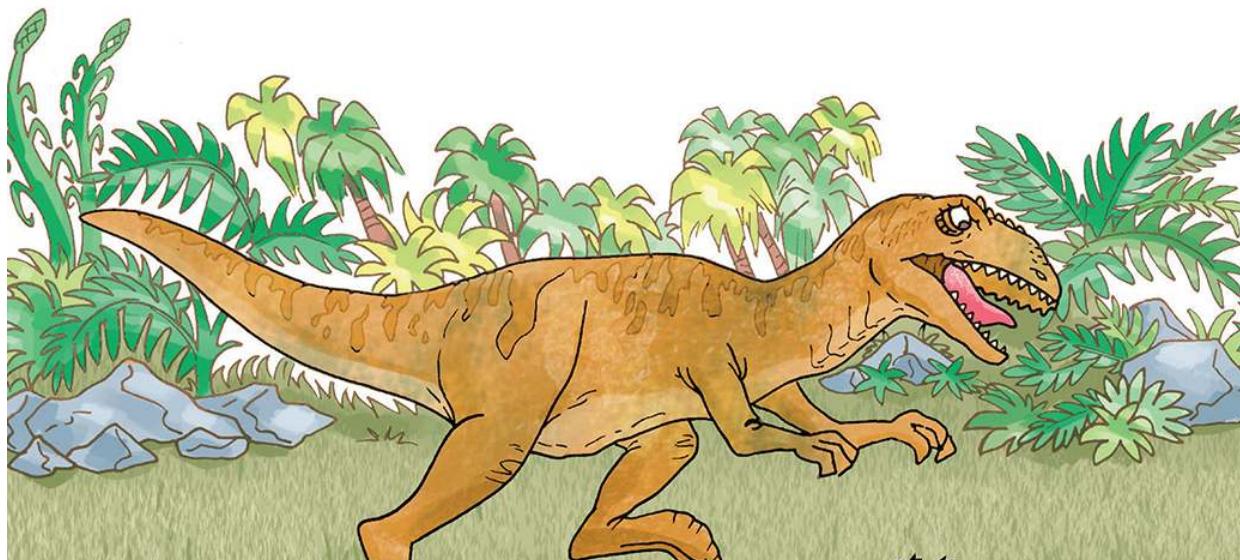
was an **Allosaurus**!

I tried to think. Was Allosaurus
HERBIVOROUS or **carnivorous**?
HERBIVOROUS or **carnivorous**? **HERBIVOROUS** or
carnivorous?

He opened wide his mouth, and I saw his jaws
bristling with **RAZOR-SHARP** teeth.

"Allosaurus is **carnivorous**!" I yelled.
"I don't want to become a dinosaur's snack!
HEEEEEEEELP!"

I ran through the forest as **FAST** as I could.
I ran and ran and ran. Suddenly, I found myself





in front of a **SLAB** of rock. I was **trapped!** The Allosaurus came closer, **studying** me with mean, beady eyes. He looked **hungry.** **VERRRRY** hungry.

The **Allosaurus** took a step closer. My whiskers quivered in fear. Then I heard another **ROAR.**



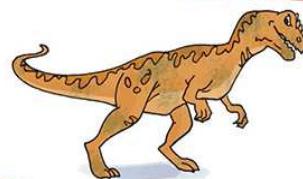
ALLOSAURUS

Size: Up to forty-five feet long

Found: North America, Africa, and Australia

Distinguishing Characteristics:

Allosaurus was the largest carnivorous dinosaur in the Jurassic period. Its name means "different reptile." It had more than seventy long, sharp serrated teeth and slashing claws on its small arms. It also had bony knobs and ridges on the top of its head.





I DON'T WANT TO  BE A DINO SNACK!



MEGALOSAURUS

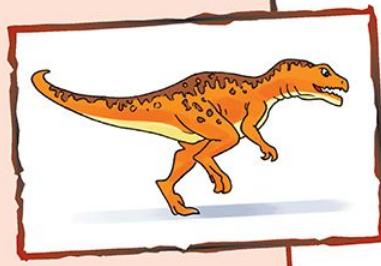
Size: Up to thirty feet long

Found: Europe

Distinguishing

Characteristics: Megalosaurus was a carnivorous dinosaur that lived during the Jurassic period. Its name means "great lizard."

Its front claws had three fingers with slashing claws, which were designed for gripping prey.



"Roaaaaaaaar!"

It was a **hungry-looking** **Megalosaurus!** Chewy cheddar **cheese sticks** — didn't these dinosaurs ever have a **SQUARE** meal?

Then maybe they wouldn't be so interested in a tiny mouse snack like me!

I **CRAWLED** behind a tree trunk and tried to make myself very, very small.

What could be worse than one hungry dinosaur?
I thought to myself. The answer: **TWO** hungry dinosaurs!

"**Urgghhhhhh . . .**" said the Allosaurus.
"Kkreeooookkkkkkk!" replied the Megalosaurus.





I DON'T WANT TO  BE A DINO SNACK!

“**Gnkkkkgrrkkkkkkkkkk!**” roared the Allosaurus.

I didn’t stick around to hear what the Megalosaurus had to say in reply. Instead, I ran breathlessly toward the **MOUSE MOVER 3000** and jumped inside. I closed the porthole with a slam.

The two beasts **POUNDED** on the ship, trying to get me to come out.

“**Krrrrrkkktttgnkkkk!**”

Suddenly, the **CHRONOMETER** started to buzz. Holey cheese! It had come unstuck! I was going to **escape** the Jurassic period . . . but where was I going now? I was about to find out.

BANG!

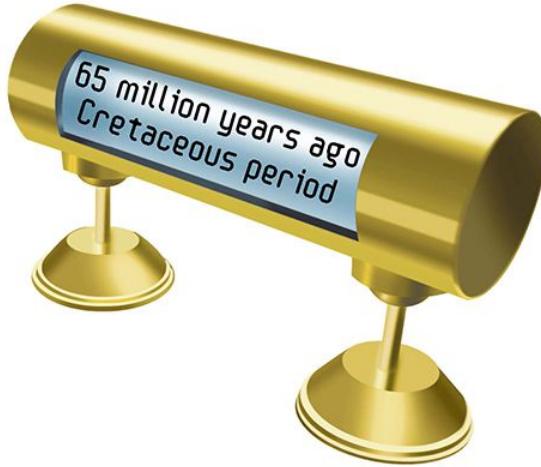


— JT —



I'LL NEVER, EVER, EVER GET HOME AGAIN!

After several hums and buzzes, the **MOUSE MOVER 3000** stopped. The **CHRONOMETER** read:



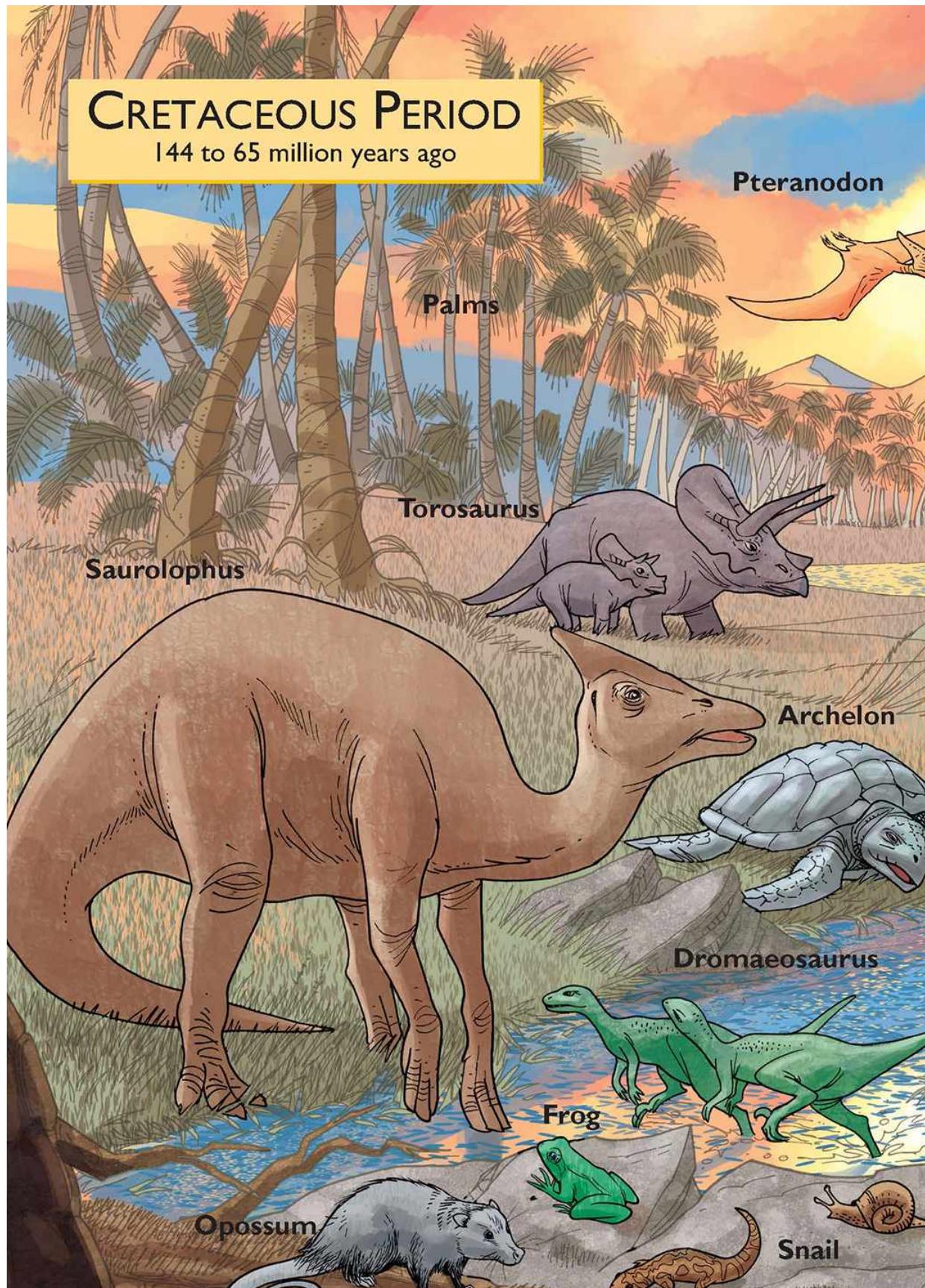
I peeked out the porthole. I was still in **prehistoric** times, but the scenery had changed. I was in the **Cretaceous period**!

First I had been mousenapped by a flying reptile, and then I almost became an Allosaurus's



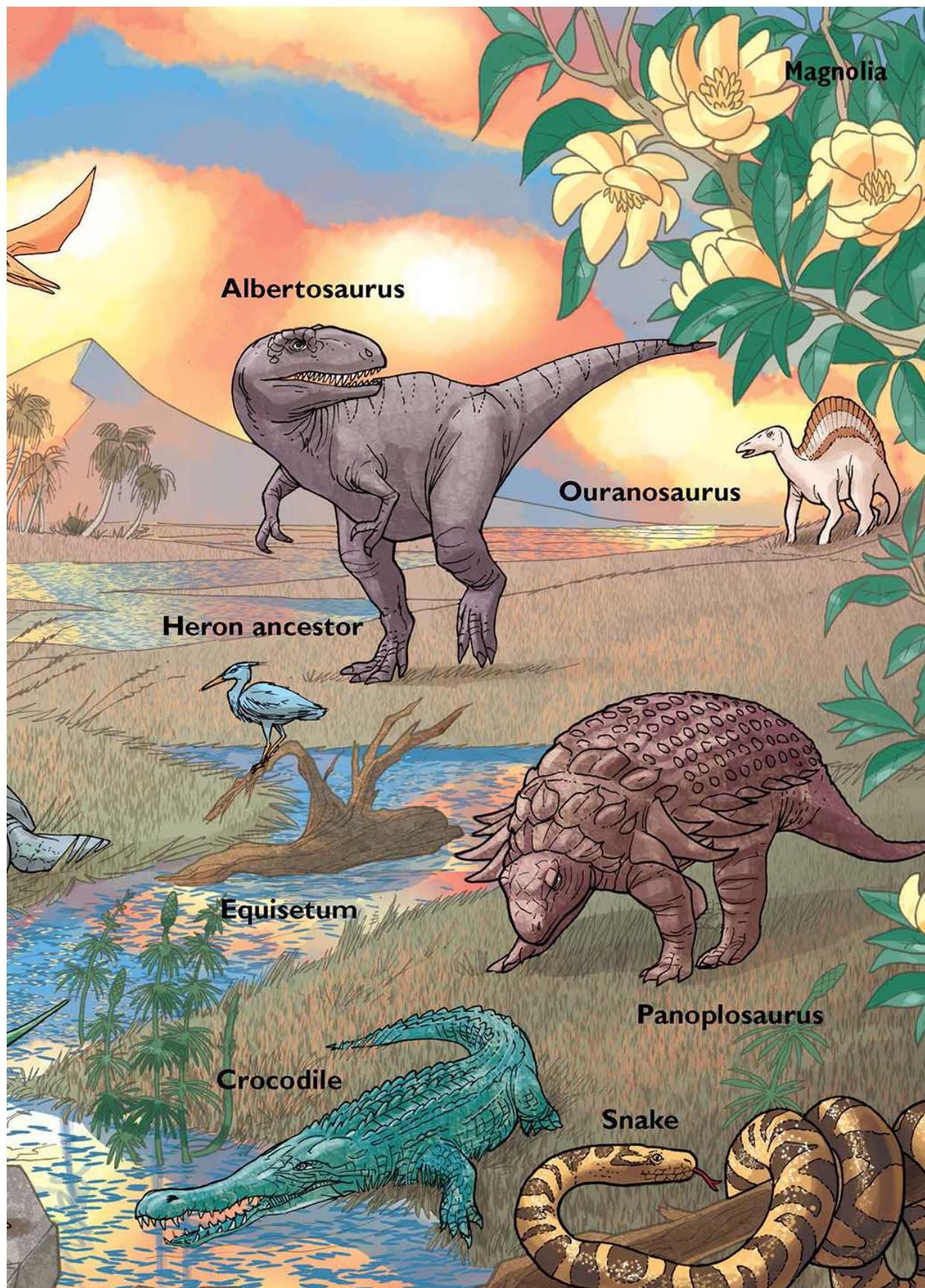
CRETACEOUS PERIOD

144 to 65 million years ago





Salamander





I'LL NEVER, EVER  GET HOME AGAIN!

snack. Could anything else possibly go wrong?

Uh-oh. Thinking of how I had almost become a dino **snack** made me realize how hungry I was. My tummy grumbled and rumbled, and I would have given anything for a tiny little **morsel** of cheese.

Did they even have **cheese** during the Cretaceous period? There was only one way to find out.

I climbed out of the **MOUSE MOVER 3000** and began to search around outside for something to eat. Suddenly, I heard a **rustle** behind me. I turned just in time to see the **MOUSE MOVER 3000** spinning around and around.

An instant later, the time machine had **VANISHED**!

“Oh, no!” I sobbed. “Now I'll **NEVER, EVER, EVER** get home again!”

50

|



I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER!

Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, it started to **RAIN**. I took cover under a **ginkgo biloba** leaf and curled up inside a large abandoned nest.

I cried as I thought of my family. Would I ever hug **THEA** and **TRAP** again? And I missed **Benjamin** so much! But crying wasn't going





I'M NOT YOUR



MOTHER!

to get me anywhere. So I opened the professor's *Time Travel Survival Manual* and began to read by the **SILVERY** light of the moon. The hours flew by. At dawn, I closed the book, satisfied. I now knew everything there was to know about **prehistoric times!**

Suddenly I heard a sound.

Tap, tap, tap!

I rummaged through the nest's leaves and found a large, delicate ivory-colored **egg**.

The egg had a little **crack** in it. Suddenly, the crack began getting bigger and bigger. An odd-looking little head with two tiny surprised **EYES** popped out.



The eyes looked at me in **AMAZEMENT**.

It was a baby **Triceratops**! "Snnniiiiiiiiick!" the baby dinosaur howled.

uu

I'M NOT YOUR



MOTHER!

I **STOOD** up. The baby dinosaur **STOOD** up!

I **scratched** my head. He **scratched** his head!

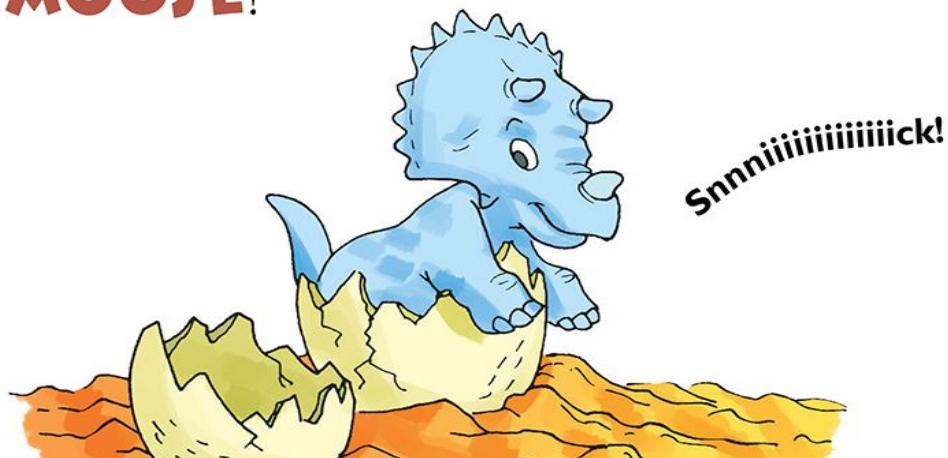
I **JUMPED** to the left. He **JUMPED** to the left!

I **JUMPED** to the right. He **JUMPED** to the right!

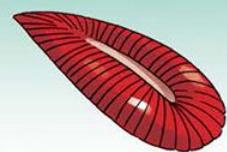
Why was he imitating me? **Why? Why? Why?**

Suddenly, I **UNDERSTOOD**: The baby Triceratops thought I was his **MOTHER** because I was the first living thing he saw when he came out of his egg!

"I'm not your mother," I told him. "I'm a **MOUSE!**"







Ediacara
biota

One of the earliest forms of multicellular life, Ediacara biota lived in the Ediacara Hills of Australia about 575 million years ago.

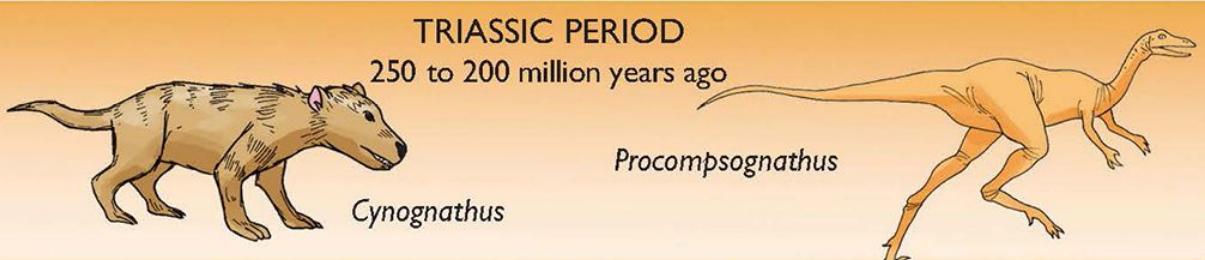


Trilobite



Insect

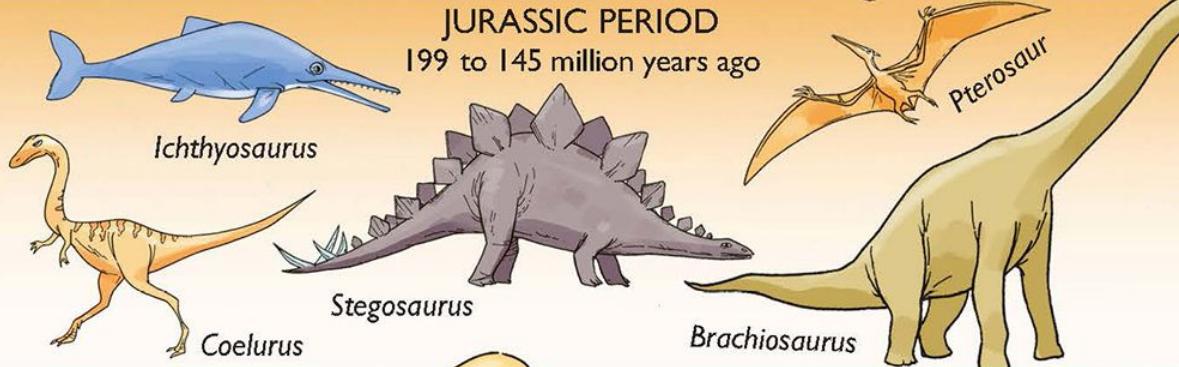
Amphibian



TRIASSIC PERIOD
250 to 200 million years ago

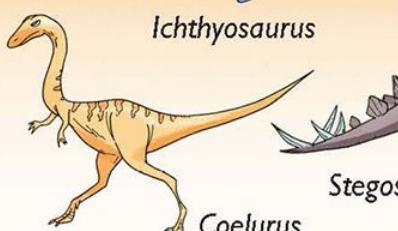
Cynognathus

Procompsognathus



JURASSIC PERIOD
199 to 145 million years ago

Ichthyosaurus



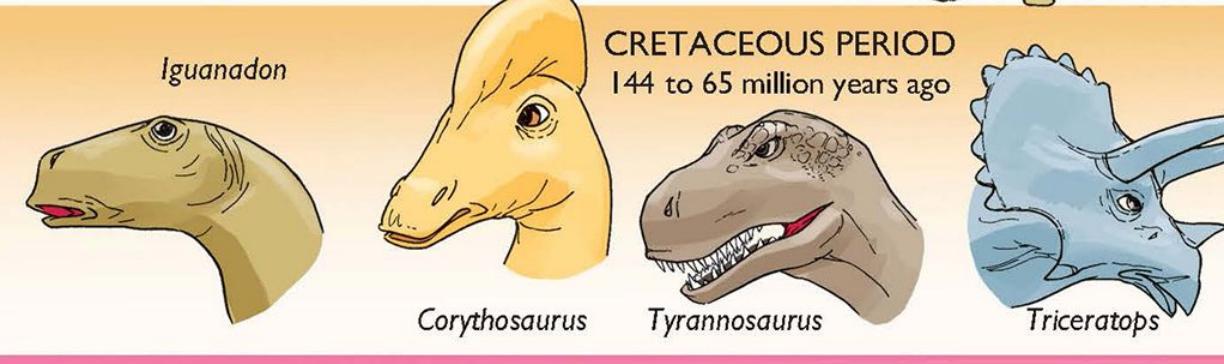
Coelurus

Stegosaurus



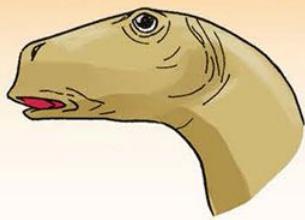
Brachiosaurus

Pterosaur

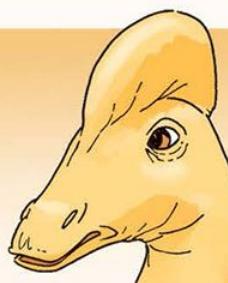


CRETACEOUS PERIOD
144 to 65 million years ago

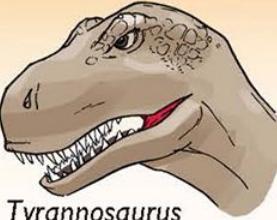
Iguanodon



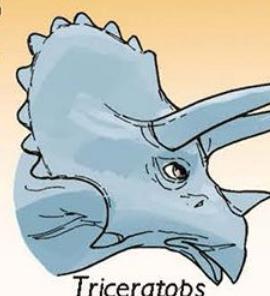
Corythosaurus



Tyrannosaurus



Triceratops





PROTEROZOIC EON

2.5 billion to 542 million years ago

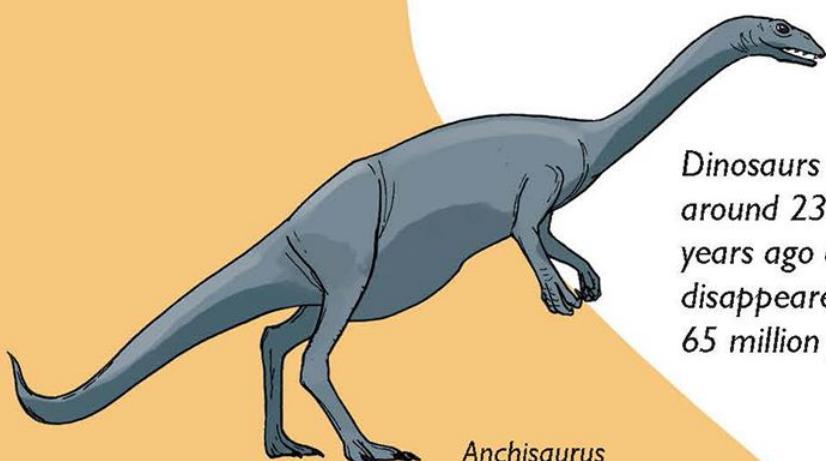
PALEOZOIC ERA

542 to 251 million years ago

Scientists subdivide the history of Earth into ERAS and PERIODS. Dinosaurs developed during the MESOZOIC ERA, which is divided into three periods: the TRIASSIC, JURASSIC, and CRETACEOUS.

MESOZOIC ERA

250 to 65 million years ago



Dinosaurs appeared around 230 million years ago and disappeared around 65 million years ago.

Anchisaurus

CENOZOIC ERA

65 million years ago to today



The carnivorous dino with the biggest teeth: They were a foot long!

Tyrannosaurus rex

Tyrannosaurus rex Tyrannosaurus rex Tyrannosaurus rex Tyrannosaurus rex Tyrannosaurus rex Tyrannosaurus rex

Compsognathus

The smallest dinosaur: It was the size of a turkey!

Stegosaurus

Stegosaurus Stegosaurus Stegosaurus Stegosaurus Stegosaurus Stegosaurus Stegosaurus

Compsognathus Compsognathus Compsognathus Compsognathus Compsognathus

The loudest dinosaur: Its head had a bony megaphone!

Triceratops

Triceratops Triceratops Triceratops Triceratops Triceratops Triceratops Triceratops

Diplodocus Diplodocus Diplodocus Diplodocus Diplodocus

The oddest dinosaur: It had horns on its nose and forehead!



TIME TRAVEL SURVIVAL MANUAL

Prehistoric Record

Pteranodon

Pteranodon Pteranodon Pteranodon Pteranodon Pteranodon Pteranodon Pteranodon Pteranodon

Livingspan: It lived for about 100 years.

Saltasaurus

The meanest dinosaur!
Dromaeosaurus

The meanest dinosaur!

It had bony plates on its spine that repelled predators!

Diplodocus had bony plates on its spine that repelled predators!

The longest dinosaur: Some were as long as 130 feet!



I'M NOT YOUR



MOTHER!

He **tilted** his head and looked up at me as though he didn't understand. His eyes were so **sweet** and innocent that I couldn't just leave him.

"Oh, okay," I said. "I'll take care of you, little guy. First, you need a name. How about **TOPS**?"

Tops nodded. The early morning air was chilly, and Tops was **shivering** from the cold. So I covered him with my jacket, and he soon fell asleep in the nest.

I leaned back and was about to doze off myself when someone pinched my tail and shrieked in my ear: "**HERBIVOROUS** or **carnivorous**? **HERBIVOROUS** or **carnivorous**? **HERBIVOROUS** or **carnivorous**?"

PREHISTORIC

TRICERATOPS

Size: Up to twenty-nine feet long

Found: North America

Distinguishing Characteristics: This herbivorous dinosaur lived during the end of the Cretaceous period. Its name means "three-horned face" because of its large horns and bony frill. Triceratops lived in herds.

A simple line drawing of a Triceratops, showing its characteristic three-horned head and frill, facing towards the right.



...in herds.



TRICERATOPS STEW?

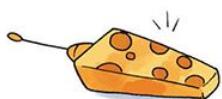
“If I’d been carnivorous, you’d be **dead** by now!”
my cousin Trap said with a chuckle.

I couldn’t believe it! I’d never been so glad to see my cousin. And he wasn’t **alone** — Professor von Volt, Thea, and Benjamin were there, too!

“I’m so **happy** to see all of you!” I exclaimed.

Professor von Volt explained that he was able to recall the **MOUSE MOVER**

3000 with a special

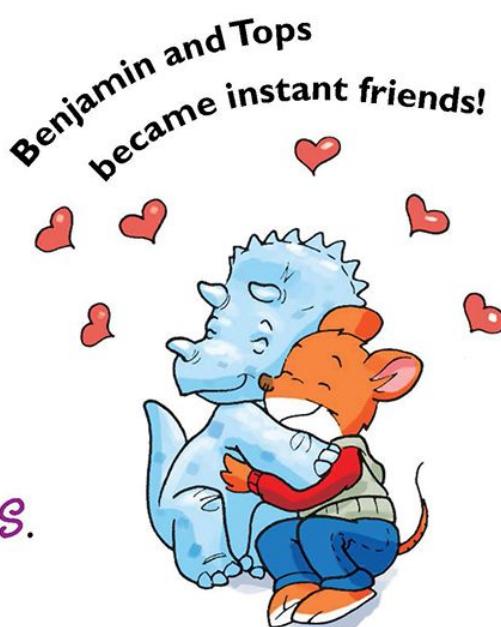


EMERGENCY

telecommand.

I told him all about
my adventures in the
Jurassic period.

Benjamin and Tops
became instant **FRIENDS**.





But Trap eyed the adorable dinosaur with **HUNGRY** eyes.

“I know what we’re having for dinner tonight,” Trap announced. “We’ll have **Triceratops stew**. Yummy!”

“Don’t even think about it!” I scolded Trap. “He’s my **friend**. We can make a vegetable soup instead.”

I looked at the **plant** life around me, and I recognized some modern plants, like oak, magnolias, papyrus, and water lilies. Surely we could find at least a few that were **EDIBLE**.

Suddenly, Trap got a **mischiefous** glint in his eye.

“Okay, Cuz,” he said. “Veggie stew it is. You just leave everything up to me.”





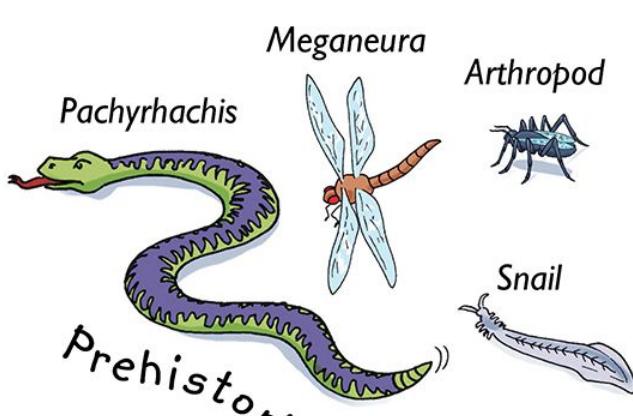
I COULD HAVE BECOME EXTINCT!

While Trap worked on dinner, Thea, the professor, and I built a little **WOODEN** hut on top of a tree branch to protect us from **prehistoric** snakes and insects.

A few hours later, Trap called me over. He lifted the lid on a pot of soup that was bubbling over the fire. It smelled **DeLicious!**

“Taste it,” Trap urged me. “Tell me **truthfully** what you think. I trust you!”

Flattered, I tasted a spoonful of soup.



“So?” Trap asked.

“Do you like it?”

“It’s good.”

He stared at me.

“You feel fine?”

7% snakes and insects



“Of course! Why wouldn’t I?”



“Really? **Fine?**”

“Yes,” I said, beginning to get impatient. “I feel totally fine! **Why wouldn’t I?**”

“Okay, soup’s on!” Trap yelled. **“LET’S EAT!”**

“What’s in the soup?” I asked distractedly.

“Some **LITTLE** prehistoric **MUSHROOMS!**” Trap replied proudly.

“Prehistoric mushrooms?”

Thea asked **SUSPICIOUSLY**, her spoon in midair. “How do you know they’re not **POISONOUS?**”

“Simple!” Trap replied.



I COULD HAVE



BECOME EXTINCT!

“I had Geronimo **taste** them. I’m a very careful mouse!”

“You tested them on me?” I squeaked. “I could have been **poisoned**! I could have gone extinct!”

“Well, what was I supposed to put in the pot?” Trap whined. “You wouldn’t let me **EAT** the Triceratops, so . . .”

“Gentlemice,” Professor von Volt said with a *smile*. “Let’s not argue. I have a special treat.”

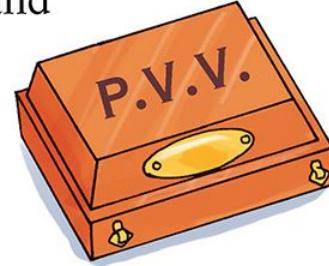
Then he opened a small box and showed us five slices of aged **Gouda**.

We each took a piece of cheese.

“Let’s *celebrate* that our dear Geronimo is with us again,” said the professor.

“To Geronimo!” Thea agreed, **RAISING** her slice of cheese.

“To *friendship*!” I replied, raising my own slice. “I’m so glad we’re together again.”



Wooden box holding Professor Paws von Volt’s collection of vintage cheeses



THE DINOSAURS' SECRET

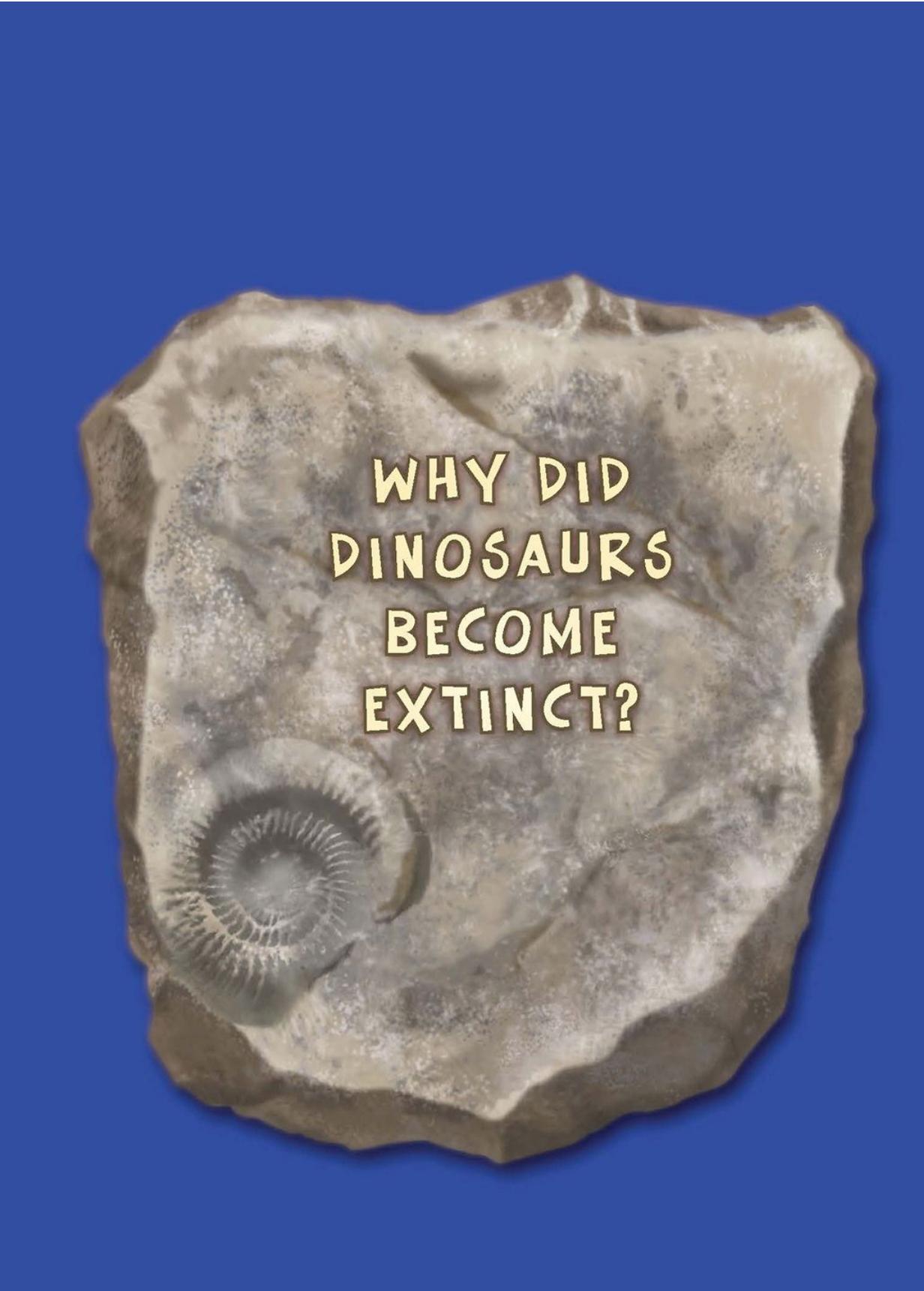
The following morning we got up at **dawn** and had breakfast.

Trap made us tea using the leaves of a prehistoric plant, and **scrambled** prehistoric bird eggs spiced with a wild root that tasted like onion.

While we ate, Professor von Volt explained our **mission** to us.

“Dear friends,” he began. “We don’t know whether the dinosaurs became **extinct** slowly over time or whether it happened more rapidly. But more important, we don’t know **WHY** it happened. We’re here now to gather the data to help us **UNDERSTAND**. Here are the various hypotheses. . . .”





**WHY DID
DINOSAURS
BECOME
EXTINCT?**





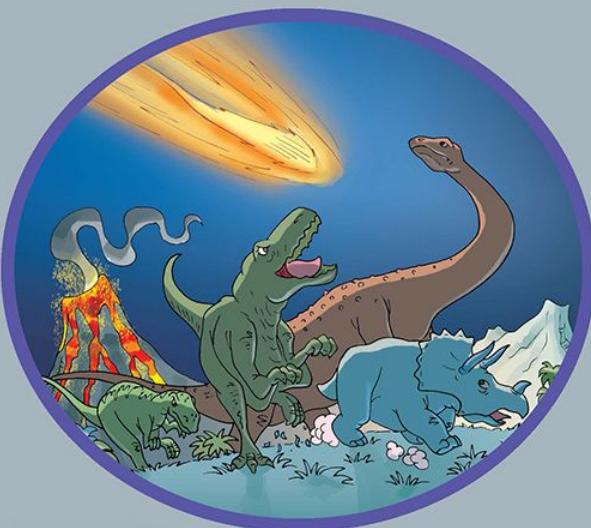
HYPOTHESIS NUMBER 1

Some scientists believe a gigantic meteorite hit the Earth at the end of the Cretaceous period. The cloud of dust that was raised by its impact prevented the rays of the sun from reaching plant and animal life

on Earth. As a result, the climate became colder, and many plants and animals died off and became extinct.

The evidence that supports this hypothesis includes the fact that a high quantity of iridium, which is rare on Earth but common in meteorites, was discovered in rocks that date back to the end of the Cretaceous period.

Furthermore, a crater 124 miles long and more than 2,500 feet deep was discovered in the Gulf of Mexico, and scientists believe the crater was formed by the impact of an ancient meteorite.





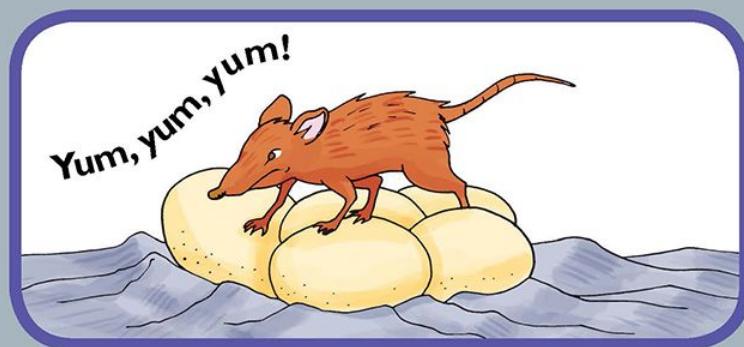
HYPOTHESIS NUMBER 2

Some scientists believe a climatic change at the end of the Cretaceous period — perhaps one caused by a gigantic volcanic eruption — covered the Earth with lava and smoke. The cloud of ash from the eruption prevented the rays of the sun from reaching plant and animal life on Earth. Some animals were able to adapt to the new climate, but unfortunately, the dinosaurs were not among them.



HYPOTHESIS NUMBER 3

At the end of the Cretaceous period, mammals began to thrive. Some scientists believe these mammals competed with dinosaurs for food and also fed on dinosaur eggs, which may have helped bring on the dinosaurs' extinction!



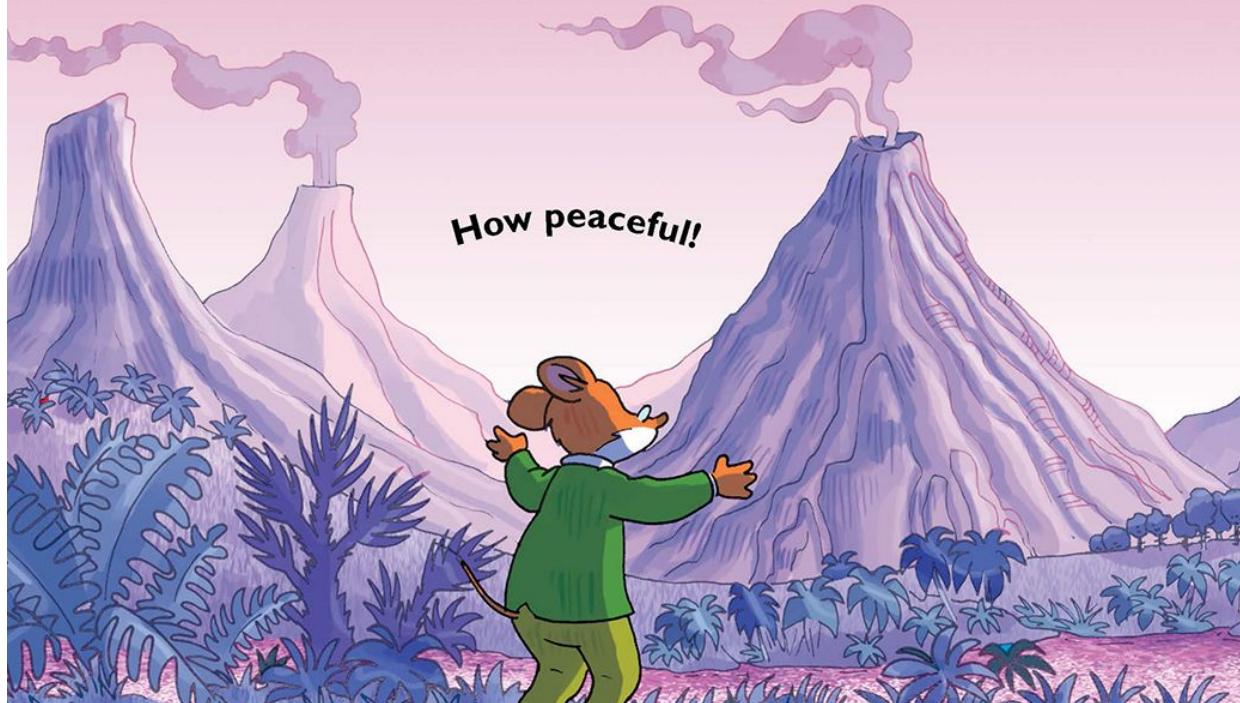




GOOD-BYE, FRIEND

I took a walk by the river, and thought about Professor von Volt's theories. I took a breath of clean, fresh prehistoric air and felt truly **grateful**. I had been reunited with my family, and was no longer **lost in time!** I felt so peaceful!

I returned to my friends, where we saw a herd of **Triceratops** drinking in the river.





GOOD-BYE,



FRIEND

"When you get **BIG**, you'll look like them," I told Tops. "You're a Triceratops, not a mouse. Be **BRAVE** and go join them!"

He hid **shyly** behind me and shook his head. I gently pushed him toward the group of Triceratops. Tentatively, he approached the herd. Each dinosaur sniffed little Tops, and then they made room for him. They had **accepted** him!

"**Good-bye**, little friend!" I called out as the herd walked away. "I will never **FORGET** you!"







A LIVING, BREATHING HANG GLIDER!

We worked hard the entire day to collect as much **information** about the dinosaurs as we could.

At the end of the day, we stopped to rest in a forest of **EUCALYPTUS TREES**. While the others were putting up camp, I took a pail and went to the creek to get some **water**. Suddenly, I heard a terrible screech.



Eucalyptus leaf

“Grrraaauuukkkkk!”

It was a **HUGE** flying reptile. It had an enormous sharp, pointed beak, and each wing was more than ten feet wide! It looked like a living, breathing **hang glider**!

“It’s the largest prehistoric flying reptile!” Professor von Volt **whispered** from behind me.



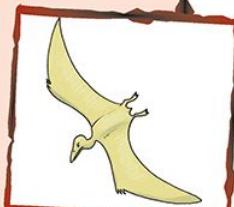






QUETZALCOATLUS

Size: Up to a fifty-foot wingspan
Found: North America
Distinguishing
Characteristics: These flying reptiles lived during the Cretaceous period and ate fish. They could not take off from a level place because they were too heavy. Instead, they would launch from a slope and take advantage of the warm winds to carry them gliding through the air.



"QUETZALCOATLUS!"

He pointed to the creature's claw, which was caught in a thorny bush.

"Chances are it won't be able to **free** itself!" the professor said.

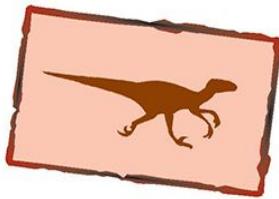
The reptile cried out again in **pain**, **fear**, and **ANGER**.

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "I'll help you!"

"Be careful, Geronimo," the professor warned me. "A wounded animal is always **dangerous**!"

I slowly reached over to cut the **THORNY** branches with a knife. A moment later, the creature's paw was freed. He stared at me for a few seconds. Then he climbed to the top of a eucalyptus tree and launched into the air.





HERE, DINO, DINO, DINO!

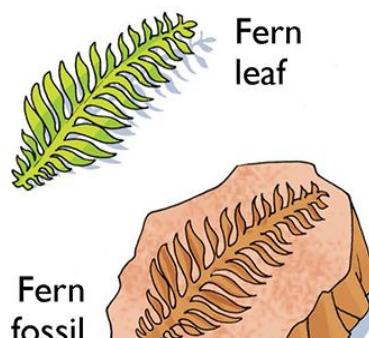
We packed up our camp and continued our **journey** the next day. I noticed something was following us in the air: It was the **Quetzalcoatlus** I had saved! I waved at it, and the reptile replied by **dipping** his head as if to say thank you before he flew away. It was an **INCREDIBLE** moment.

Then just a second later, I stubbed my toe on a fossil.

“**YEOW!**” I shouted. So much for my incredible moment!

I reached down to pick up an **AMAZING** fossilized fern leaf.

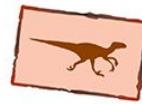
Fossils are the preserved remains of plants or animals that lived millions of years ago. Fossils are useful to scientists because they help them reconstruct prehistoric



environments.



HERE, DINO,



DINO, DINO!

“**LOOK!**” I showed Benjamin. “It’s a fern fossil.”

“Wow!” Benjamin exclaimed, looking up at me admiringly. “That’s so cool, Uncle G.”

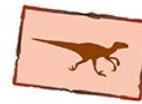
“Well, Benjamin,” Trap broke in, “if you think that’s **cool**, look at this!”

Trap pointed to a small dinosaur with **BRIGHTLY COLORED**, scaly skin. It had long, sharp claws, and looked mean. As soon as the dinosaur saw Trap, a **SECOND** dinosaur sprung up behind it, and then a **THIRD** dinosaur emerged from a clump of ferns. Soon, a **FOURTH**, **FIFTH**, **SIXTH**, **SEVENTH**, and **EIGHTH** dinosaur appeared! Holey cheese — there were a lot of them!

“Here, dino, dino, dino,” Trap cooed to the **FIRST** dinosaur.

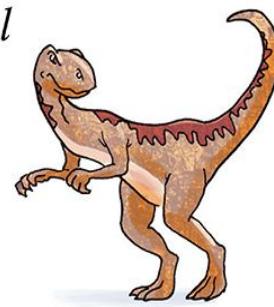
“Uh, Trap,” I warned, “I wouldn’t do that. I’m getting a **BAD** feeling here. A very, very, very bad feeling!”

HERE, DINO,



DINO, DINO!

I quickly grabbed the *Time Travel Survival Manual* and frantically leafed through it. **HORRIFIED**, I began to read aloud:



“The **Dromaeosaurus** is a small **carnivorous** dinosaur that hunts in packs.”

Trap shrugged.

“So what?” he asked. “Come on, these little guys are as **Sweet** as puppies. Isn’t that right?”

Trap cooed at the dinosaurs again.

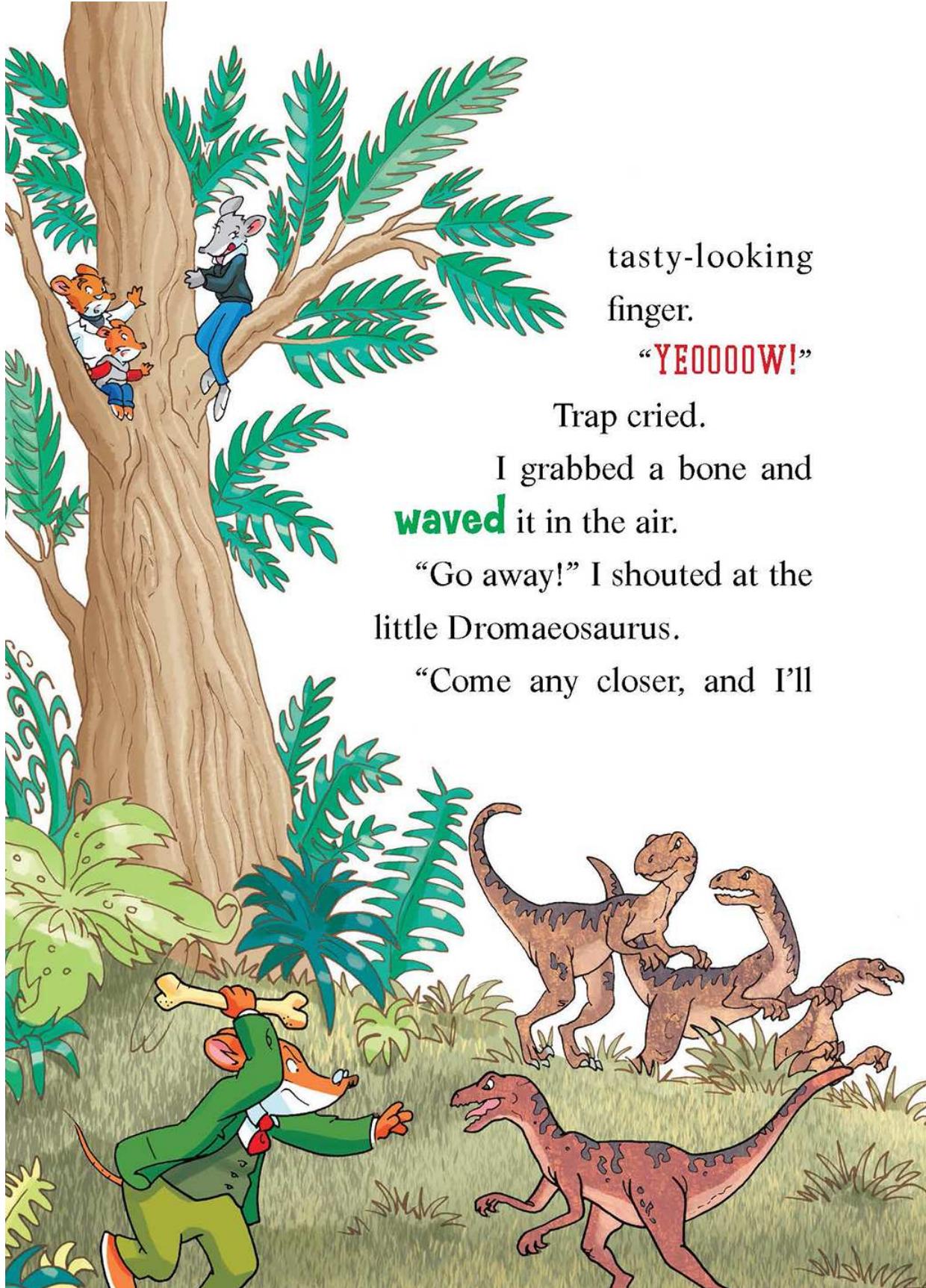
“Trap, I **REALLY** wouldn’t —” I began, but Trap cut me off.

“You’re such a **scaredy-mouse**, Geronimo!” Trap scoffed. “Let me show you. Here, dino, dino, dino. Come to Uncle Trap!”

He stretched out his arm and offered the little dinosaur a mushroom.

The dinosaur sniffed at the mushroom but then decided he would rather try a **bite** of Trap’s

 ••



tasty-looking
finger.

“YEAAAAH!”

Trap cried.

I grabbed a bone and
waved it in the air.

“Go away!” I shouted at the
little Dromaeosaurus.

“Come any closer, and I’ll



make dinosaur **MEATBALLS** out of you!" Trap added, waving a bone he had found as well.

But the dinosaur seemed to like the **taste** it had gotten of Trap's finger.

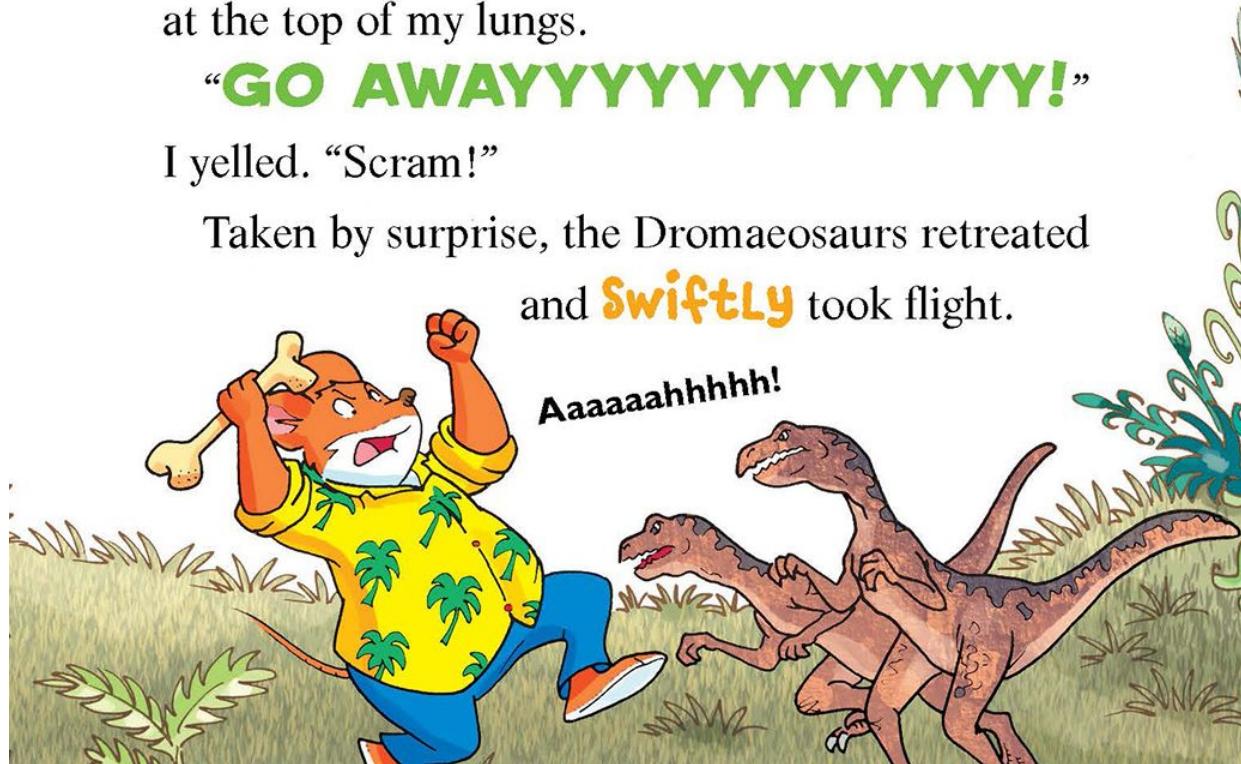
Suddenly, the pack **ATTACKED** all at once. They threw Trap on the ground, and one of them grabbed his arm with its sharp fangs. Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't **FURIOUSLY** waved the bone and shouted at the top of my lungs.

"GO AWAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!"

I yelled. "Scram!"

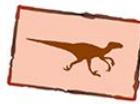
Taken by surprise, the Dromaeosaurs retreated

and **Swiftly** took flight.





HERE, DINO,



DINO, DINO!

Poor Trap was as **pale** as a slice of mozzarella. I would have been, too, if the Dromaeosaurus had grabbed my arm.

“G-Geronimo . . .” Trap mumbled.

“What?” I asked.

He pointed to something **behind** me.

“G-Geronimo . . . the Ty-ty-ty . . .”

“What is it, Trap?” I urged him **bravely**.

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you!”

“Behind you!” he shrieked. “Turn around!”

I turned and found myself face-to-face with a

TYRANNOSAURUS REX!



TYRANNOSAURUS REX

Size: Up to forty feet long and

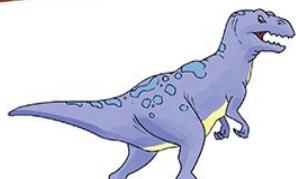
thirteen feet tall

Found: North America

Distinguishing Characteristics: This carnivorous

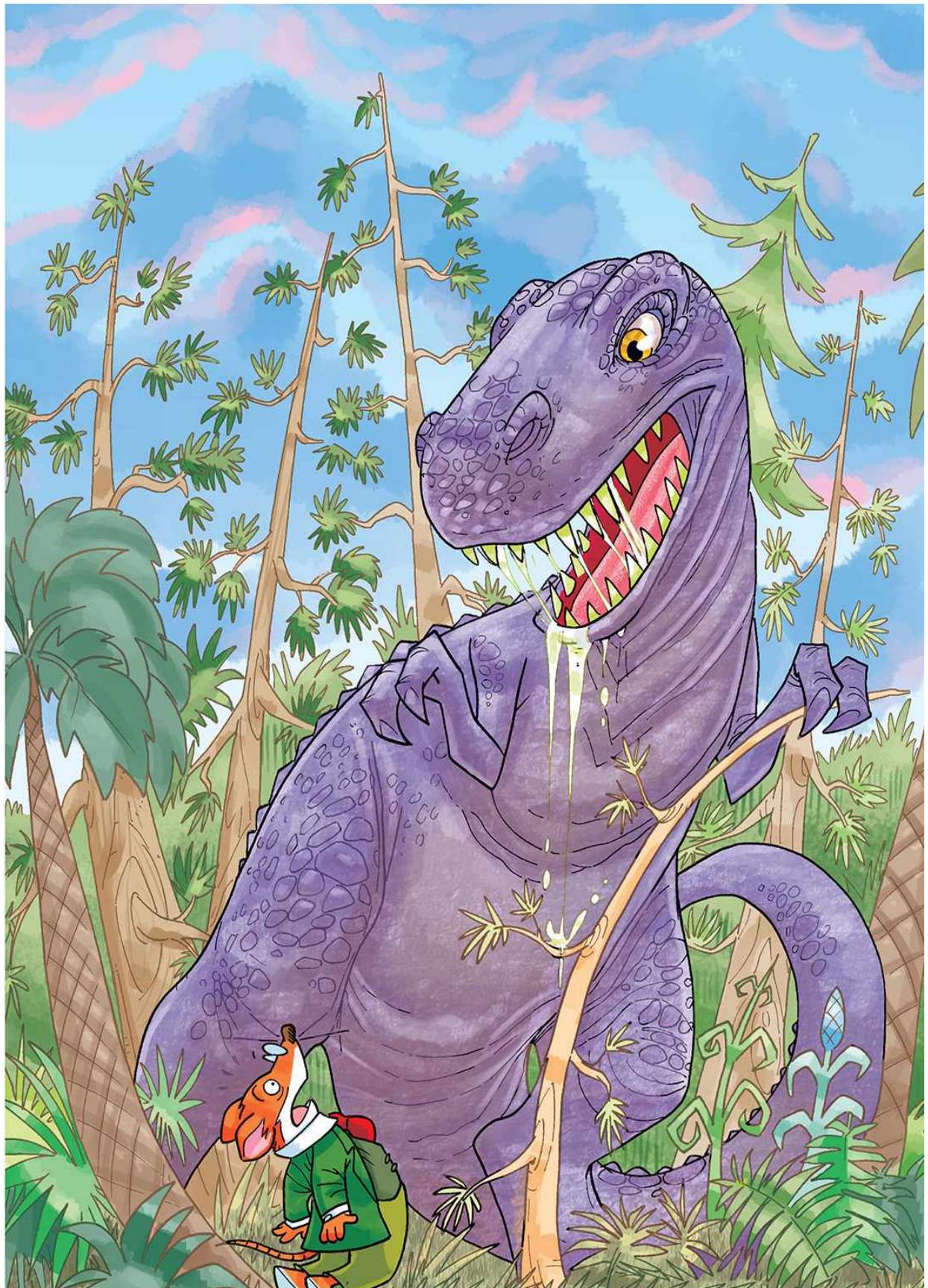
dinosaur lived at the end of the Cretaceous period.
Its name means “tyrant lizard.”

It had a gigantic skull, short
two-fingered arms, strong jaws,
sharp serrated teeth.

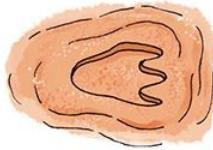


and long, sharp









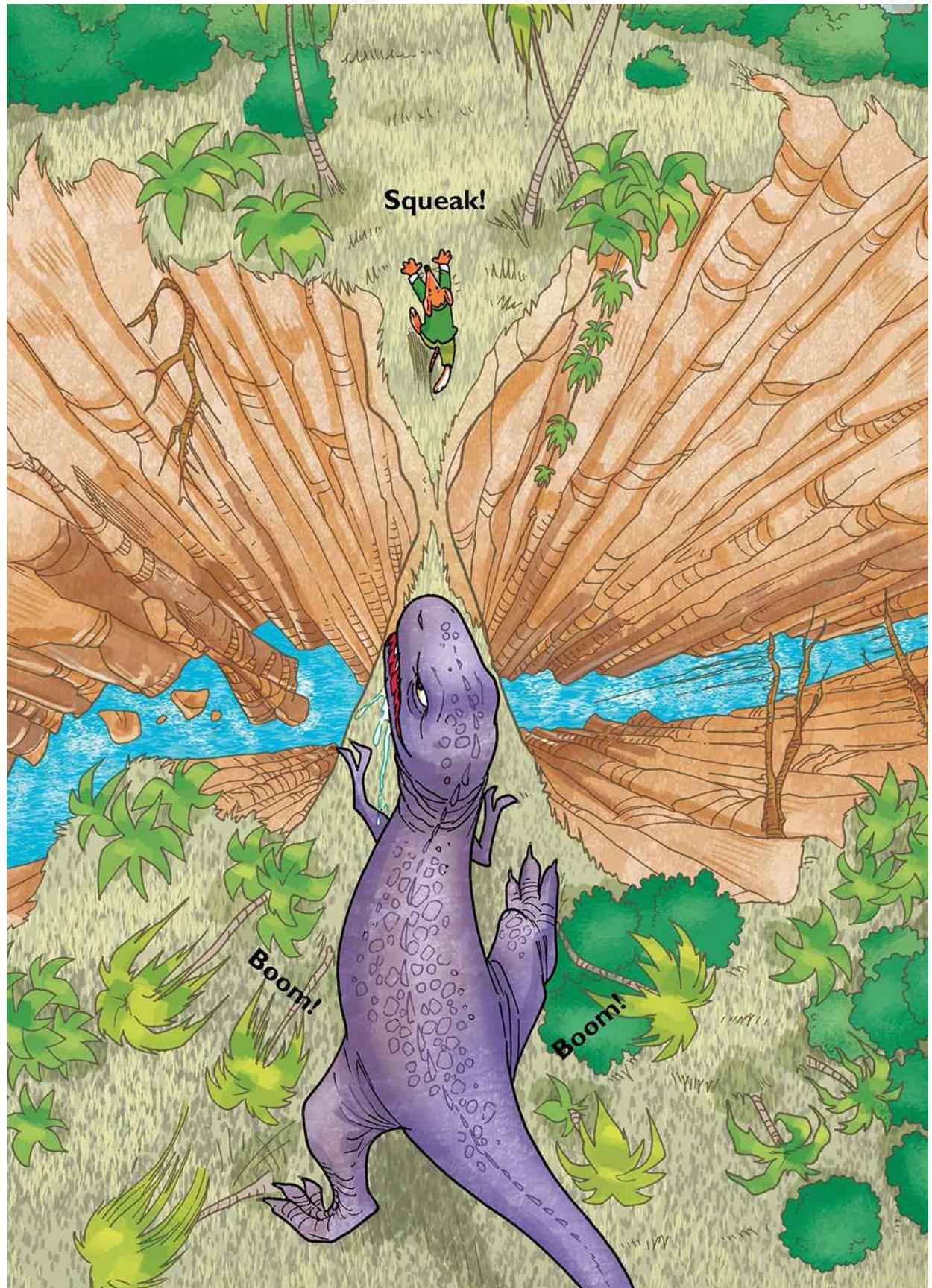
I'M AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!

Benjamin, smart little mouse that he is, had **climbed** to the top of a eucalyptus tree when the Dromaeosaurs attacked.

“Uncle Geronimo!” he shouted from the tree.
“The Tyrannosaurus rex is **carnivorous**. Ruuuun!”

I **RAN** and **RAN** until I was out of breath.
The T. rex’s huge footsteps echoed through the forest, and the ground shook under its weight!

The T. rex was huge. I wasn’t going to win this battle unless I used my wits! Then I had an idea. Right in front of me was a **deep** gorge with a **narrow** rock bridge over it. The bridge would hold my weight, but it would **collapse** under the weight of the T. rex! I scampered across, trying not to look down. **I’m afraid of heights!**





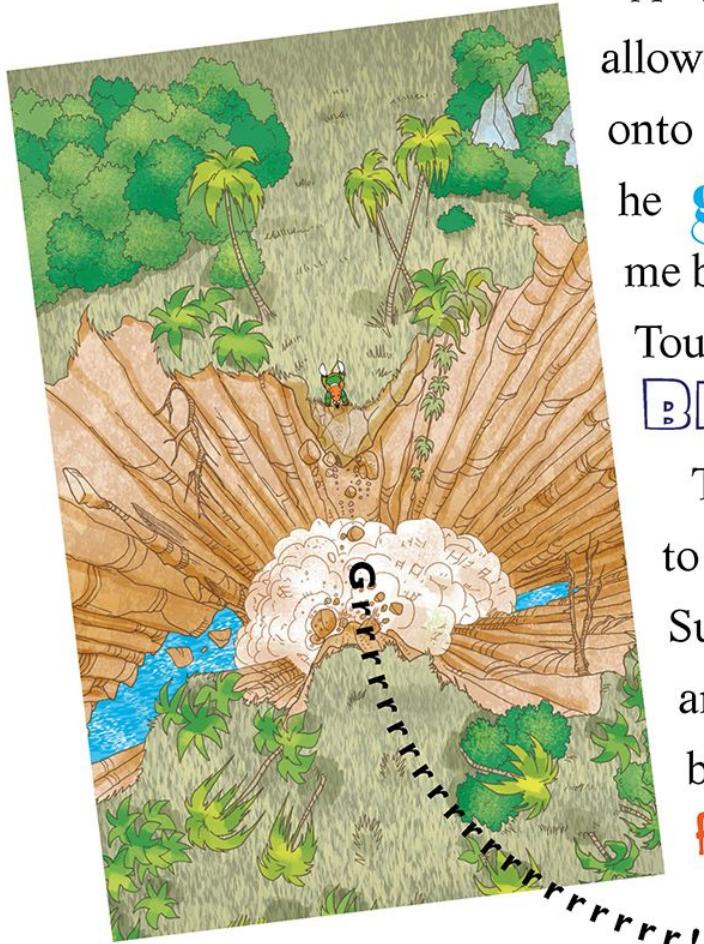
I'M AFRAID OF  HEIGHTS!

Once I got to the other side, the rock began to **crumble**, and the T. rex fell with a growl. But now how was I going to get back to the other side? Then I heard the **rustling** of wings. It was the Quetzalcoatlus!

“Please help me!” I **BEGGED**.

A second later, he allowed me to climb up onto his wings. Then he **gently** carried me back to my friends. Touched, I gave him a **BIG** hug.

This is the **secret** to real friendship: Support each other and try to always be there when a **friend** is in need!









THE VOICE OF THE PREHISTORIC FOREST

By the time I was reunited with my friends, **night** had fallen. The professor was tending to Trap's wounds. Meanwhile, Thea, who is an expert in survival techniques, rubbed two pieces of flint together. She used the **SPARK** to

ignite some dried leaves. Then she



slowly added pieces of bark, twigs, and large logs until we had a **BRIGHT**, burning fire.

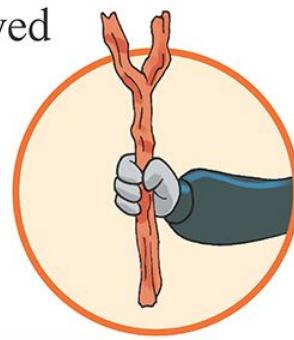


She found five branches shaped like **FORKS** and carved



five pieces of wood into **spoons** for all of us.

Then she served up some



— २४ —



soup she had made in a carved-out gourd!

I offered to take my turn as the night watch. When everyone finally fell asleep, I realized I was the only one awake in the **dark**! The light from the fire threw eerie **shadows** on the cave walls. Outside the cave, I heard the voices of the forest — strange calls, growls, and funny cries echoed in the night.

How terrifying! Would we survive in the **wild** forest of the Cretaceous period? I **shivered** and held on to the Giganotosaurus bone I had used to fend off the herd of Dromaeosaurus.

I was sure of one thing: I would do anything to save my fur!



— 22 —



A PREHISTORIC MENU

Another day went by. Under Professor von Volt's direction, we picked up rock samples, took photos of plants and animals, and jotted down **INVALUABLE** notes.

"How come we haven't seen a **MAMMOTH** yet?" Trap asked.

"Mammoths appeared much later in history!" the professor explained. "And now I have an

Evolution of life:

One of the first multicellular beings

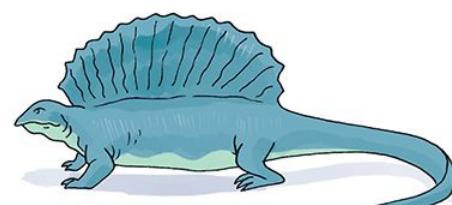
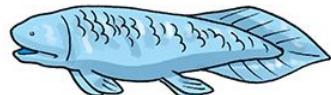


Trilobite



Ammonite

Dipnoi (lungfish)





Edaphosaurus





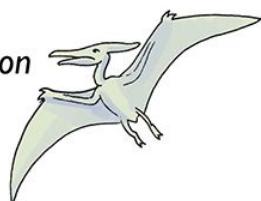
ANNOUNCEMENT. We've collected enough information to complete our mission in prehistoric times. If everyone agrees, we can leave **tomorrow**. Let's have a show of paws. . . .”

We all raised our **paws** at the same time.

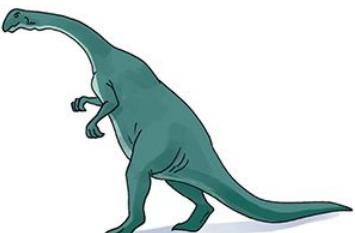
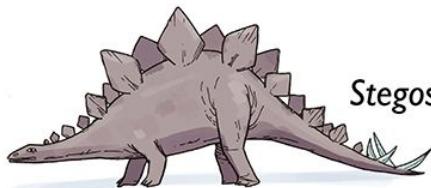
Then Trap cleared his throat.

“I have an **announcement** as well,” he said. “To celebrate the **greatest cook in the world** — by which I mean me — I’d like to prepare a **SPECIAL PREHISTORIC MENU** for you all tonight,” Trap told us.

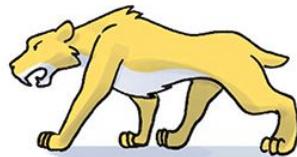
Pteranodon



Stegosaurus



Plateosaurus



Saber-toothed tiger



Primate

Plateosaurus

under review



"Now, let's see . . . I brought all of the **cheeses** from home, but I'll need help getting all of the other supplies," Trap said.

He handed me a **LOOOOOOOOOONG** list of ingredients to find.







“Here’s what I need, Cuz,” he said, giving me a little shove. “Hop to it!”

Holey cheese . . . there were some **strange** things on that list! Snails, breadfruit, algae, freshly shucked mollusks, sturgeon, hearts of palm, and figs. Where, oh, where was I going to find all this **STUFF**?

Luckily, Professor von Volt offered to **HELP** me.

“Don’t worry, Geronimo,” he told me. “I know exactly where we can get everything. **LET’S GO!**”



A LAKE, A SUNSET, AND TWO TRUE FRIENDS

Professor von Volt and I headed for the lake. As we walked, he pointed out all sorts of **AMAZING** specimens of plant and animal life to me. It was **incredible!**

When we got to the lake, the professor pulled a **NET** out of his backpack. Then he showed me how to scoop and strain algae. While I **harvested** the algae, he began hunting for **snails**.





A LAKE, A SUNSET, AND

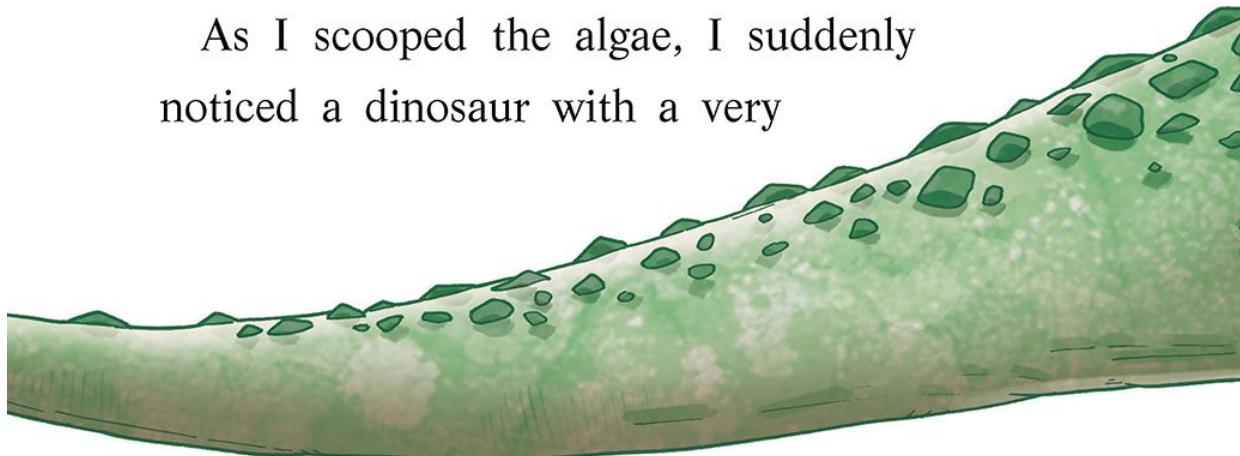
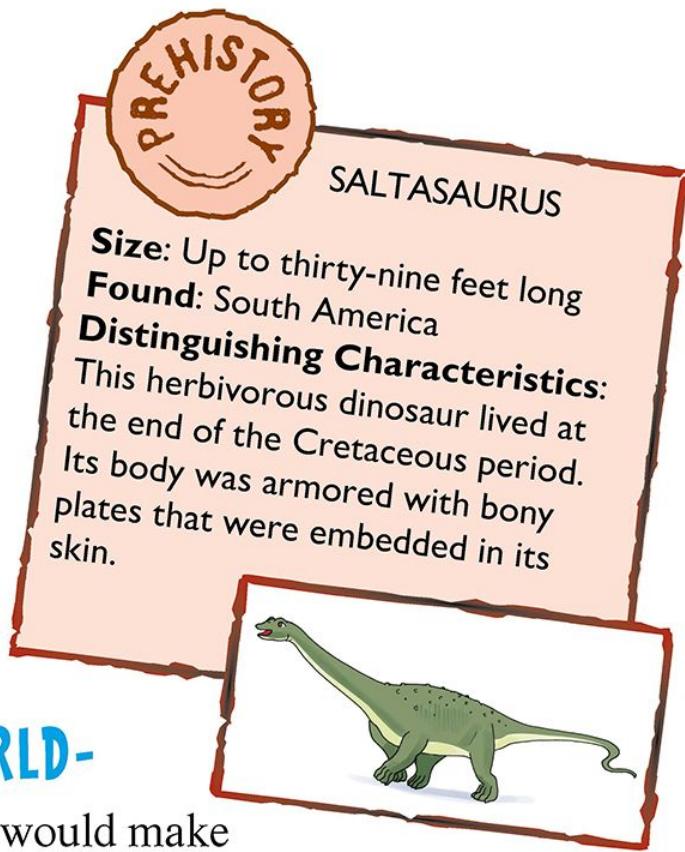


TWO TRUE FRIENDS

BLECH!

That algae was so slippery and **slimy**, and it smelled awful! In fact, it had the most **TERRIBLE** stench! I really hoped Trap's **WORLD-FAMOUS** recipe would make it taste better than it smelled.

As I scooped the algae, I suddenly noticed a dinosaur with a very





A LAKE, A SUNSET, AND

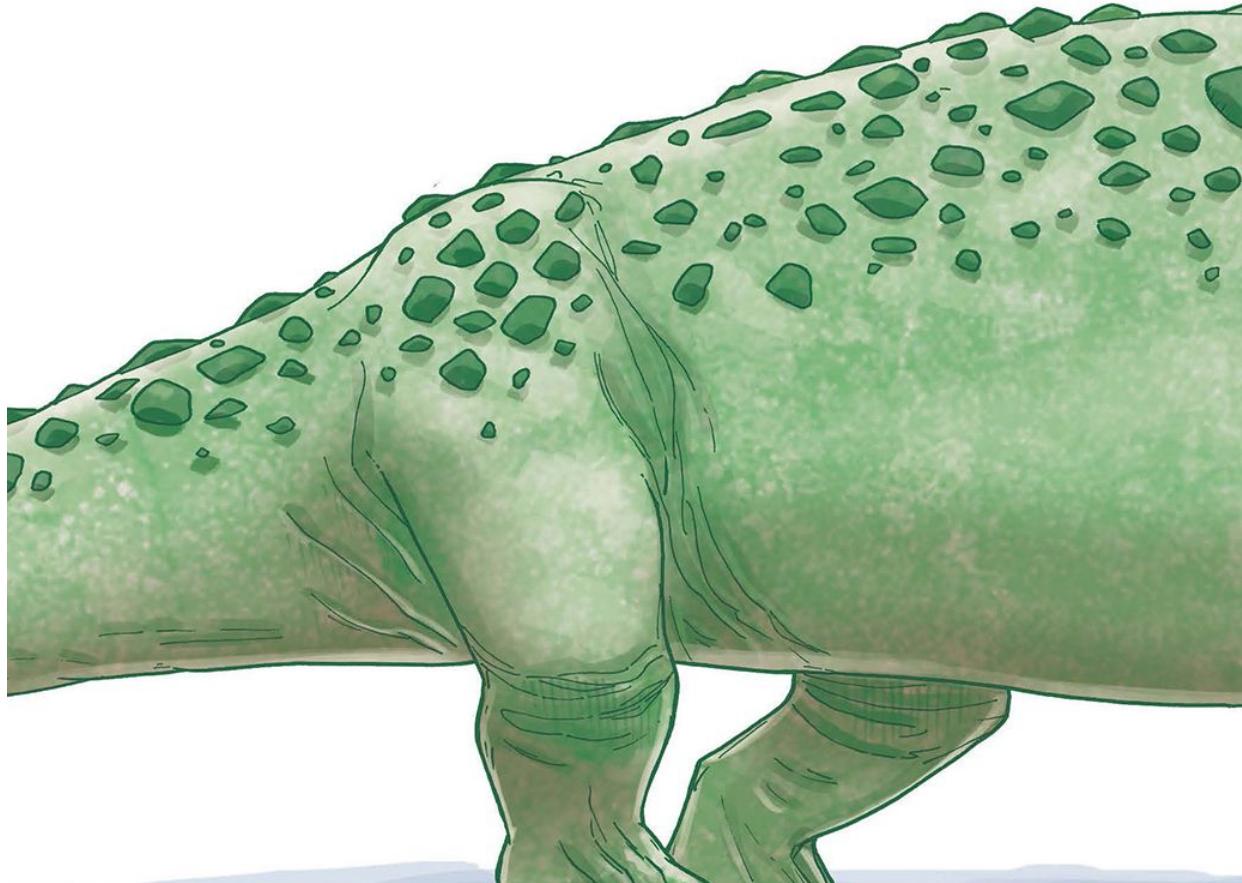


TWO TRUE FRIENDS

Looooooooong neck just a few feet away from me. It was a **Saltasaurus!**

I immediately knew it was herbivorous because it was happily munching on the juiciest buds on a very **TALL** poplar tree.

“Splendid, isn’t it?” Professor von Volt asked.





A LAKE, A SUNSET, AND

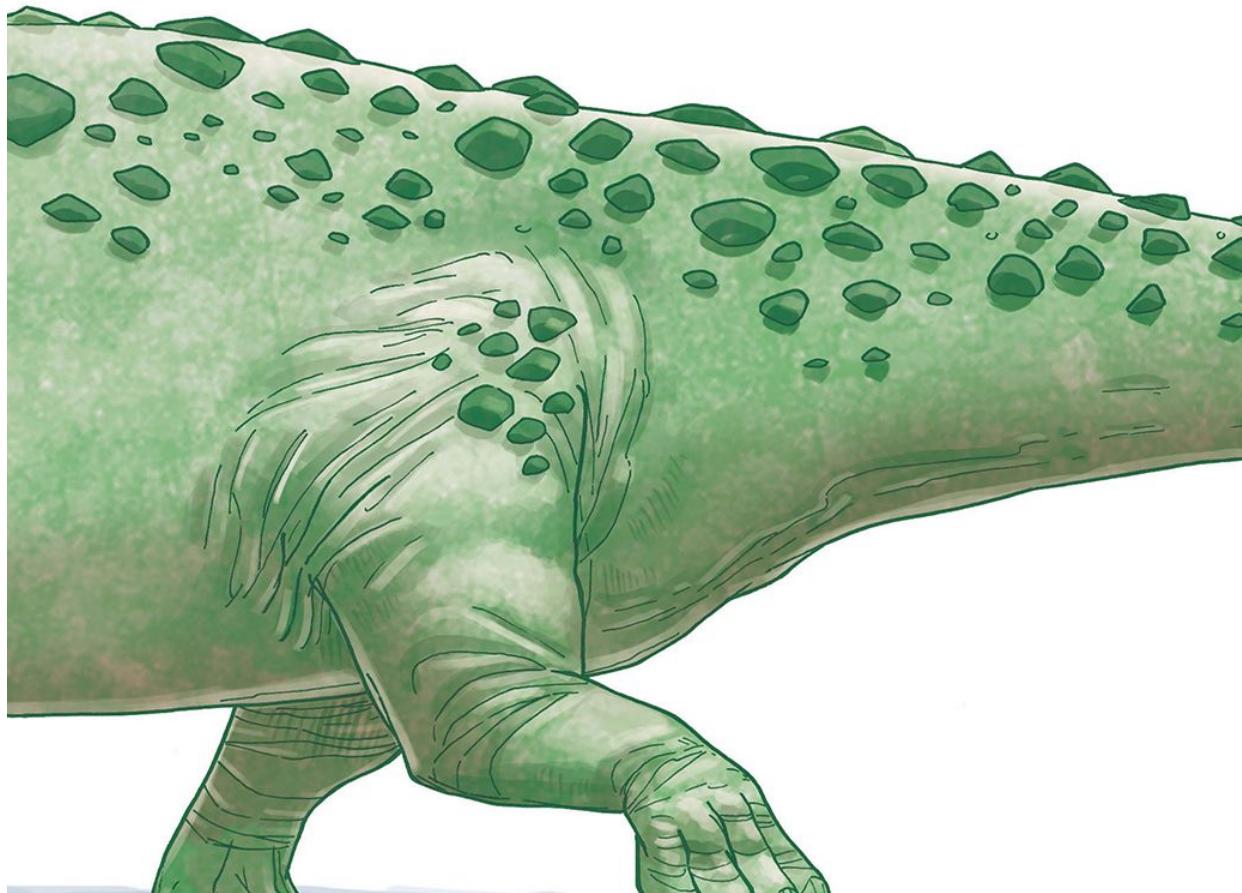


TWO TRUE FRIENDS

“Nature is life’s greatest treasure!”

I nodded in agreement, **AWESTRUCK** by the sight of the enormous dinosaur right in front of me.

“Dearest Geronimo, there’s something that’s been weighing on me,” the professor continued.



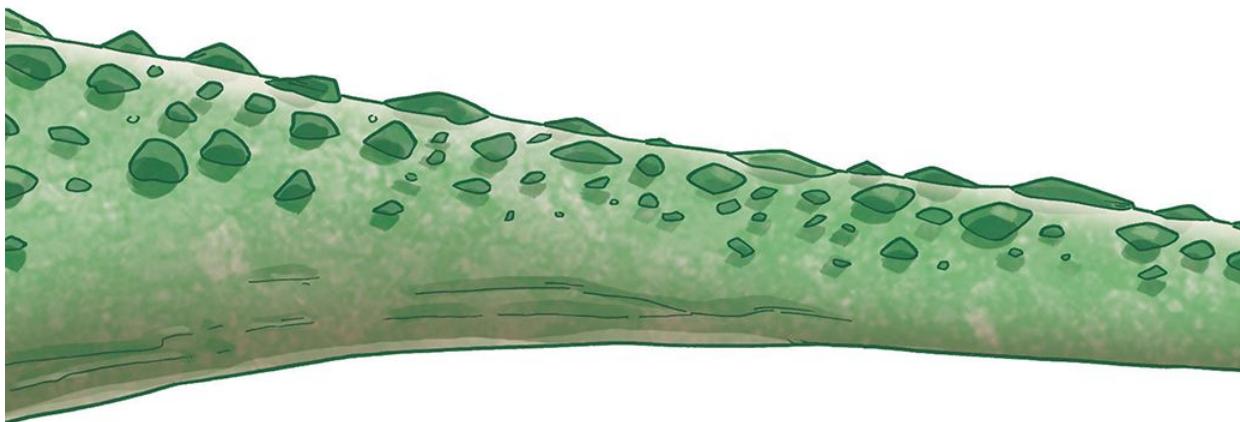




“I’ve been thinking about **extinction**.

“Whenever a species dies out, it’s **TRAGIC**,” Professor von Volt explained. “Many species — like the **DINOSAURS** — became extinct during prehistoric times. But even today, animals like tigers, whales, and pandas are at **RISK**. The destruction of these animals’ natural habitats, hunting, and pollution all contribute to the problem.”

He shook his head **SADLY**.





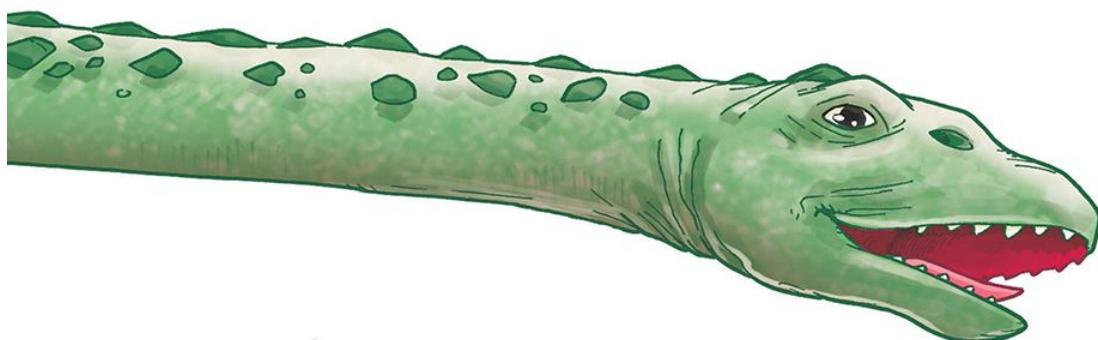
“The natural equilibrium of nature needs to be
respected!” Professor von Volt continued.

“Nature is *WiseR* than we think.”

We sat along the bank of the small lake,
dangling our paws in the water.

A prehistoric lake, a *PiNK* sunset, and true
friendship.

What more could a mouse ask for in life?





THE GREATEST COOK IN THE WORLD

Professor von Volt and I brought Trap the **ingredients** we had gathered. He stood at the fire and sang while he worked:

crunch crunch crunch crunch crunch crunch
A true cook doesn't need pots and pans,
 He'll make do with whatever he can! 
A real cook can serve any number of mice,
He can whip up a feast from nothing but rice!
 He doesn't need help from any of you,
To make the world's most excellent stew! 
crunch crunch crunch crunch crunch crunch

A tiny Compsognathus came nosing around trying to **STEAL** some of Trap's food. At first,

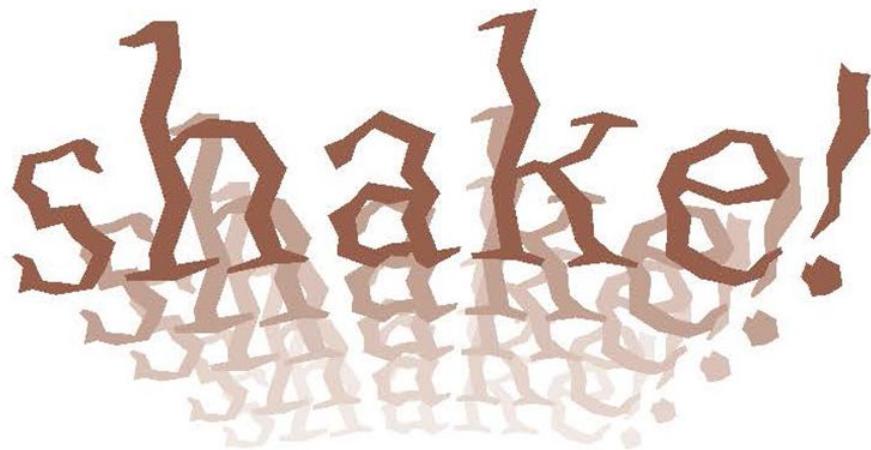
Trap **SHOOED**
the **DINOSAUR**
away, but then he
SOFTENED
and threw him a
little morsel.

"Here's a little
meat," Trap whispered.

"You should have a good meal tonight, too!"

Trap was true to his word — our dinner was
delicious! We went to sleep feeling full and
happy.

But at five in the morning, the earth began to







RAIN OF HOT RED STONES

I woke up with a start and saw hundreds of meteorites **streaking** across the sky.

“**METEORITES!**” Professor von Volt shouted. “The dinosaurs might be about to go extinct!”

There was **CHAOS** all around us. Herds of **terrorized** dinosaurs galloped through the forest, knocking down shrubs and trees as they fled.

“It’s time for us to go to **Egypt** to find out how Cheops — that is, the Great Pyramid of Giza — was built!”

With **trembling** paws, the professor programmed the Chronometer.





RAIN OF HOT



RED STONES

A meteorite **CRASHED** to Earth right next to us! The ground beneath my paws **trembled** forebodingly.

Suddenly, a thick, **smelly**, and slimy black substance rained down on me from above. I looked up to see the tail of a huge dinosaur going by.

“**Dinosaur dung!**” I squeaked. I tried to wipe it off, but instead I **slipped** and landed in an even **BIGGER** heap of it! I tried desperately to extract myself, but it was useless. I was **stuck!**

“Don’t worry, Uncle!” Benjamin called.

“We’ll pull you out, little brother!” Thea shouted.

Then Thea, Benjamin, and Trap grabbed my tail and pulled me out. **Plop!**

To wash me off, my cousin threw a bucket of freezing water on my face. **SPLASH!**



RAIN OF HOT

RED STONES

"I want to go **HOOOOOOOME!**!" I sobbed.

The professor tried to console me.

“Geronimo, listen to this **fun** fact,” he said.

“Did you know that the largest fossil of dinosaur poop ever found was seventeen inches long and more than six inches wide?”

My cousin **jumped** into the time machine.

"Very interesting fact," Trap said. "Now let's get **out** of here!"

Professor von Volt pressed the **flight** button.

“In sixty seconds, we’ll be in Egypt!”

The little ship began to vibrate and fill with a
BLUE MIST



— 1 —

|







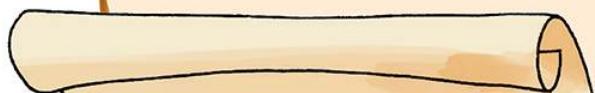
LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

In 3000 BC, it is believed that the legendary **King Menes** unified the tribes of Upper and Lower Egypt and began the first of the thirty Egyptian dynasties. This civilization created one of the first forms of writing and the first solar calendar. The ancient Egyptians also made great advances in sculpture, poetry, architecture, mathematics, geometry, and medicine.

The Egyptians depended on the **Nile River** as a source of drinking water and to help them grow crops. The river's periodic floods left the ground rich with **mud** and **lime**, making the soil around the river very fertile.

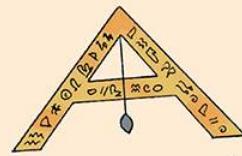


After every flood, the field's boundaries were redrawn.



A BRIEF HISTORY
OF PAPYRUS

PAPYRUS WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST FORMS OF PAPER. THE PAPYRUS PLANT WAS COMMON AROUND THE NILE RIVER IN ANCIENT EGYPT, AND THE EGYPTIANS USED IT TO CREATE A THICK, PAPERLIKE WRITING MATERIAL. THEY ALSO USED THE PLANT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF BOATS, MATTRESSES, MATS, ROPES, SANDALS, AND BASKETS.

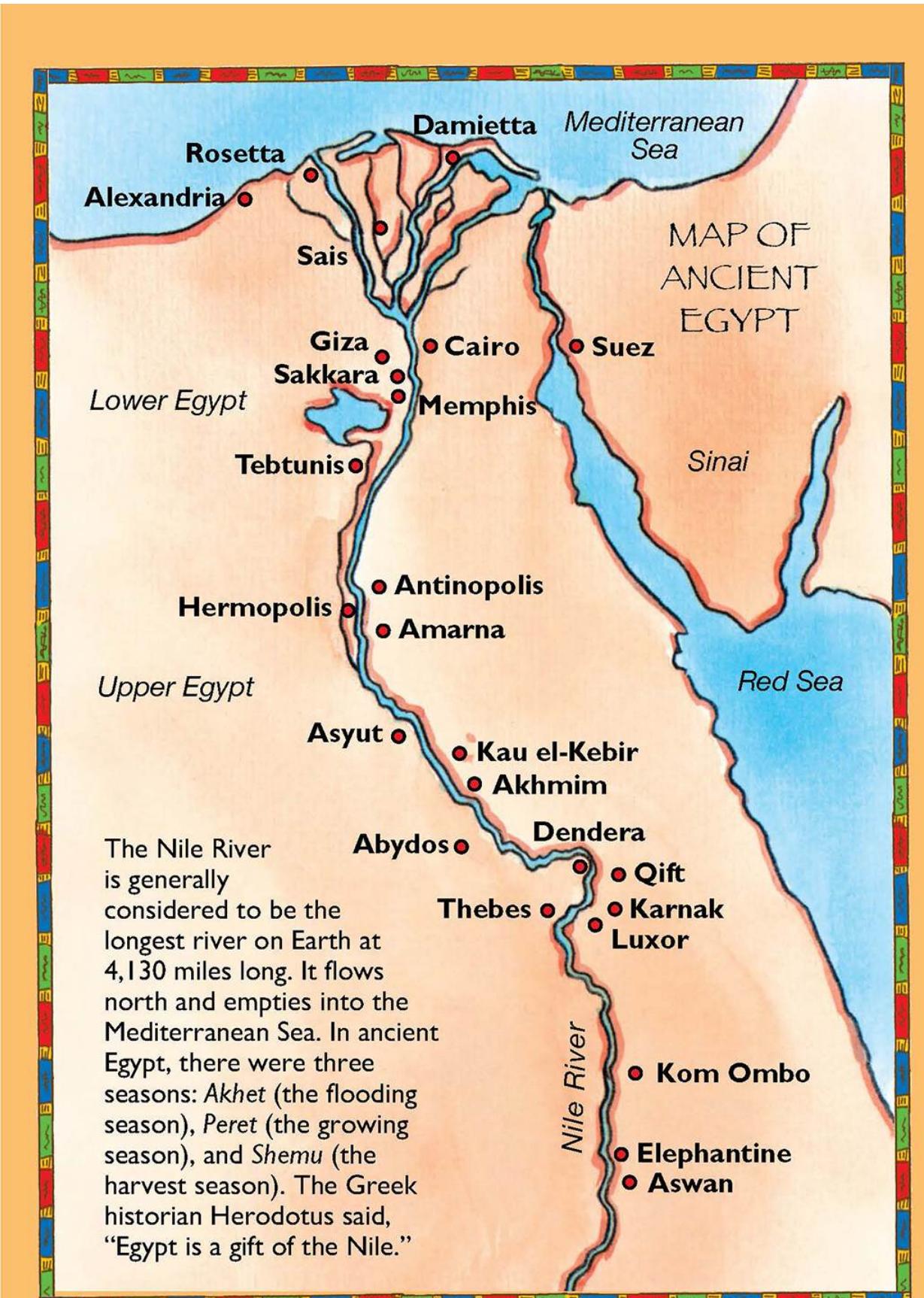


Egyptian engineers used this tool — a plumb bob — in astronomy, navigation, surveying, and building.



The shaduf was one tool used by the Egyptians to water their crops.









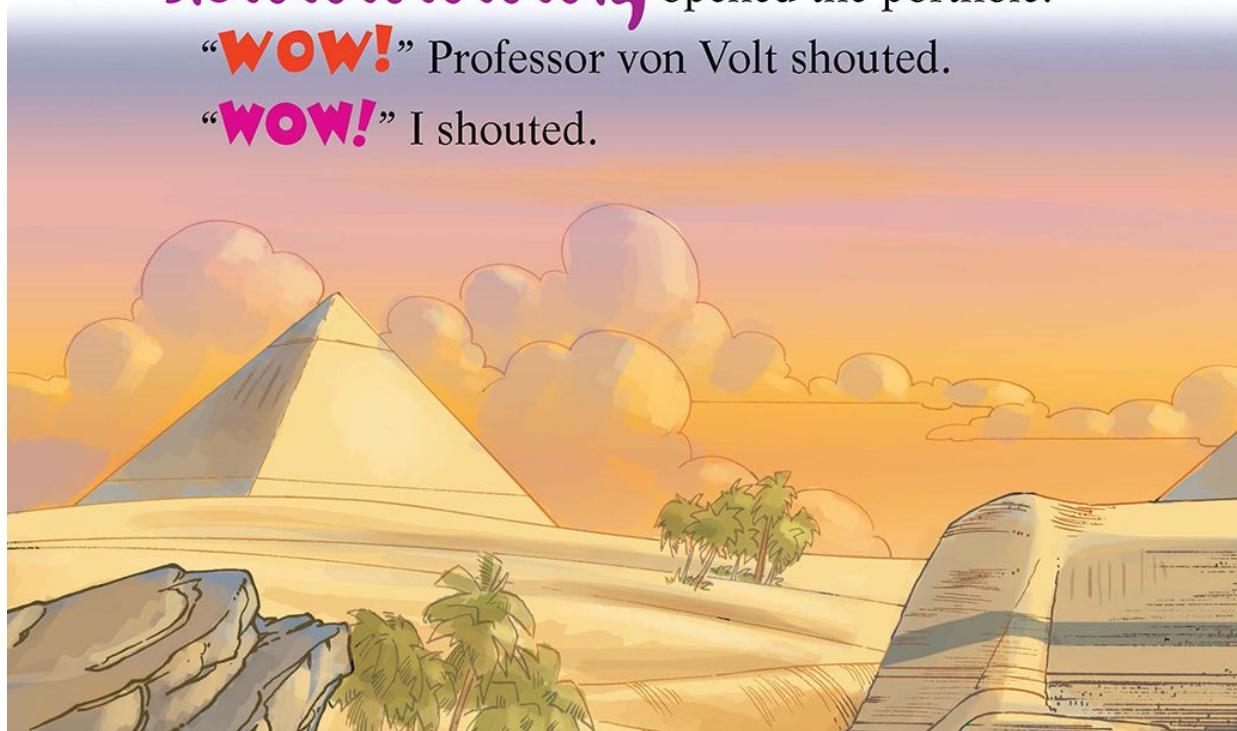
IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX

I plugged my ears, gritted my teeth, and closed my eyes.

Bang! The **MOUSE MOVER 3000** stopped moving. I perked up my ears, but I didn't hear anything. I leaned over and very **slowwwwwly** opened the porthole.

"WOW!" Professor von Volt shouted.

"WOW!" I shouted.







“**WOW!**” Thea shouted.

“**WOW!**” Benjamin shouted.

“**SWEET!**” Trap shouted.

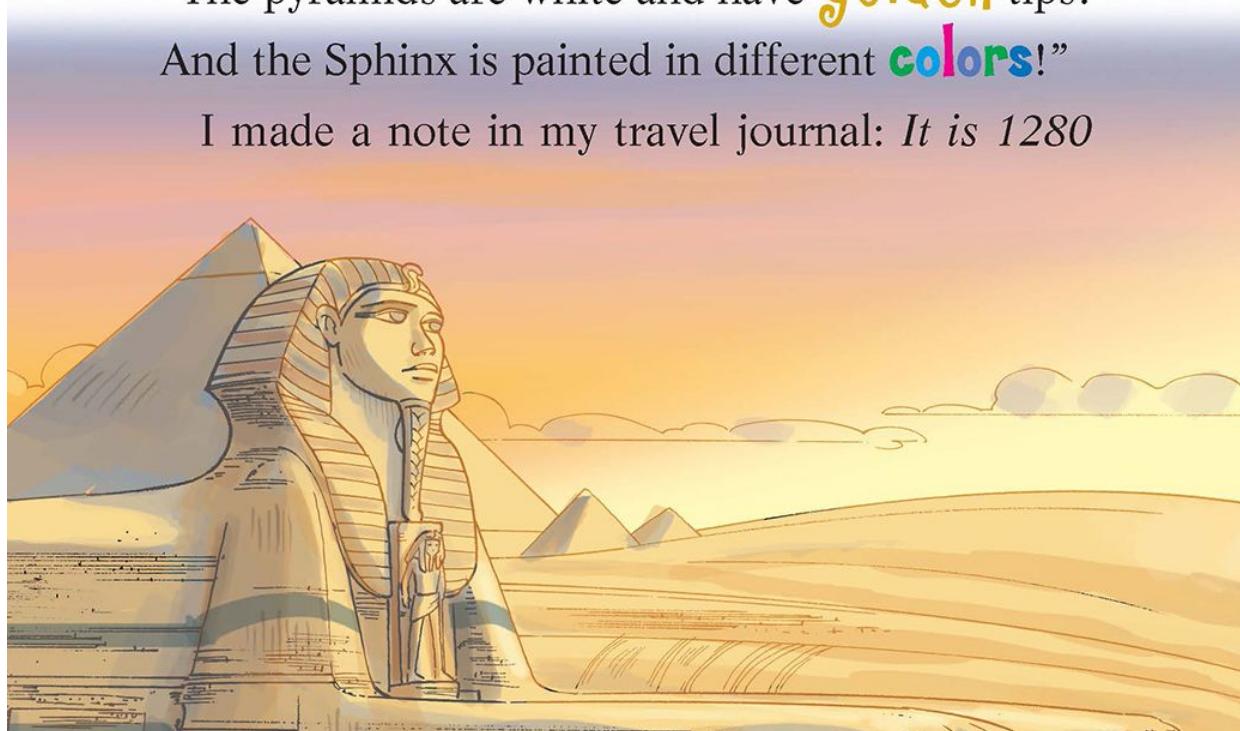
The Egyptian desert stretched for **miles** and **miles** in every direction around us. It was a sea of **golden** sand as fine as powder, gently shaped into **softly** angled dunes. The rising sun tinged the pyramids and the Sphinx with a **rosy** hue.

“Look!” Benjamin exclaimed in **AMAZEMENT**.

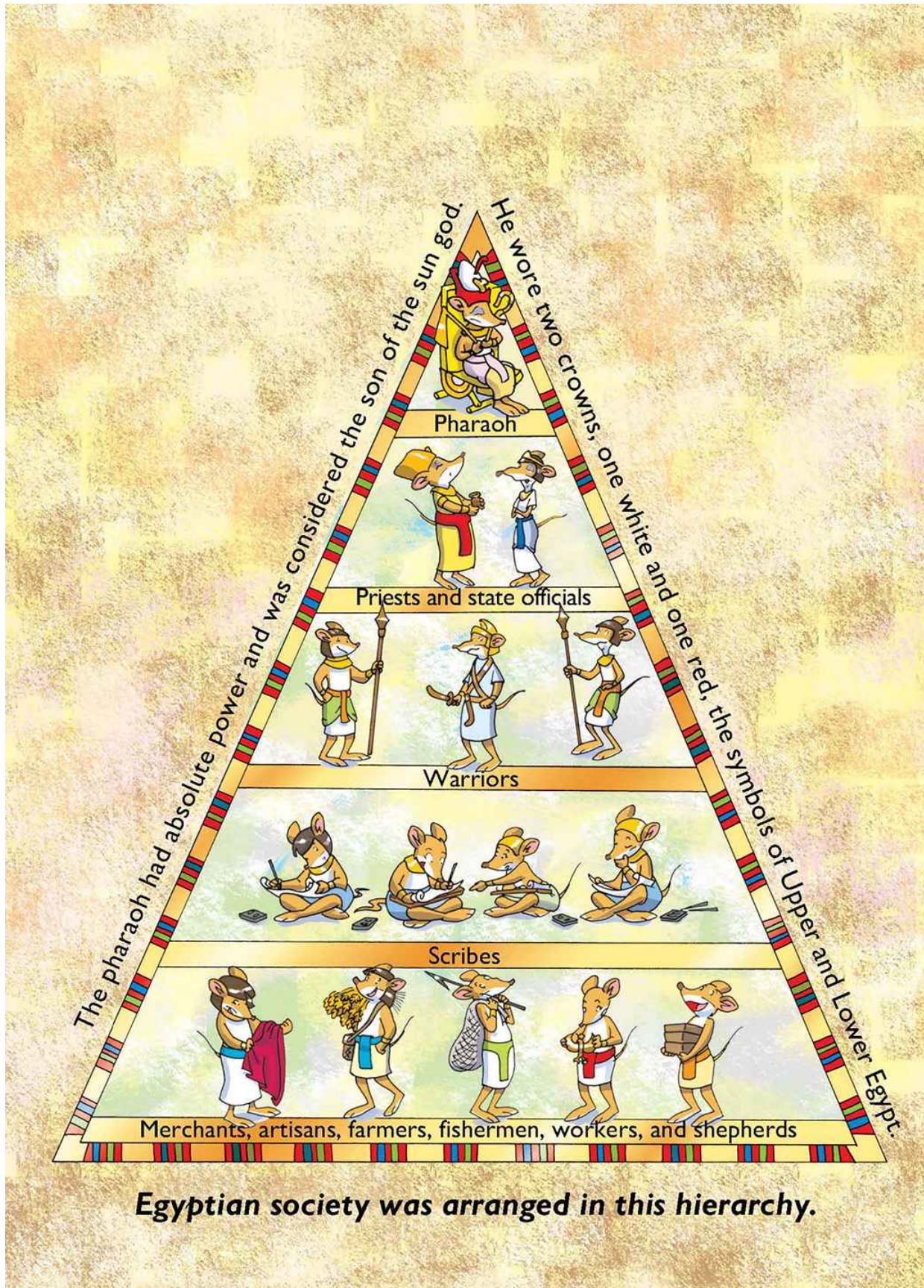
“The pyramids are white and have **golden** tips!

And the Sphinx is painted in different **colors**!”

I made a note in my travel journal: *It is 1280*











BC at 5:47 A.M. We're in Giza, in the middle of the Egyptian desert.

The professor rummaged in his pockets and took out some **TEENY TINY** clothes.

"This is what we'll wear while we're in Egypt!" he told us. "I put these clothes through a special **miniaturization** process before we left."

He took from his pocket a little test tube full of **transparent** liquid and used an eyedropper to splash one drop of the strange substance on a **LITTLE** piece of clothing. The tiny dress **grew** into a pleated linen dress, complete with a wig.

The professor gave it to Thea, along with a small **GILDED** wooden box. In it were **expensive** perfumes and alabaster vases filled with ancient Egyptian makeup.

After we dressed, Thea put eye makeup on all of us. Now we really looked like **ancient Egyptians!**

I noticed Trap put something in his bag. It



looked like a little **BLACK** fabric pouch.

“**Oh!**” the professor exclaimed suddenly, slapping his forehead. “I almost forgot!” He took out a tiny earpiece. “This is a **Squeak Speak**, a special

translator I invented,” he told us. “It can translate everything you hear and all that you say!”

Trap popped a **Squeak Speak** in his ear. “It doesn’t work.” he said. “I don’t hear anything!”

“Of course you don’t!” Professor von

EGYPT

MAKEUP

Egyptians applied makeup around their eyes for aesthetic reasons and to protect themselves from the sun’s rays and from damage from the sandy desert winds. The most popular colors were black and green. The Egyptians mixed a blue-gray mineral called galena with soot to make black eye makeup. Green eye makeup was made from malachite, a bright green copper ore.







Volt replied with a **sigh**. “You have to turn it on first!”

Trap turned on the device. “One, two, three,
TESTIIIIIIING!” he squealed loudly.

“Geronimo, do you hear **MEEEEEEEEE?**”

“Shhh!” Thea shushed Trap. “Listen!”

From far away, I heard mice chanting:

“**OUR DAYS ARE LONG, OUR WORK IS TOUGH,**
BUILDING TEMPLES IS REALLY ROUGH.
WE’LL KEEP WORKING TILL THE DAY IS DONE.
TO HONOR RA, GOD OF THE SUN.
WE ARE PROUD AND WE ARE STRONG,
WE’LL WORK FOR MAAT ALL DAY LONG.”



It was a group of laborers going to work.

“Unbelievable!” I whispered in **amazement**.

“I can understand ancient Egyptian!”

“What’s *Maat*, Professor?” Benjamin asked.

“*Maat* is the **Divine Order**,” Professor



von Volt replied. “According to the ancient Egyptians, the whole world follows the law of universal order and balance. And Ra is the sun god the Egyptians adored.”

We hid the **MOUSE MOVER 3000** in a hole in the sand and covered it with palm leaves. Then we got to work. Thea snapped some **PHOTOS**, I took **NOTES**, and Benjamin and the professor took samples of sand and sealed them in plastic **bags**. Trap lay **LAZILY** in the shadow of the Sphinx, napping.

After an hour, we were all done.

“Where are we going for breakfast?” Trap asked, **yawning** loudly. “I just can’t get moving without a nice cup of **COFFEE** in the morning!”



Suddenly, we heard a noise. We ran and hid behind the **GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZA**.

OF GIZA

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GODS



Nephthys,
goddess
of death



Nut,
goddess of
the sky



Geb, god of
the Earth



Atum, the
first god



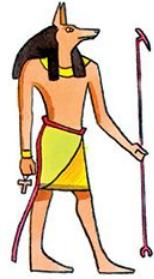
Shu, god
of air



Tefnut,
goddess
of rain



Khnum,
god of
rebirth and
creation



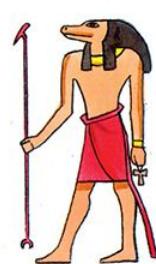
Anubis, god of
the afterlife



Sekhmet,
warrior
goddess



Ra, sun god



Sobek,
crocodile god



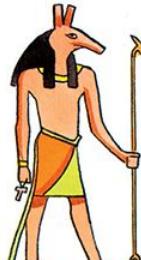
Thoth, ibis
god



Khepri, god of
the scarab beetle



Hathor,
goddess of
motherhood



Set, god of
the desert



Bastet, cat
goddess





Osiris, god of
the afterlife



Isis, goddess of
nature and magic



Horus, god of
war and hunting



ARREST THOSE RODENTS!

A **LOOOOONG** procession of soldiers carrying a **golden** litter with silky curtains came into view.

“Make way for the Grand Vizier, the **NOBLE MOUSEHOTEP!**” the soldiers shouted.

The curtains parted and I glimpsed a sly-looking, shifty-eyed rat. He was wearing a white linen robe and a blue lapis lazuli necklace decorated with a large gold scarab beetle. He wore a black

wig woven with silver threads and pearls, and his tail was decorated with rings made of precious stones.

His servants placed the litter **gently** on the ground, and the rat climbed out of the **ornate**



ARREST THOSE  RODENTS!

chair. A servant ran to him and placed a pair of **golden** sandals on his paws.

Mousehotep nibbled **DAINTILY** on a bunch of grapes. Meanwhile, Trap took out a piece of garlic chewing gum and waved it in front of my nose.

“Want some?” he whispered.

“Shhh!” I shushed him. “You know I’m allergic to garlic. Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . **achoo!**”

I sneezed.

The Noble Mousehotep heard me.

“**Scampering scarabs!**” he cried.

“Arrest those rodents! They are tomb thieves. Scribe, write that down!”

The soldiers surrounded us, poking at us with their **SPEARS**, while the scribe **SCRIBBLED** something on a piece of papyrus.







RAMESSES! RAMESSES! RAMESSES!

The head guard forced us to march through the extremely **HOT** desert for what seemed to be an **eternity**! Finally, we arrived at the royal palace of Memphis.

The guard **poked** me in the tail with his lance.

“Bow before the pharaoh!” he ordered me.

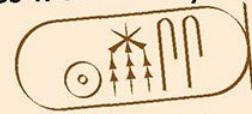
At the very far end of the great hall, which was



RAMESSES II (RAMESSES THE GREAT) (REIGNED FROM 1279–1212 BC)

His name is sometimes written as Rameses or Ramses, and he was the son of Seti I. He built more large statues of himself than any other pharaoh.

He fought against the Hittites in the battle of Kadesh. Like all ancient Egyptian pharaohs, Ramesses II had many wives, but his favorite and his first chief queen was Nefertari. He boasted that he was the father of more than ninety children,



Ramesses in
Liberographics

and he lived to be at least ninety years old.

1887

RAMESSES!



RAMESSES! RAMESSES!

decorated in **MAGNIFICENT** frescoes, I saw a **golden** throne.

A tall, thin rodent with a hooked nose and hawk-like eyes sat on the throne. It was Ramesses II!

Two tall mice stood on either side of the throne, fanning the pharaoh with **ENORMOUSE** ostrich feathers. The pharaoh wore a **double** crown — part red, part white — symbolizing his dominion over Upper and Lower Egypt. He proudly held a **gold** scepter in his paw.

Queen Nefertari was seated next to him. She was **gorgeous**! He looked at her proudly; you could tell he was very much in **love** with her. Next to the royal couple was their daughter. In her arms, she held a little bundle wrapped in a blanket **EMBROIDERED** in gold. It was the little baby **Moses***!



The pharaoh's daughter with little baby Moses

* In Hebrew, *Moses* means “savior” or “drawn out from the water.” In Egyptian, it means “son” or “child.”



NOBLE MOUSEHOTEP'S SARCOPHAGUS

Grand Vizier Mousehotep **BOWED** before Ramesses.

"Honor to you, **Pharaoh!**" he squeaked. "I wish you life, strength, and health!"

Then he turned to the scribe. "Read!" he ordered.

The scribe read **aloud**:

"HIGH PHARAOH , SON OF THE SUN , RA'S PRIDE , I  SURPRISED THESE FIVE RODENTS  BEHIND THE PYRAMID  OF CHEOPS. THEY ARE MUMMY  THIEVES. LET'S FEED THEM TO THE 

CROCODILES  !"



The pharaoh stared at us with a look of **FIRE** in his eyes. When he finally spoke, his voice was so deep and scary it made me **shiver** with fright!

“Is this true?” he asked us.

Professor von Volt stepped forward and bowed.

“Noble Ramesses II, we are **innocent**!” he said.

The Noble Mousehotep laughed an **EVIL** laugh.

“**INNOCENT?**” he scoffed. “Everyone says that. To the crocodiles, I say! Did you get that, scribe?”

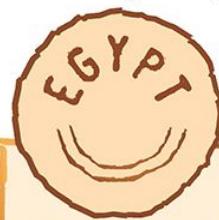
The scribe chuckled.

“I got it, boss!” he replied.

But the pharaoh lifted a paw.

“If you’re not **THIEVES**, then what are you?” he asked us.

“Pharaoh Ramesses, we are **TRAVELERS** from afar,”

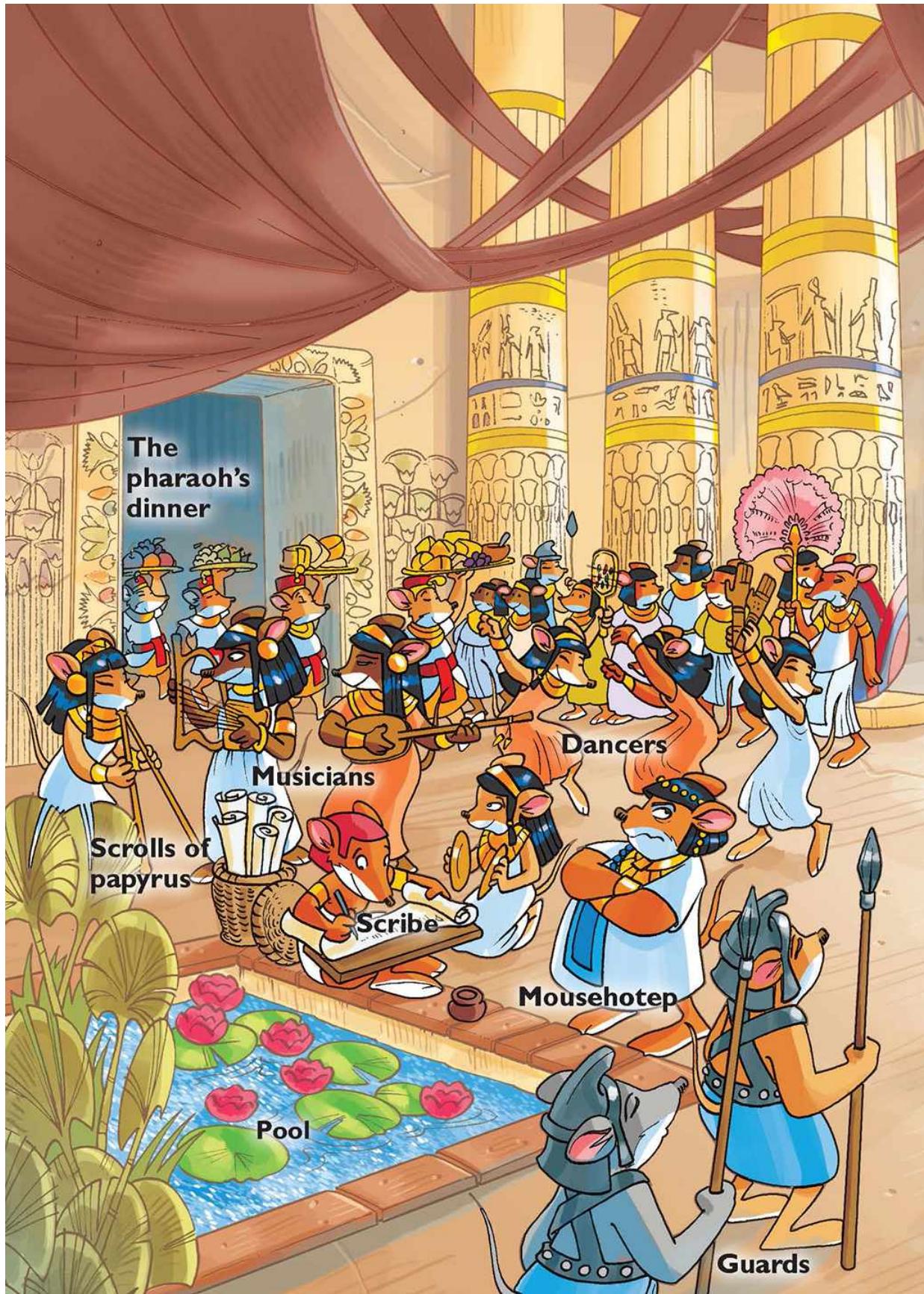


WOMEN

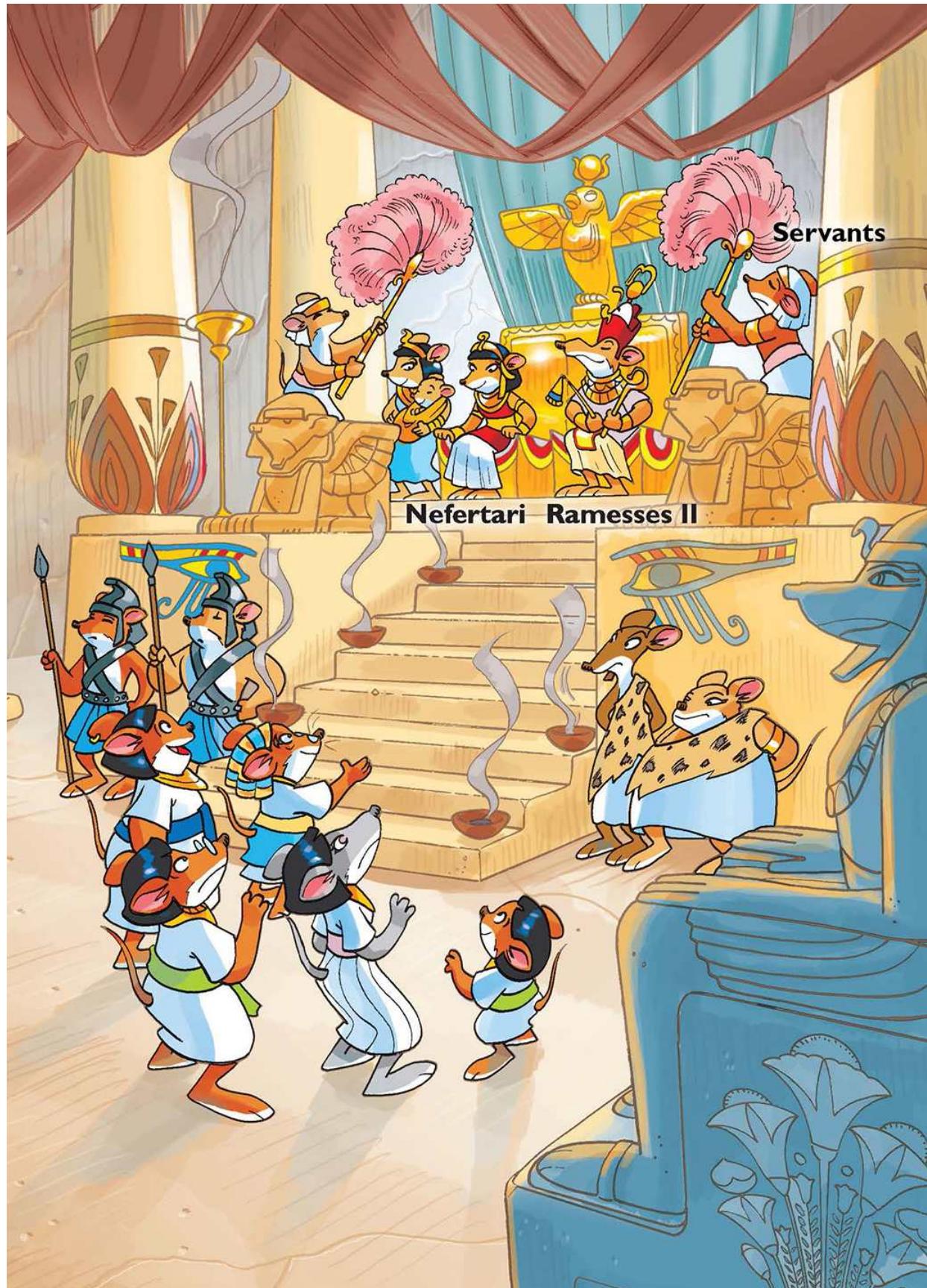
Women had a lot of liberty in ancient Egypt compared to many early societies: They could work and choose whom to wed. Women could even be pharaohs — Hatshepsut, the fifth pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, was female and is thought to have been one of the most successful pharaohs in

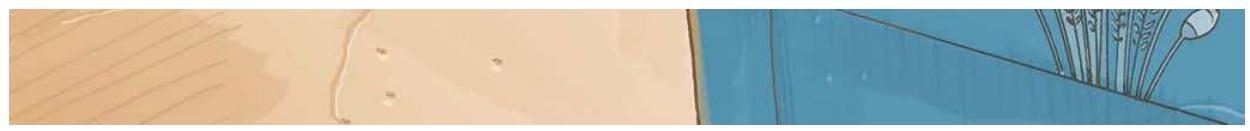


ancient Egypt.











the professor explained. “We have knowledge of many **SECRETS**....”

“You must be **magicians**!” Nefertari squeaked with excitement.

Trap took advantage of the situation and threw himself at the foot of her **throne**.

“Oh yes, we are magicians,” he said. “And we’re really, really good ones!”

Trap pulled on a black cloak with a **silky** scarlet lining. Then he rummaged around in his **mysterious** satin pouch. He clapped his paws, and instantly a **WHITE** dove appeared out of thin air and settled on Nefertari’s shoulders.



The queen squeaked with delight.

Next, Trap produced a top hat. Out of the hat **POPPED** two tiny white rabbit ears.





"You get back in there," Trap grunted. "I don't want you yet!"

It turned out that Trap's satin pouch contained everything a mouse needed for a **MAGIC SHOW!**

"Come one, come all," Trap shouted loudly. "Come be amazed by the magic of the **Great** and **Powerful** Trappolik Who Came from Afar! He'll make objects mysteriously **appear** and **disappear**, and he will saw in half the most reckless volunteer — er, I mean, ahem, the most **courageous** volunteer!"



He waved a silk scarf in front of the pharaoh's scepter, and it disappeared instantly! Six soldiers rushed toward him, but in an instant, Trap made the scepter **APPEAR** again.

"**VOILA!**" Trap squeaked triumphantly.

Everyone held their breath.



Then Ramesses chuckled. **"HEE, HEE, HEE!"**

Everyone **laughed** with him. "Hee, hee, hee!"

"I need a box!" Trap squeaked loudly. "Never mind, I found one."

He dragged a **sarcophagus** covered in gold and precious stones in front of the throne.

"You're about to see the world's most **SPECTACULAR** demonstration!" Trap announced boldly.

"Hey!" the Noble Mousehotep protested. "Let go of that sarcophagus. It's mine! And it's very precious!"

But Ramesses nodded for Trap to continue with the show.

Mousehotep began to **sob** uncontrollably.

"That sarcophagus cost me a **FORTUNE!**"



he whined. “Write that down, scribe!”

“Got it, boss!” the scribe replied.

“Ladies and gentlemice, I will now saw my cousin in **HALF**,” Trap announced. “Oh, what am I saying? I’m going to saw him in **THiRDS**, no, in **QUARTERS**. Yes, quarters. After all, I’m feeling **good** today.”

I began to **sweat** profusely.

“Why me?” I squeaked.

Trap pulled me by the tail.

“Oh, come on,” he insisted.

“You’ve got the **easiest** part!”

Then he tripped me and locked me in the sarcophagus.

“**HELP!**” I yelled. “I’m afraid of closed spaces. Trap, let me out, I tell you! I’m **CLAUSTROPHOBIC!**”

“Oh, you’ll be fine!” Trap





replied with a chuckle. “Don’t you **trust** me?”

“Of course not!” I mumbled from inside the sarcophagus, but Trap didn’t hear me.

He began *sawing* and *whistling* at the same time.

“Don’t worry, Geronimo,” Trap said. “I’ve tried this trick a **DOZEN** times. It almost always works!”

After a few seconds, Trap stopped sawing. “Voila!” he announced.

“I’ve sliced my cousin!”

I reached down to feel my tail. I was still **INTACT**!

Trap opened the sarcophagus and I jumped out. I was as pale as a slice of **mozzarella**. The court applauded with enthusiasm.

“**Bravooooo!**” the mice shouted. “More! More!”





"Pharaoh, who's going to fix my sarcophagus?"
Mousehotep demanded as he wiped his tears.

"Quiet!" Ramesses hissed. "Don't bother the
GREAT and **Powerful** Trappolik Who
Came from Afar!"

"Yeah!" Trap agreed with a nod of his head.
"Don't bother the **Great** and **POWERFUL**
Trappolik Who Came from Afar!"

Mousehotep glared at my cousin.

"By all the sphinxes in Egypt, I'll get you!" he
grumbled under his breath. "**WRITE THAT**
DOWN, SCRIBE!"

"Got it, boss!" the scribe replied.

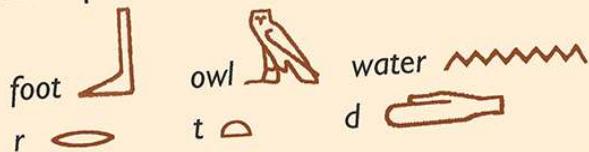
Got it, boss!



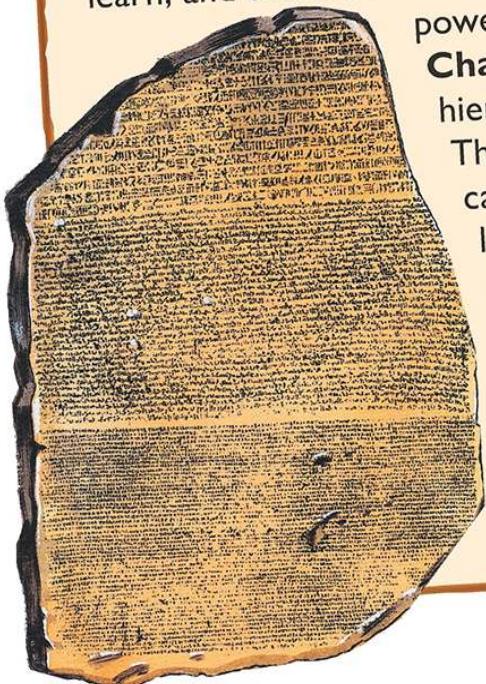


THE SECRET OF HIEROGLYPHICS

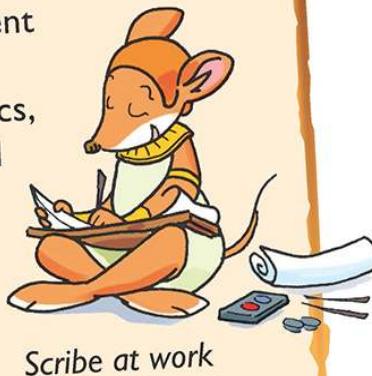
The ancient Egyptians wrote by using **ideograms** (designs that represent different concepts), and **phonograms** (signs that represent different sounds). Here are a few examples:



These symbols were called **hieroglyphics**. In ancient Egypt, not everyone knew how to write. It was a difficult skill to learn, and those who could do it (the **scribes**) had great power. In 1822, Jean-François Champollion was able to decipher the hieroglyphics on the **Rosetta Stone**. The stone had the same text carved in three different languages: ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, Demotic script, and ancient Greek.



Rosetta Stone



Scribe at work

This is how you write Geronimo in Egyptian:



Now use the key on the next page to try to write your own name!

EGYPTIAN ALPHABET

In reality, there was no Egyptian alphabet. This is an approximation of what the Egyptian alphabet might have looked like.

A		J		S	
B		K		T	
C		L		U	
D		M		V	
E		N		W	
F		O		X	
G		P		Y	
H		Q		Z	
I		R			

EGYPTIAN NUMBERS

1		10		100		1,000	
2		20		200		10,000	
3		30		300		100,000	
4		40		400		1,000,000	



Ooooooooooh . . . MAGIC!

The pharaoh had been so impressed with Trap's magic show that he invited us to stay instead of throwing us to the **CROCODILES**. The Egyptians were about to have a **FEAST**.

"Let the celebration in honor of Hapi begin!" Ramesses announced.

I realized he was referring to the flooding of the River Nile, which the Egyptians revered and called **HAPI**.

The priests dressed all in white and lit sticks of perfumed incense. Seven dancers wearing **GOLDEN-THREADED** wigs and **LAPIS LAZULI** necklaces entered the great hall. They danced as they shook the sistrum and tossed rose petals into the air. Then they somersaulted gracefully around



The sistrum was an ancient Egyptian



Instrument.

Egypt

Ooooooooooh . . .  MAGIC!

the pool in the center of the hall, which was filled with water lilies.

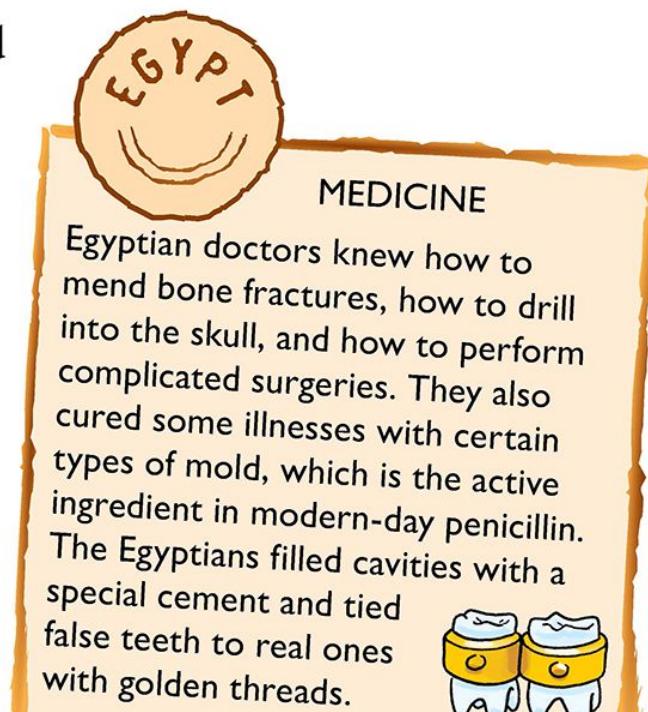
Meanwhile, the musicians played **Sweet** melodies on the harp, cithara, lyre, lute, castanets, and tambourines.

The servants set out a meal of **QUAIL**, roasted meat, goat cheese, **Spicy** beans, pomegranates, grapes, **caramelized** nuts, honey, and fig marmalade on alabaster dishes.

Ramesses popped a honey treat in his mouth. Suddenly, he groaned in **pain**.

“Oh, ouch!” he cried. “**Ouchie!** Ouch! Ouch!”

“Poor **dear**, does your tooth ache?” Nefertari **SQUEAKED**.

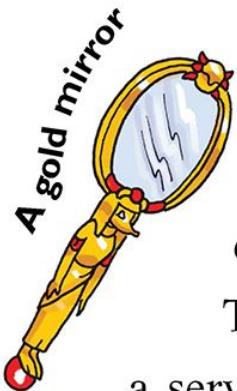




Ooooooooooh . . .



MAGIC!



“Oh, yes,” he sighed, rubbing his cheek. “I’ve really got to go to the dentist!”

The festivities were about to begin, and a servant brought Nefertari a **golden** mirror studded with **RUBIES** so she could freshen her makeup.

Unfortunately, the mirror was clouded over and couldn’t **REFLECT** very much.

Trap took note of this and rummaged around in his pouch. He took out a **sparkling** new mirror. Then he bowed down and offered it to the queen. She gasped in wonder.

“Ooooooooooh . . . magic!” she exclaimed.

Nefertari gave Trap the **SWEETEST** smile.

“He’s phenomenal. . . .” I heard one of the other mice whisper.

“A **TRUE** magician, and a whisker-licking good one at that,” another replied.

"It seems he comes from very **far** away," a third **whispered**. "He must be very **powerful**."

"Yes, very powerful," the first agreed. "Maybe more powerful than the pharaoh . . ."

"Mm-hmmm," the second said.
"The queen smiled at him. . . ."

"Ramesses must be so **jealous!**" another chimed in.

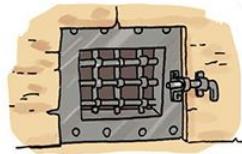
Mummified mozzarella! We were in big **trouble** if those mice were correct. It wasn't a good idea to make the pharaoh jealous. Mousehotep whispered something in the pharaoh's ear. Ramesses **NARROWED** his eyes and **curled** the tips of his mustache in a way that made my whiskers **tremble** in fear.

CLOTHING

Wealthy Egyptians wore pleated linen skirts and tunics that were tinted with vegetable dye, while shepherds and farmers wore tunics made of rough animal skins. Tunics were rarely made of wool.

The rich wore leather sandals, while the poor wore sandals made of woven straw.





OUCH! WHO PINCHED ME?

Ramesses stormed out of the hall looking very, very **ANGRY**. Mousehotep followed closely behind, whispering to Ramesses and shooting us **dirty looks**.

I knew it! I knew we were in **trouble**!

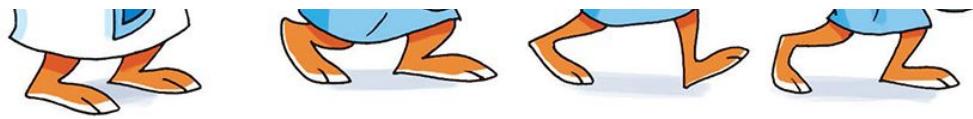
“I told you the pharaoh was jealous. . . .” I heard a mouse murmur.

“It serves that **magician** right!” said another.

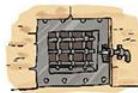
“Mm-hmmm,” agreed a third. “Ramesses will feed him to the crocodiles for sure!”

“By tomorrow, the only thing left of him and his





OUCH! WHO PINCHED ME?



friends will be their **TINY LITTLE BONES!**"

Holey cheese! We were **doomed!**

Mousehotep came running into the main hall.
"Guards, imprison the strangers!" he shouted
with **delight**. "Pharaoh's orders!"

Before I could **SQUEAK** a reply, we were surrounded. The guards poked us with their lances and we were led to the palace's **DUNGEON**.

"Hee, hee, hee!" Mousehotep chuckled. "You thought you were being so **CLEVER**, but now you'll pay **DEARLY** for your insolence."

He poked Trap's chubby tummy.

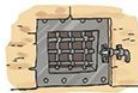
"Oh, yes!" he cackled. "The King of the Sacred Crocodiles is going to **love** you!"

"Look here," my cousin protested, placing a paw





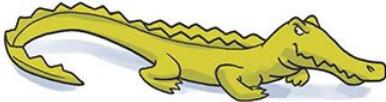
OUCH! WHO PINCHED ME?



on his round belly. “This is pure **MUSCLE!**”

Trap, Thea, Benjamin, Professor von Volt, and I settled into our **dank, dark** cell.

I climbed up on the lone **WOODEN** bench and looked out the small prison window. Right in front of me was a **muddy** pool of water. In it swam gigantic, **hungry-looking** crocodiles.



**Why, why, oh, why had I agreed to come
on this wacky journey through time?**

Suddenly, something pinched my tail.

“Ouch!” I exclaimed. “Who’s that? Who’s there? Who pinched me?”

It wasn’t the pharaoh’s soldiers, but a **LOVELY** maiden.

“Shhh!” she whispered. “Follow me, all of you. And be quiet!”

We scurried away through a **DARK** passageway. **SMOKY** torches cast an **eerie** glow on the walls,

which were covered in hieroglyphics. The maiden led us to an enormous statue of Sobek, the **frightening** crocodile god. She pressed the statue's left paw, and the statue revolved to reveal a **SECRET** door.

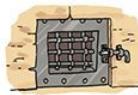
We **followed** the maiden through the door and found ourselves in the queen's **PRIVATE** chambers!

Nefertari **RAN** toward us, a **worried** look on her snout.





OUCH! WHO PINCHED ME?



“You have to get away!” she said urgently. “The pharaoh is **very** jealous!”

“But why are you helping us?” Thea asked the queen **suspiciously**.

Nefertari turned **PURPLE** with embarrassment. “Sometimes the pharaoh can be a real bully,” she admitted. “He’s especially **GRUMPY** right now because of his awful toothache. You seem like decent mice. You should have a chance to **ESCAPE**. ”

“Thank you,” I told her gratefully. “We will remember your **Kindness**. ”

The queen removed one of her **PRECIOUS** rings and gave it to Trap.



“Here,” she told him. “This ring will protect you. **Travel Safely!** ”



LET'S GO! ROOOOOOOOW!

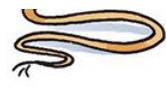
The maiden told us to lie down on a giant woven rug. Then she **rolled** up the rug, hiding us inside. Some servants carried us straight to the port in Memphis. It was already five o'clock in the afternoon.

“**Crusty cheese curds!**” Trap mumbled. “I missed lunch. I don’t like this at all!”

I heard the sound of **waves** lapping against the shore. I stuck my snout out of the rug. We had been loaded onto a felucca, a small wooden boat propelled by oars and sails.

“Mummified mozzarella and





LET'S Go!  Rooooooooow!

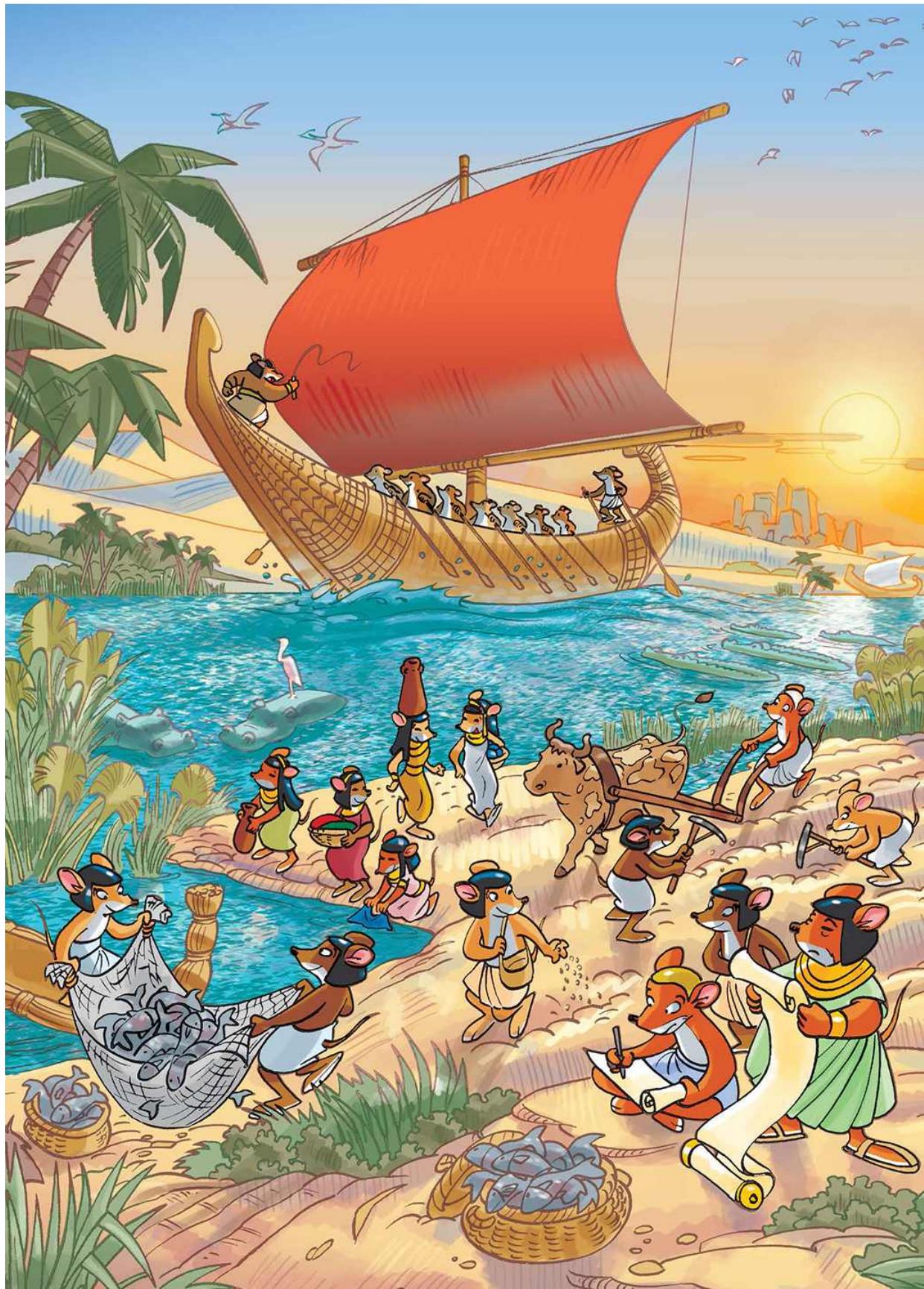
petrified papyrus!” we heard an **ANGRY** voice shout. “This is the laziest crew since Atum created Egypt! We have to get up the Nile before sunset. Let's go! **Rooooooooow!**”

Captain Sewer al-Rati was a **MUSCULAR** rat with **curly** whiskers. He wore a rough linen skirt and wide leather bracelets on his wrists.

“One pyramid, two pyramids, three pyramids, **Row!** One pyramid, two pyramids, three pyramids, **Row!**”

Everyone rowed vigorously. The ship left the Memphis port and began to sail down the river. I was **green** with seasickness. The boat went **UP** and **DOWN, UP** and **DOWN**, and **UP** and **DOWN**. I felt like I was going to toss my cheese!

**Why, why, oh, why had I agreed to come
on this wacky journey through time?**







LOOK OUT FOR HIPPOS!

We had been traveling for several hours, and night had fallen.

Suddenly, a sailor shouted: “Look out for hippopotamuses!”

Hippopotamuses? What hippopotamuses?

Another sailor shouted, “Petrified papyrus! They’re **ENORMOUSE**! And there are a lot of them!”

I felt faint. *Enormouse hippos?*

Captain Sewer al-Rati thundered: “Scampering scarabs . . . **WE’RE SINKING!**”

My whiskers twisted from fright. **SINKING?**

Suddenly, the ship began to tilt **wildly** to one side.

“Mummified mozzarella!” I squeaked. “We’ll be **dinner** for those hungry hippos!”

LOOK OUT



FOR HIPPOS!

Why, why, oh, why had I agreed to come
on this wacky journey through time?

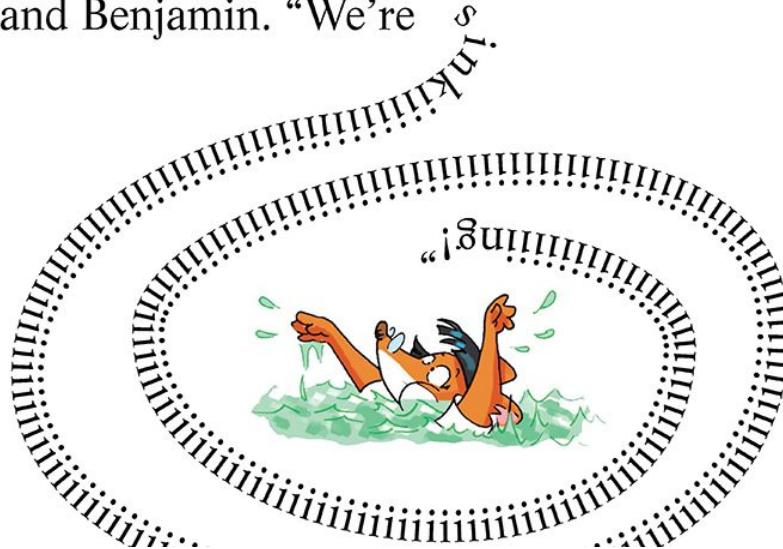
A huge wave crashed against the side of the boat. The boat was filling with water **fast**.

I grabbed a basket full of fish and **dumped** them overboard. Then I started scooping up basketfuls of water.

“Hurry,” I urged my friends. “We have to bail out the boat!”

But it was no use. The water just **seeped** out the sides of the basket!

“Farewell, friends!” I cried out to the professor, Trap, Thea, and Benjamin. “We’re *sinkin’*.”





SNIP, SNIP, SNAP!

A moment later, I found myself in the **muddy** waters of the Nile River. I fumbled and thrashed, trying to keep my snout above **water**. But my soaked linen garment was pulling me down.

“**Crusty cheese curds**,” I heard my cousin grumble. “Now I’ve missed **dinner**, too!”

In the light of the full moon, I saw lots of shiny dots **SHIMMERING** in the dark. Trembling, I realized they were **CROCODYLE** eyes!

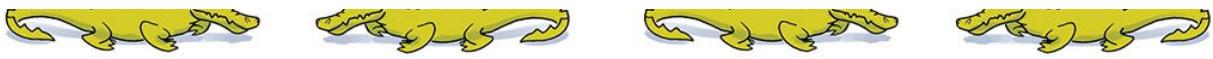
“Crocs!” I yelled to my friends. “Swim!”

With the crocodiles nipping at our tails, we swam toward the shore. **SNIP, SNIP, SNAP!**

One of the crocodiles **BIT** Trap on the tail.

“Ouchie, ouchie, ouch!” Trap yelled. He





SNIP, SNIP,  SNAP!

grabbed an oar and waved it at the crocodile.

The crocodile snapped at Trap.

Trap poked the crocodile with the oar and began to sing.

"Stay back, stay back, you crusty old croc!
You smell like a pair of three-day-old socks.
Your sickening smell is worse than your bite.
So go away, scram — get out of our sight!"



ANIMALS

The ancient Egyptians were some of the earliest people to keep domesticated animals. Many amulets worn by Egyptians were shaped like animals, and some gods, such as Bastet (the cat goddess), Anubis (the jackal-headed god), and Sobek (the crocodile god), had the heads of animals. The Egyptians also attributed magical powers to cats, and mummified cats were often found in tombs. Cats in Egypt were called miu, which meant "he or she who mews."



cat mummy







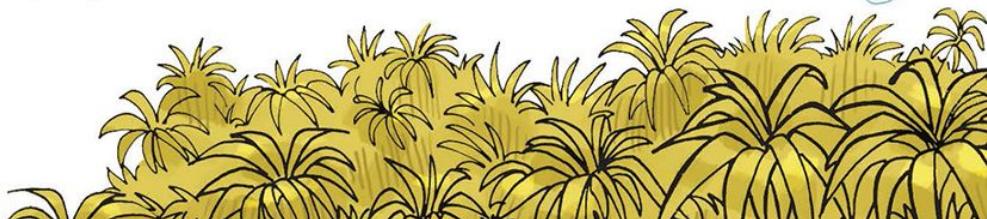
THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!

Luckily, we made it to shore. The moonlight **illuminated** the white beach, and the thick papyrus growing along the shore **SWAYED** in the night breeze. Suddenly, I saw a shadow among the papyrus fronds, and something hit me on the head. **Bonk!**

OOOOOUCHE! WHAT A BLOW, WHAT A WHACK, WHAT A WALLOP!

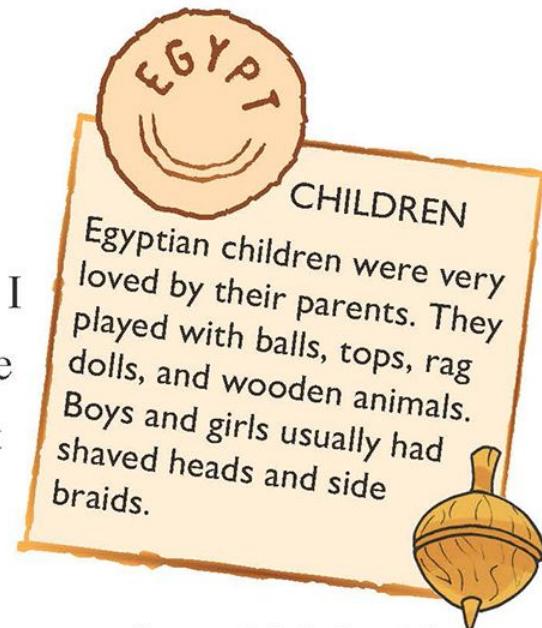
As I passed out, I heard Trap **grumbling** in the background.

“Geronimo is always the same,” he said. “He’ll do anything to get attention. There he goes, fainting again!”





A few seconds later, I came to. A **tiny** figure stood in front of me. It was a little mouse about the same age as Benjamin.

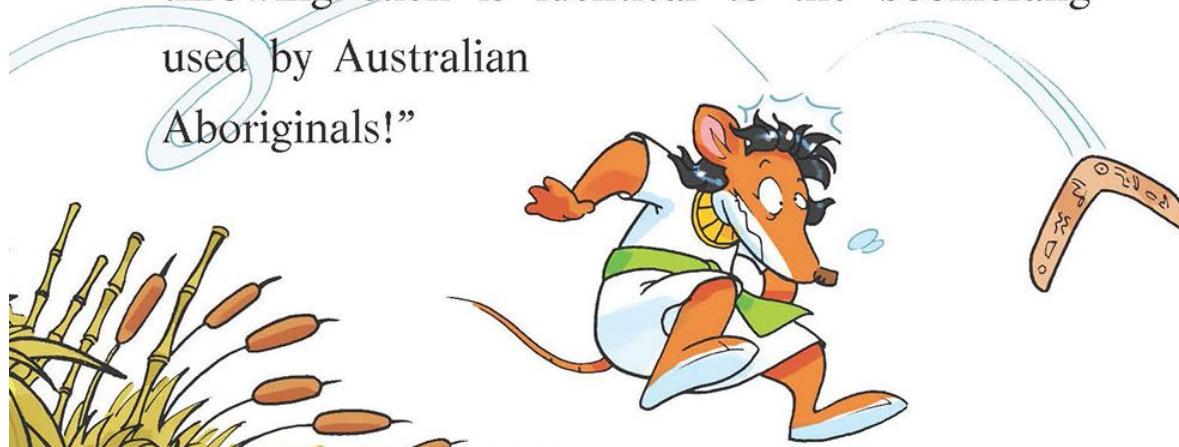


She had a shaved head except for a thick braid that was decorated with a little **PAINTED** wooden ball. She wore an antelope skin that was tied at her waist by a **BRAIDED** leather belt.

"Are you still alive?" she squeaked anxiously.
"I'm so sorry! I hit you with my **throwing stick!**"

Professor von Volt was scribbling notes.

"Interesting," he mused. "This Egyptian throwing stick is identical to the boomerang used by Australian Aboriginals!"







Pa-rat Riri-rat Ma-rat

The **LITTLE** mouse told us her name was Riri-rat. She took us to a mud hut where her parents welcomed us **WARMLY**. Pa-rat invited us to stay.

“No one in my village will ever go through the night **hungry!**” he said, using an ancient Egyptian proverb.

“It’s about time we had something to **eat!**” Trap announced as he patted his belly and licked his lips.

The family offered us everything they had with a **smile**: dried fish, fresh cucumbers, fava beans with garlic, barley cakes made with sesame oil, goat cheese, and ripe, juicy figs.

THE BEST NIGHT



OF MY LIFE!

We sat in a circle on **woven** mats and ate the food with our paws.

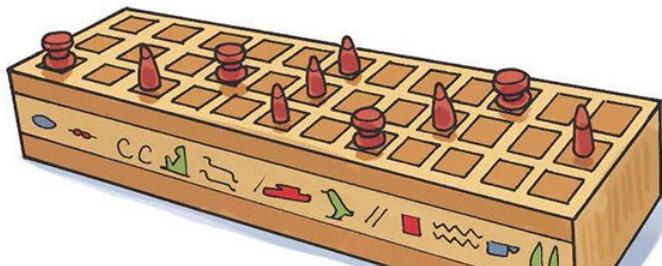
After we ate, the adult mice played **senet** while Benjamin and Riri-rat played with a toy maze. Even though we were in a mud hut **LIT** by an oil lamp almost 3,300 years in the past, it was the **best** night of my life. The food was simple and delicious, and it was offered with **warmth** ❤️ and generosity!

We chatted about many things and made the most of the **PEACEFUL**, relaxing evening.

I turned to our hosts.

“Friends, tomorrow we must secretly return to Giza,” I told them. “We’ve escaped our captors but we need to complete our mission.”

Benjamin looked sad about leaving.

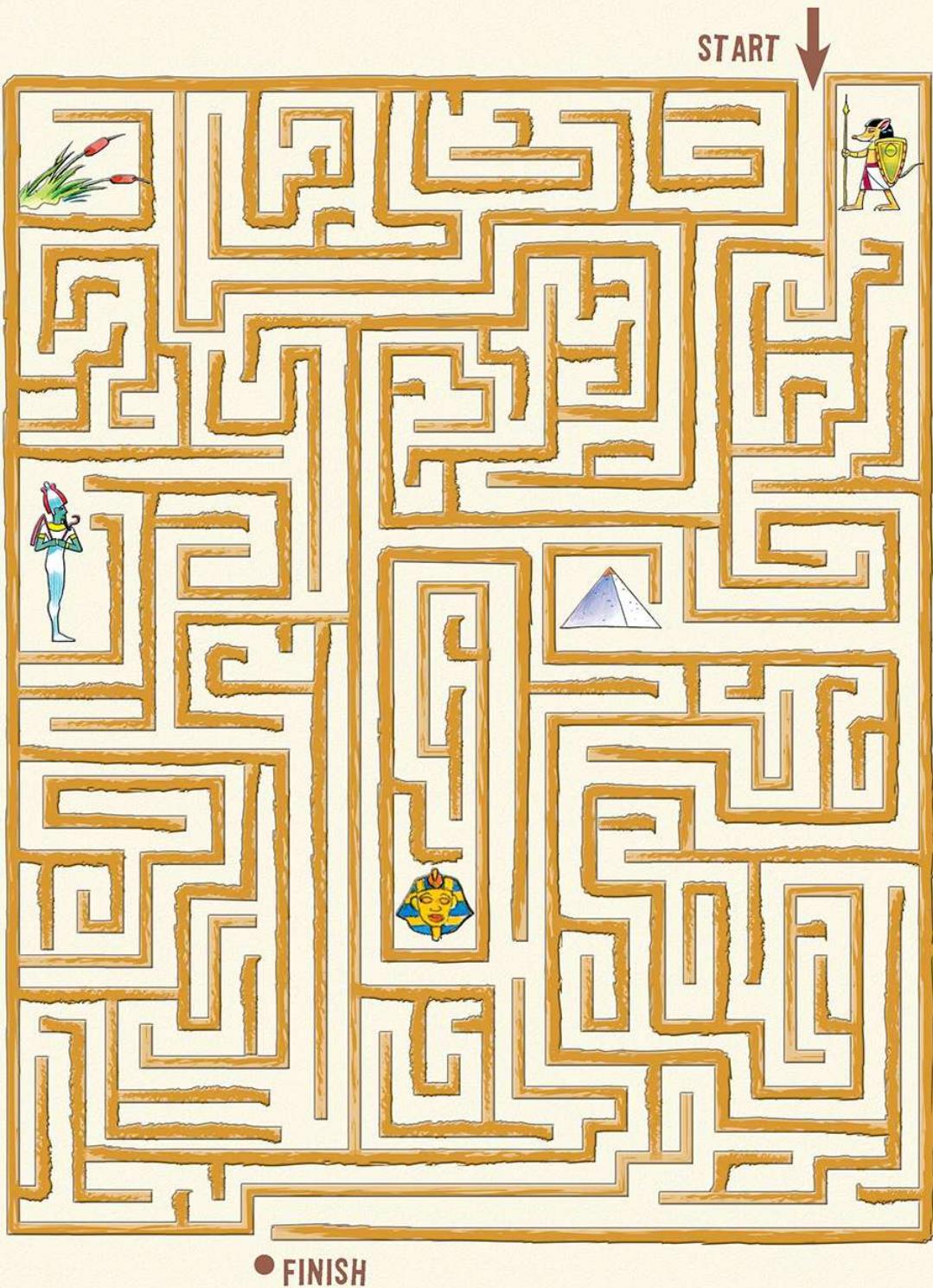


Senet was a game similar to backgammon. It was played on a rectangular board with thirty-six



with many six
squares.

Benjamín and Ríri-rat's maze



THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!



"The memory of this charming night will live in our **hearts** forever!" I assured everyone.

Even though we were very different from Riri-rat and her family, we were united by friendship. It was **comforting** to know that no matter how far we had traveled through time, we had found true friends who had warmed our hearts with their hospitality.

There is no greater gift than friendship!







THE MUMMY'S CAFÉ

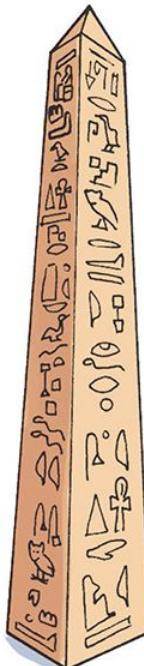
That night, we slept on pallets made of **DRIED** grass. At dawn, we went down to the river with Pa-rat and helped him bring in the night's catch: a netful of **fish**. We explained to him that we had to quickly return to Memphis and from there, travel back to Giza. We also told him no one was to know of our plans. If Ramesses or Mousehotep found us, we would be in **BIG** trouble!

Pa-rat put his paw over his **heart**.

"You have my word of honor," he squeaked. "I will be as silent as an **OBELISK**! But you'll need a guide."

Suddenly, a small, chubby fisherman appeared from behind a dune. He had a **sly** look on his snout.

"Oh, oh!" Pa-rat whispered. "That's



Obelisk



Chatty al-Mousi, the town gossip!"

Chatty cleared his throat.

"Erhem," he said. "Pardon me, but I was just passing by when I heard you needed a **guide**. My brother's cousin's uncle's maid's niece's scribe's sister's embalmer's grandfather is a tourist guide in Memphis. His name is **BAB-BEOT**. You'll find him at the port, at **THE MUMMY'S CAFÉ**. I'll send him a carrier pigeon to let him know you're coming."

Since we didn't have any other options, we agreed. Pa-rat helped us build a **boat**. We would glide up the Nile to Memphis.

Just as we were about to leave, Riri-rat gave Benjamin her throwing stick.

"It's the most **valuable** thing I have," she told him. "That's why I want to give it to you.

We gathered and cut lots of papyrus plants and tied them together with sturdy knots to



make a boat.





I wish you a peaceful and safe journey.”

She kissed him sweetly on the cheek. Benjamin's snout turned **PURPLE** with embarrassment. He's a **shy** mouse, just like me. We boarded the raft and waved good-bye. The raft slowly **glided** on the river.

After a few hours, the current began to **whirl**. We were getting closer and closer to the rapids. The boat began to pick up **SPEED**.

“We should slow down!” I yelled to Trap. “No way!” Trap replied. “You're such a **scaredy**-mouse. Now comes the fun part!”

He steered the boat right into the rapids.

“Wheeeeeeeeeee!” he shouted.







As I was tossed **UP** and **DOWN** and **UP** and **DOWN** and **UP** and **DOWN** among the waves, panic took hold of me. I grabbed the sides of the boat. Suddenly, a branch fell off a tree near the shore. It **hit** me on the head. **BONK!**

Ooooouchie! What a blow, what a whack, what a wallop!

As I passed out, I heard Trap grumbling in the background.

“Geronimo is always the same,” he said. “He’ll do anything to get attention. Look, he fainted again!”

The evening of the second day, we arrived in Memphis. We tied up the boat right near the







entrance to the port.

Then we **quickly** made our way to the Mummy's Café.

When we entered, a short, skinny bald rat greeted us. He shouted loudly.

"Hi, there!" he said. "Are you the ones who want to go to Giza?"

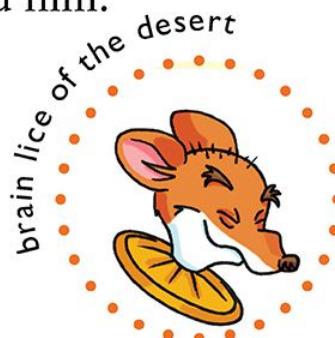
The professor tried to **QUIET** him.

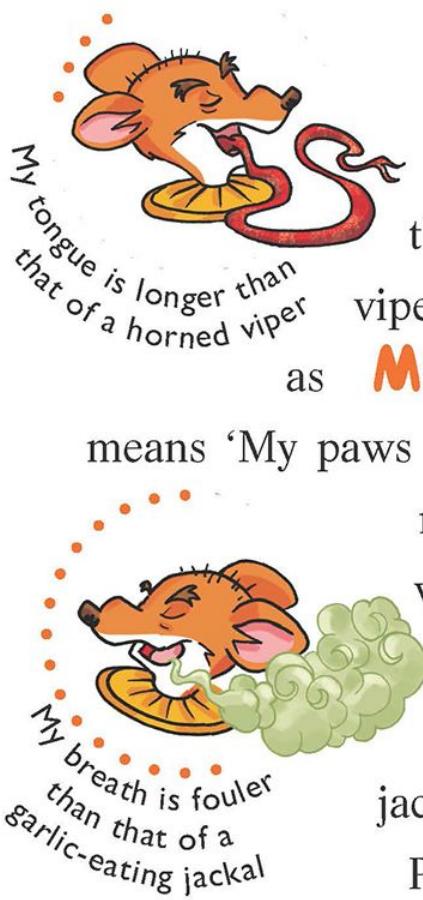
"Shhh!" he said. "Please speak **SOFTLY** or we'll be discovered!"

"Discovered?" he shouted back, louder than before. "Discover what? Is there a **SECRET**? A very secret secret? Huh? Is there?"

We ushered him to a quiet table in the back of the café, hoping no one had heard him.

"My name is **BAB-BEOT**," he introduced himself. "It means 'brain lice of the desert.' But I have other names, too. Like





Kiak-Kie-Rom, which means 'My tongue is longer than that of a horned viper.' I'm also known as **Mum-Puz**, which

means 'My paws stink worse than a rotting mummy,' as well as **Atten al-Alit**, or 'My breath is fouler than that of a garlic-eating jackal."



*My paws stink
worse than a
rotting mummy*

Professor von Volt took a step backward. The guide truly had **stinky** breath.

"Ahem, can we get going?" Thea asked. "We're in a hurry to get to Giza."

"Don't you want to first go on a **beautiful** cruise down the Nile?" the guide asked us.

"No, thank you," Benjamin replied. "We want to go to Giza!"



“You could visit the tomb of King —”

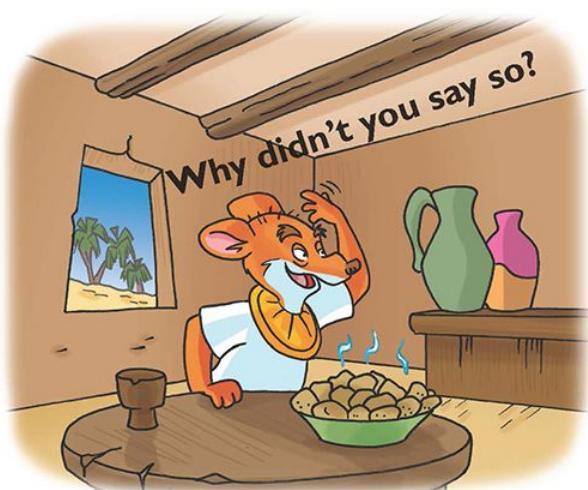
“Maybe another time,” Thea replied **PATIENTLY**.

“We want to go to Giza!”

“Want to see the Temple of Ptah? There’s a **golden** statue of Seti I, our pharaoh’s dad. . . .”

“Nope!” Trap replied in frustration. “We want to go to Giza! G-i-z-a! **GIZAAAAAAA!**”

“Oh, you want to go to **Giza**?” the guide asked. “Why didn’t you say so? All right, let’s go to Giza, then. But I don’t know what you want to see there. There are only three **pyramids**



and a **sphinx** in Giza. But if that’s where you want to go, I’ll take you. **Mummified mozzarella!** You only had to say so!”



THE TEMPLE OF THE EMBALMERS

We left the café to find mice had gathered in the street to **celebrate**. We had made it to Memphis just in time. The Nile River had begun to overflow, and everyone was celebrating since the **FLOODING** guarantees an abundant harvest.

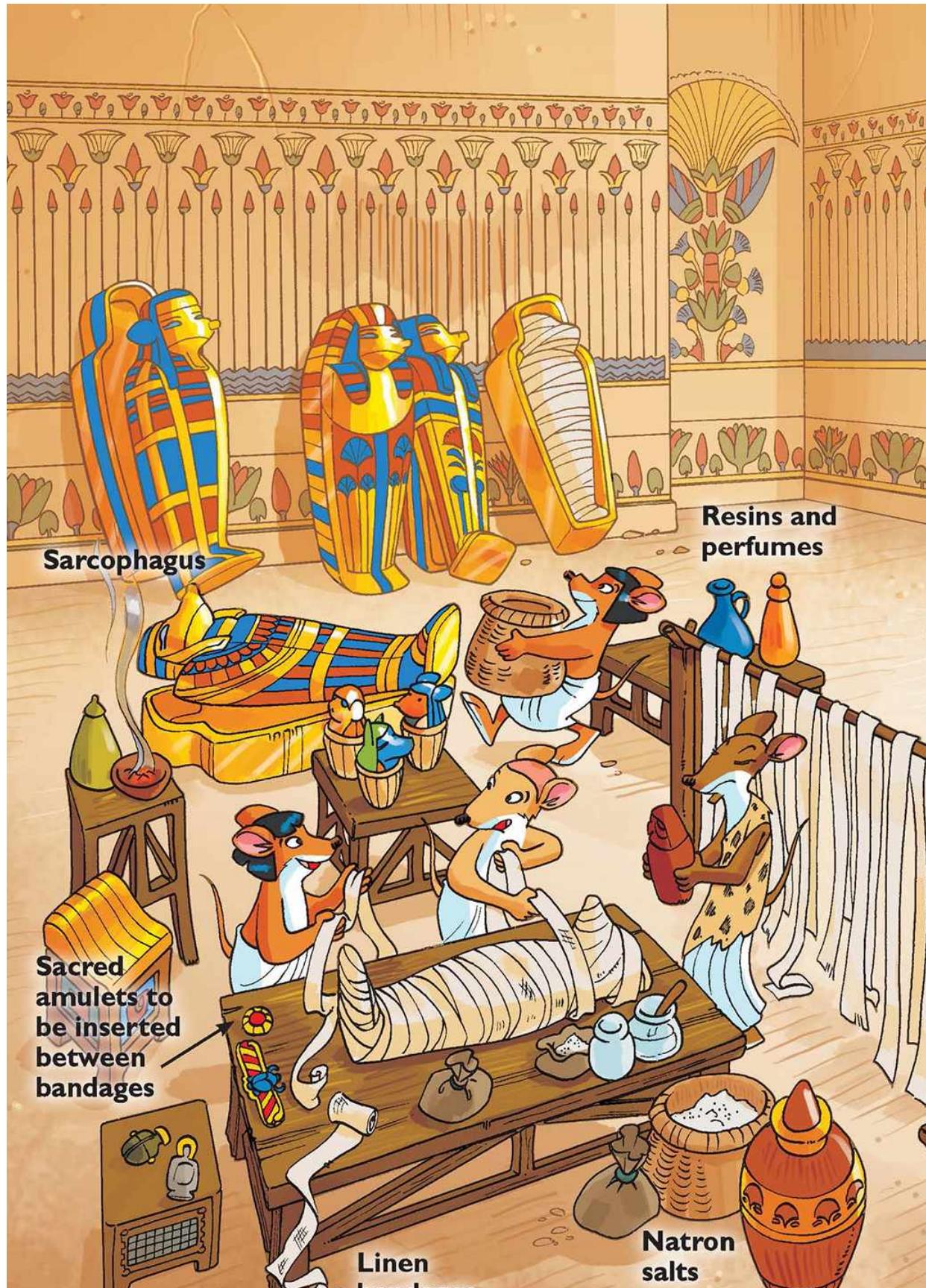
Bab-beot signaled us to follow him.

“Let’s go,” he told us. “Here’s the **HOUSE OF LIFE**, the temple where embalmers prepare the dead for eternal life. Do you want to see it?”

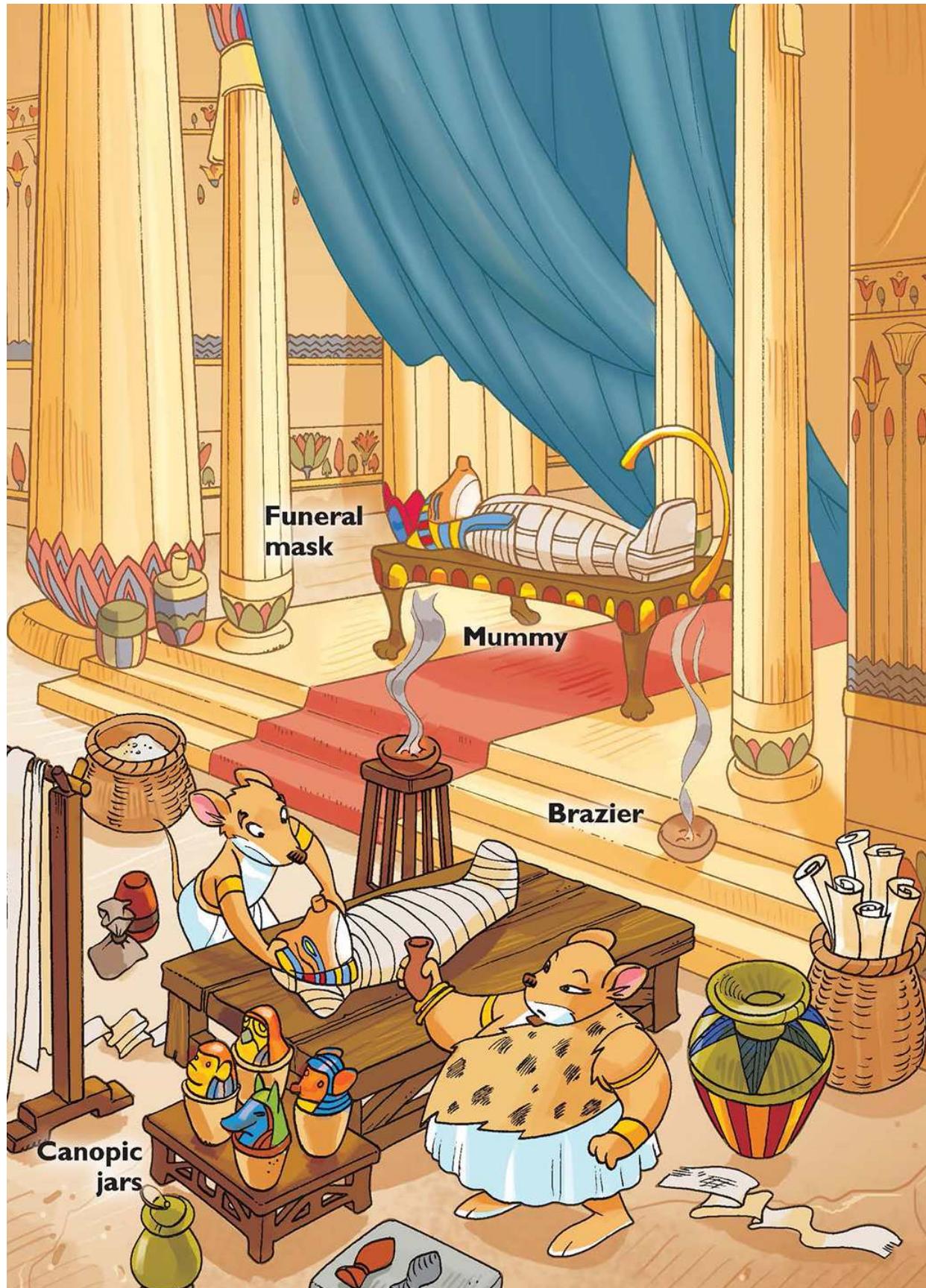
SCAMPERING SCARABS! I didn’t want to see any **mummies** — I’m a big scaredy-mouse!

But he had already opened the heavy door, and I couldn’t help but look inside. My head began to **SPIN**, and I started to sweat.

“How are you feeling, Uncle?” Benjamin











EGYPT

EMBALMING

After the body was washed, the priests took a hook and extracted the brain through the nose. The internal organs were also extracted and preserved in **canopic jars**. The body was immersed in natron salt for forty days until it was completely dehydrated. Then the body was coated in a layer of **resin and perfumes**. After that, the body was wrapped tightly in linen bandages. **Precious amulets** were tucked between layers of bandages. These amulets were said to protect the body in the afterlife. A **funeral mask** replicating the features of the deceased was placed on the mummy's face. Finally, the mummy was placed in a **sarcophagus**.



The Egyptians believed that if they preserved the body of the deceased, the soul would find rest and live for eternity. So mummies were entombed along with everything they would need in the afterlife, including **food**, **furniture**, and little statues called **ushabti** that were intended to act as substitutes for the mummy in case he or she was made to do manual labor in the afterlife.



Unfortunately, thieves raided many Egyptian tombs and many treasures have been lost. One of the most interesting tombs was that of the pharaoh **Tutankhamen**, which was almost completely intact when it was discovered in 1922 by archaeologists **Howard Carter** and **George Herbert**.

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THE TEMPLE OF



THE EMBALMERS

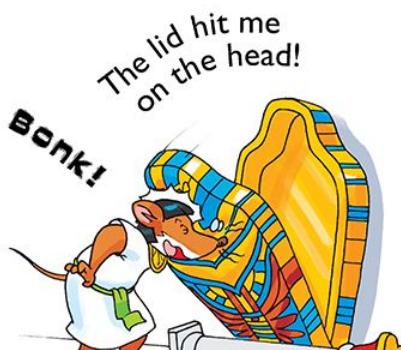
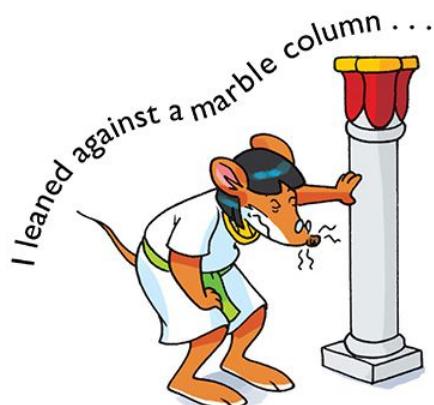
whispered. “You’re as pale as a slice of **mozzarella!**”

I leaned against a **marble** column. The column tipped over and hit a sarcophagus. Then the lid hit me on the head. **BONK!**

Ooouchie! What a blow, what a whack, what a wallop!

Before I passed out, I heard my cousin’s voice.

“Geronimo is always the same,” Trap grumbled. “He’ll do anything to get attention. There he goes, fainting again!”





ARE WE THERE YET?

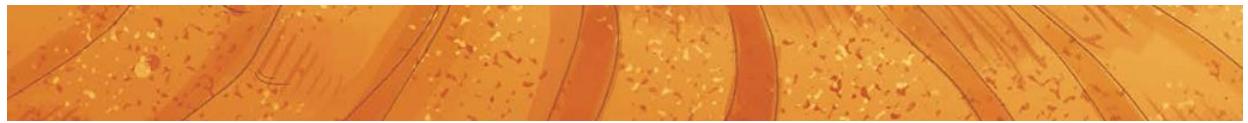
When I came to, Benjamin was fanning me with a palm leaf.

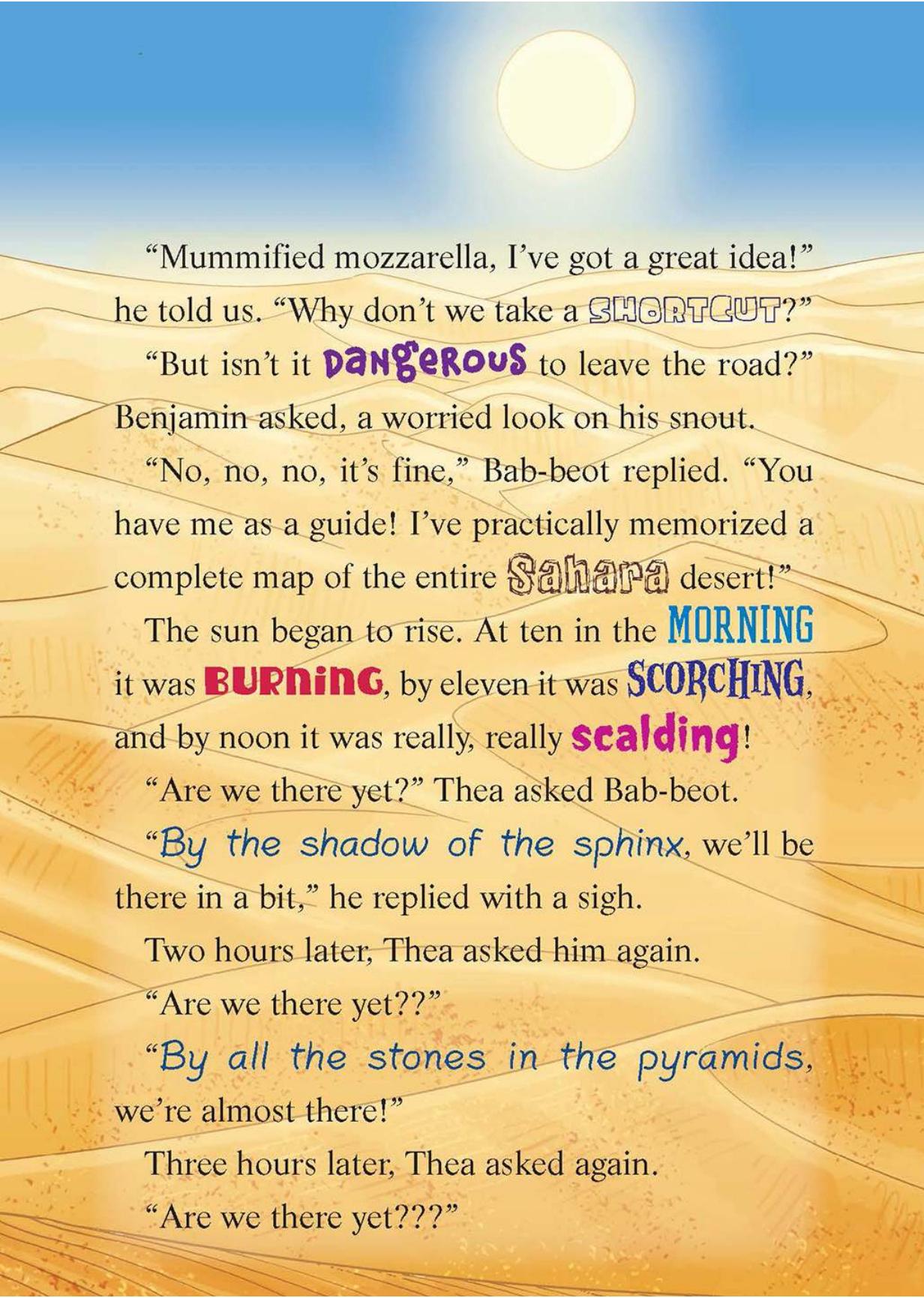
"It's all right, Uncle G," Benjamin said *sweetly*.
"Everything will be okay. I'm right here."

It was still dark, but we began our **TREK** across the desert. We walked and walked and walked.

Just before dawn, Bab-beot suddenly stopped.







"Mummified mozzarella, I've got a great idea!"

he told us. "Why don't we take a **SHORTCUT**?"

"But isn't it **DANGEROUS** to leave the road?"

Benjamin asked, a worried look on his snout.

"No, no, no, it's fine," Bab-beot replied. "You have me as a guide! I've practically memorized a complete map of the entire **Sahara** desert!"

The sun began to rise. At ten in the **MORNING** it was **BURNING**, by eleven it was **SCORCHING**, and by noon it was really, really **scalding**!

"Are we there yet?" Thea asked Bab-beot.

"**By the shadow of the sphinx**, we'll be there in a bit," he replied with a sigh.

Two hours later, Thea asked him again.

"Are we there yet???"

"**By all the stones in the pyramids**, we're almost there!"

Three hours later, Thea asked again.

"Are we there yet???"





“By the light of the rising sun, we’re just about there!”

Thea grabbed Bab-beot by the tail. “We’ve been here before! I remember this rock!”

Professor von Volt stepped between Thea and our guide.

“Okay, Bab-beot,” the professor said politely but firmly. “Tell us the **TRUTH!**”

He burst into tears.

“By the curly whiskers of the pharaoh’s great-grandfather, I’m afraid I’m lost!”

A tomb-like silence fell over the group. I began to panic, which made me **VERY** thirsty.

“Trap, please pass me a little water,” I whispered.

“WATER?” He paled. “Didn’t you bring it?”

“No,” I replied. “You told me you were going to take care of the provisions.”

“I did,” Trap said. “I packed the **dried** herring, **salted** beef, and **brined** hot peppers. But I

ARE WE



THERE YET?

didn't take any water."

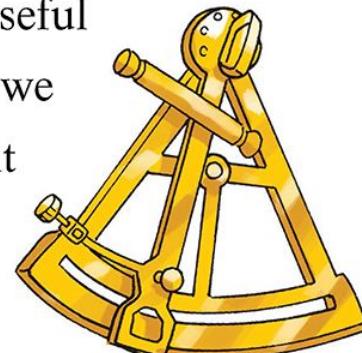
"All salty things?" I shouted back. "And no water? What were you thinking?!"

Why, why, oh, why had I agreed to come on this wacky journey through time?

We took refuge under the shade of the first palm tree we found. Once the **SUN** had slipped behind the sand dunes, Professor von Volt opened his bag and took out a **BRASS** instrument.

"It's a **SEXTANT**. It will be useful for helping us figure out where we are." He pointed the instrument toward the sky.

"We're very close to Giza!" he announced **HAPPILY**. "Just a few more hours, and we'll be there!"



The sextant is an optical instrument that can measure the distance from the horizon to a star in the sky. This measurement can then be used to determine one's location.



PUT YOUR PAW HERE, COUSIN!

By dawn, we were **exhausted**. We had been walking across the desert for more than twenty-four hours! And we hadn't had a drop of water to drink! Benjamin was slowly **dragging** his little paws through the sand. I hoisted him onto my back and began the trudge again.

"Uncle . . . Uncle Geronimo . . ." he whispered.

"What is it, my little **CHEESE NIP**?" I asked, my mouth bone-dry.

Benjamin didn't answer. He just pointed his finger toward the horizon. I took off my glasses and polished them on the sleeve of my jacket. When I put them back on, I saw something ahead. But what was it? Maybe it was a **MIRAGE**, but I thought I saw the giant sphinx of Giza. And

— 1 —

|





PUT YOUR PAW



HERE, COUSIN!

behind the sphinx was an **OASIS**!

With our last bit of remaining strength, we dragged ourselves toward the cluster of palms, sycamores, and tamarinds, where a spring of **CRYSTAL CLEAR** water flowed.

“Water . . . water . . . water!” Trap stammered as he **dove** into the pool of water.

“How’s your nephew, Geronimo?” Professor von Volt asked.

“He’ll be **FINE**, Professor,” I replied.

I carried Benjamin to the spring, and helped him take a drink. Then I gave him a tiny **kiss** ❤ on top of his head.

“We’re saved, little one,” I told him. “**Saved!**”

Once he’d had his fill, I took a drink myself. I **drank** and **drank** and **drank**. Ah, how good water tastes when one is thirsty!

Once we had all had our fill of water, I realized how **HUNGRY** I was. I could have eaten twenty



WHEELS of cheese all by myself!

Faster than a cat chasing a rat,
Trap hopped out of the water and **SCAMPERED**
up a palm tree. A minute later, a bunch of dates
fell on my head. **Bonk!**

Ooouchie! What a blow, what a whack, what a wallop!

My head began to **SPIN** and my paws started
to **SWEAT**. As I passed out, I heard my cousin
grumbling.

“Geronimo is always the same,” Trap said.
“He’ll do anything to get attention. There he goes,
fainting again!”

Finally, I came to.

We were excited to be back in Giza at last. But
our good mood was cut short when we heard
someone **sobbing** nearby.

“Oh, may the scarabs **SAVE** me!” a voice
squeaked. “What will the pharaoh do to me?
He’ll feed me to the desert jackals!”



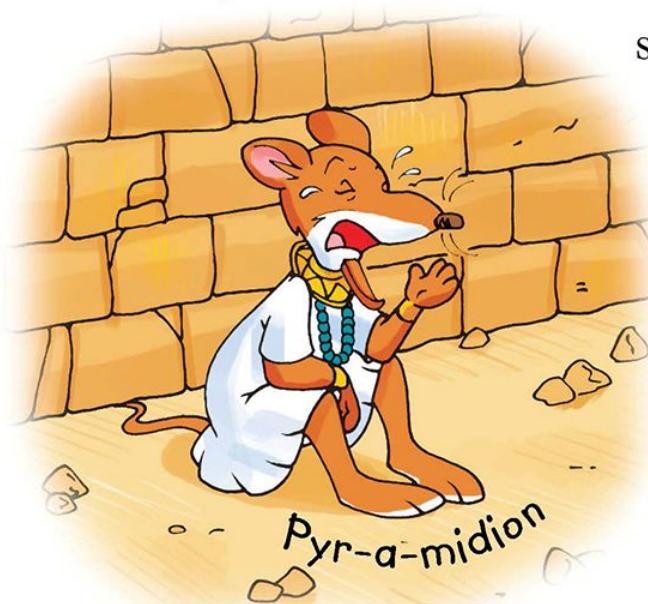


PYR-A-MIDION'S SECRET

We followed the voice and found a mouse with a shaved head crying **desperately**.

"Ahem! Can we help you?" Professor von Volt asked.

The mouse dried a tear on his **elegant** pleated linen tunic and shook his head. The turquoise necklace he wore **jingled** as he spoke.



"I'm afraid no mouse can help me," he said with a **SAD** sigh.

"My name is **Pyr-a-midion**."

He blew his nose loudly on a palm leaf.

BPRRRRRRRRR!

“Until a week ago, I was the pharaoh’s **GRAND VIZIER**, and my name was respected all over Egypt. I can still hear the people chanting:
Pyr-a-midion! Pyr-a-midion! Pyr-a-midion!
In other words, I was **famous**. But then . . .”

“But then what?” we all asked together.
Trap sat down in the sand and propped his feet up on a rock.

“I’m gonna make myself comfortable,” he grumbled. “Looks like this is going to be a **loooooooooong story!**”

“As I was saying,” Pyr-a-midion continued, “a week ago, that **SNEAKY**, no-good rodent came to court. In other words — Mousehotep!”

“Mousehotep?!” we all shouted together.
“Yes, yes, Mousehotep,” he replied. “He’s the one. He’s truly, truly **WICKED**! That rascal started to plot against me. And then . . .”

"And then what?" we all asked together.

"And then one week ago, my wife, Pyr-a-midina, made some almond cookies for the pharaoh. 'Be sure they're really, really **GOOD!**' I warned her. 'I'll put in loads of **ALMONDS!**' she assured me. And she did. But alas, a **TINY** fragment of almond shell ended up in one of the cookies. When Ramesses bit into the cookie, he chipped his front tooth! And then . . ."

"And then what?" we all yelled together.

Pyr-a-midion pulled at his whiskers in **DESPERATION.**



"The pharaoh became **FURIOUS!** Mousehotep insinuated that I had **plotted** against the Pharaoh and that Pyr-a-midina had left the almond shell in the cookie **on purpose!** Ramesses named *him* Grand Vizier instead



of me. The pharaoh was about to feed me to the crocodiles for dinner when . . .”

“When what?” we all shouted together.

“I knew this was going to be a **Looooooooong** story,” Trap mumbled.

“My wife threw herself at Nefertari’s feet and asked for **MERCY**,” Pyr-a-midion continued. “The queen was moved, and I was given one **last** chance. But then . . .”

“But then what?” we all yelled together again.

“Then the **MALICIOUS** Mousehotep suggested the pharaoh give me an extremely **DIFFICULT** puzzle to solve to gain my freedom. The pharaoh gave me seven days to solve it, and my time is up right **now**. When the sun rises, I’ll be breakfast for crocodiles!”

The soldiers that were snoozing in the melon field behind the oasis **yawned**. They were about to take Pyr-a-midion away!

PYR-A-MIDION'S SECRET

The prisoner cast a nervous glance at them and shuddered.

"What's the puzzle?" Benjamin asked sweetly.
"Maybe we can **help** you solve it."

Pyr-a-midion sighed.

"It's **VERY, VERY, VERY** difficult," he explained. "In fact, it's impossible to solve. It's





PYR-A-MIDION'S  SECRET

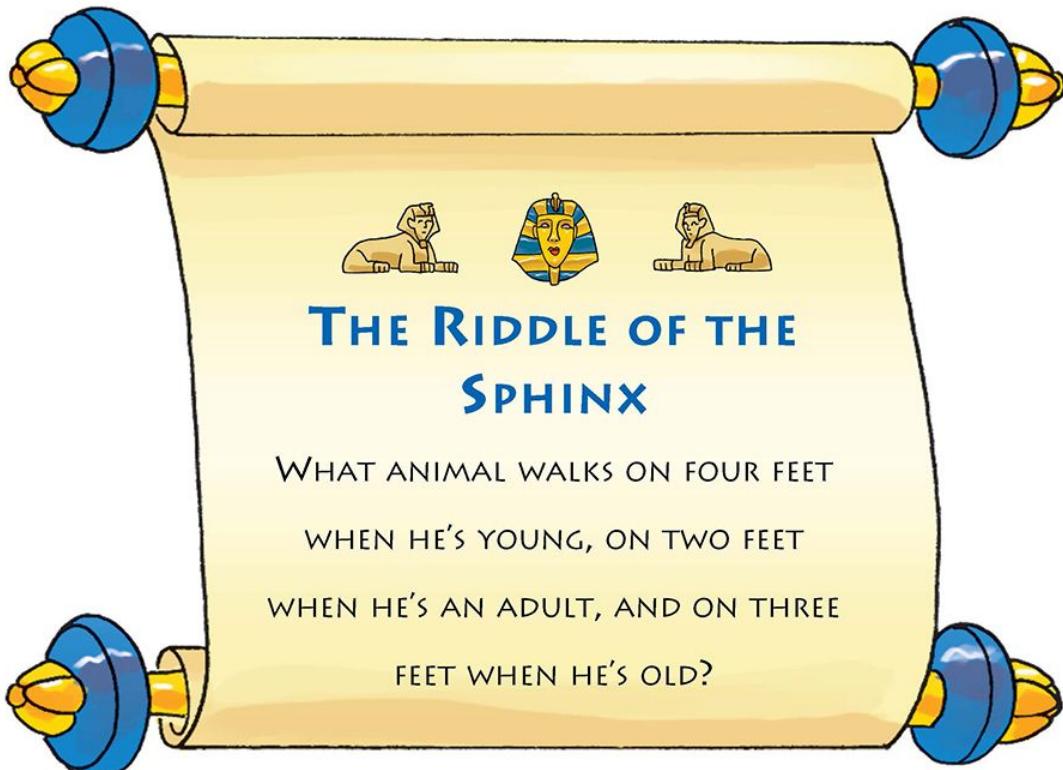
the **Riddle of the Sphinx!** No mouse has
been able to solve it, **ever!**"







THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX



Pyr-a-midion read the puzzle aloud to us. Then he blew his nose **loudly** on a palm leaf.

Brrrrrrrrrrrr!

"I've thought about it for seven **days** and seven **nights**, but I haven't come up with

the answer,” he sobbed. “What animal first has four feet, then two, and finally three? Oh, may the **SCARABS** save me!”

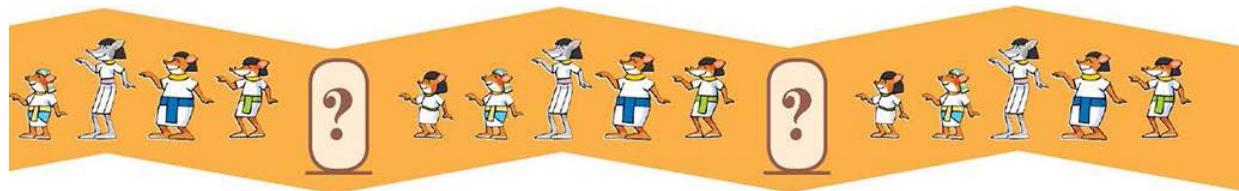
Professor von Volt closed his eyes and concentrated. Suddenly, he opened his eyes.

“Aha!” he shouted. “I’ve got it! It’s us! When we’re babies, we crawl, which is **FOUR** feet, when we’re adults, we walk on **TWO**, and when we’re old, we lean on a cane, so that becomes **THREE** feet!”

Pyr-a-midion hugged the professor with glee.

“Oh, thank you!” he told him. “Now I can go back and give Mousehotep the **CORRECT** answer!”

“I’m going to do you a favor, my friend,” Trap said with a chuckle. “I’m going to tell you some *clever* questions you can ask Mousehotep. I guarantee he won’t be able to answer them! He’ll look bad, and the pharaoh will ask you to be the **Grand Vizier** again.”

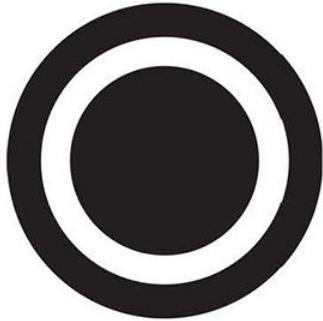
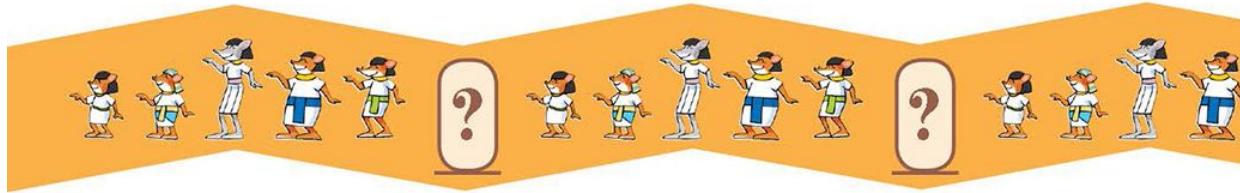


CLEVER QUESTIONS FOR MOUSEHOTEP

- 1 A brick weighs one pound plus a half a brick. How much does a brick weigh?
- 2 If you have ten sarcophagi, and I take all but three, how many sarcophagi are left?
- 3 Crocodile eggs are hatching in the swamp. The number of crocodiles doubles every minute. After one hour, the swamp is full of crocodiles. After how many minutes was it half full?
- 4 A sailor is painting a ship on the dock in Memphis. He is standing on a nine-and-a-half-foot ladder. The rungs are eight inches apart. The sailor is standing on the lowest rung, which is twelve inches from the surface of the water. The dock's tide rises three feet every hour. How many rungs does the sailor have to climb to stay dry?
- 5 A pharaoh has to take a cat, a mouse, and a piece of cheese to Thebes. To get to Thebes, he has to cross the Nile on a boat. There's only room on the boat for the pharaoh and one of the three. If the pharaoh leaves the cat alone with the mouse, or the mouse alone with the cheese, one will eat the other. What should the pharaoh do?
- 6 The sum of the pharaoh's age, the Grand Vizier's age, and the chief guard's age is eighty-four. In ten years, what will the sum of their ages be?
- 7 If a choir of twenty mice takes three minutes to sing a song, how many minutes will a choir of ten mice take to sing the same song?

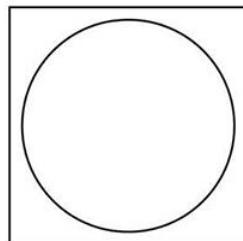
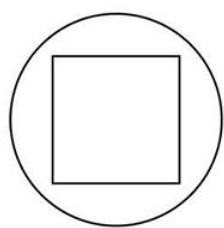






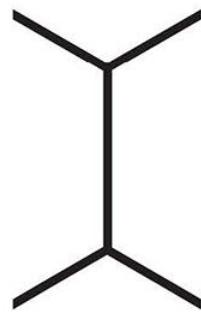
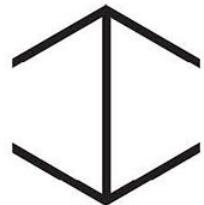
8

Which of the two figures has a bigger area: the black circle or the black ring?



9

Which of the two horizontal lines is longer?



10

Which of these two circles is bigger?

11

Which of these two vertical lines is longer?

1. Two pounds. 2. Three are left. 3. After 59 minutes. 4. The number of steps out of the water remains the same because the ship goes up with the tide. 5. The pharaoh should take the mouse to Thebes and return empty-handed. He should then take the cat to Thebes and return with the mouse. Then he should take the cheese to Thebes, leave it safely with the cat, and return empty-handed. Finally, he should take the mouse to Thebes with the cat, and return empty-handed. 6. 114 ($84+30$). 7. Three minutes. 8. The ring has a larger area than the mouse. 9. They are the same length. 10. They are the same size. 11. They are the same circle.

CLEVER ANSWERS







THE SECRET OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

Pyr-a-midion hugged us.

“Thank you all **so** much!” he said. “How can I ever make it up to you? Ask for anything you want.”

The professor put a paw on his shoulder.

“Dear Pyr-a-midion, it was our **pleasure** to help you,” he said.

“Hey, Professor,” Trap whispered. “Ask him how the **pyramids** are built!”

“Ahem, there is something,” the professor said. “As a scholar, I would like to know how the pyramids are built.”

“That is a **very** interesting question!”

Pyr-a-midion replied with a chuckle.

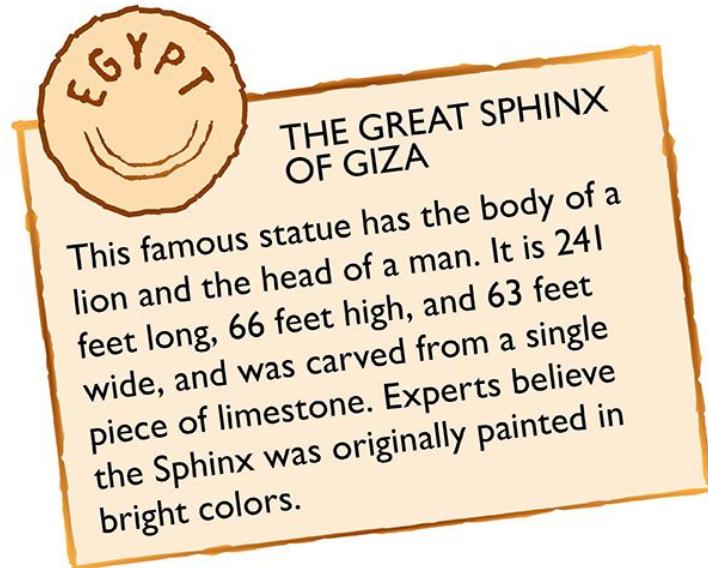
Thea surreptitiously snapped a splendid **PHOTO**

THE SECRET OF THE



GREAT PYRAMID

with the Sphinx in the background as Professor von Volt began taking notes.

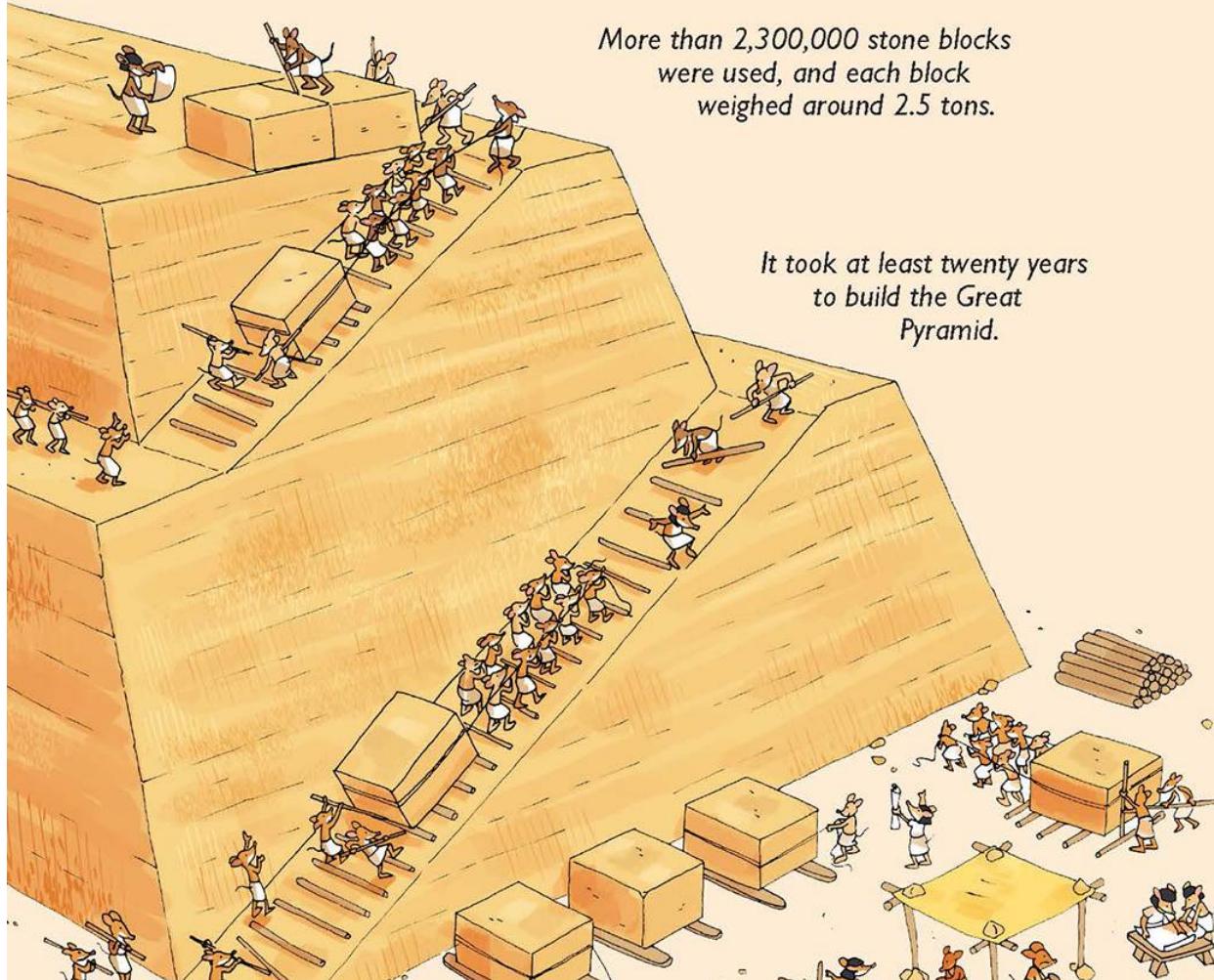






Professor von Volt's Notes

Egyptologists believe the Great Pyramid of Giza was built as a tomb for the pharaoh Khufu (Cheops in Greek), around 2560 BC. The pyramid was originally 481 feet tall, but today it is just 455 feet tall, as the tip has eroded over time. There are two smaller pyramids near the Great Pyramid of Giza — one built as a tomb for the pharaoh Khafre, and another built as a tomb for the pharaoh Menkaure.

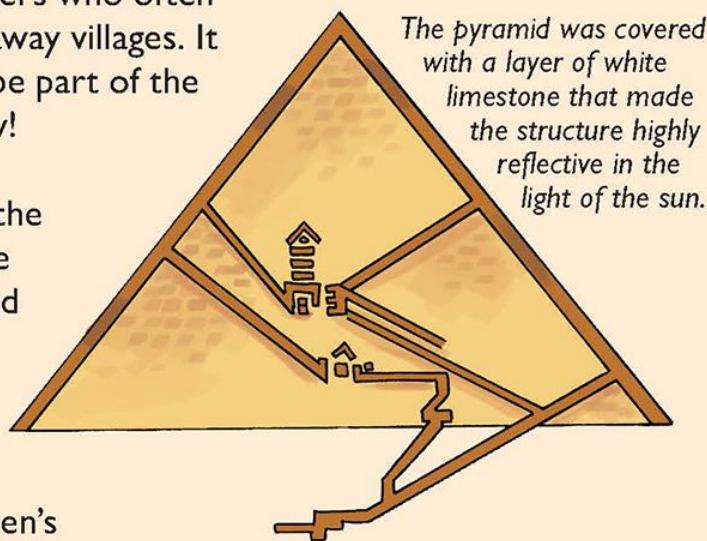






It took at least 20,000–30,000 workers to build the Great Pyramid. These workers were not slaves; they were willing workers who often traveled from faraway villages. It was an honor to be part of the construction crew!

In the interior of the pyramid, there are both ascending and descending passageways as well as two rooms, the king's and the queen's chambers.



Many of the blocks that make up the pyramid are made of limestone, while other blocks are made of granite. It is generally believed that the Egyptians used copper or stone saws, chisels, and drills.

No one is entirely certain exactly how the Great Pyramid was constructed. Many believe workers pulled the stones up a series of ramps using special sleds. The workers most likely raised the large individual stone blocks into position using wooden and bronze levers.



ON THE ROAD AGAIN!

We thanked Pyr-a-midion for revealing the ancient secrets of the pyramids. Then we said good-bye to him and Bab-beot and hurried back to our time machine. We had seen the only remaining wonder of the **Seven Wonders of the Ancient World**, and our visit to ancient Egypt had been a success!

“Now we’re off to ancient Britain during the reign of King Arthur!” Professor von Volt announced once we had all climbed into the **MOUSE MOVER 3000**.





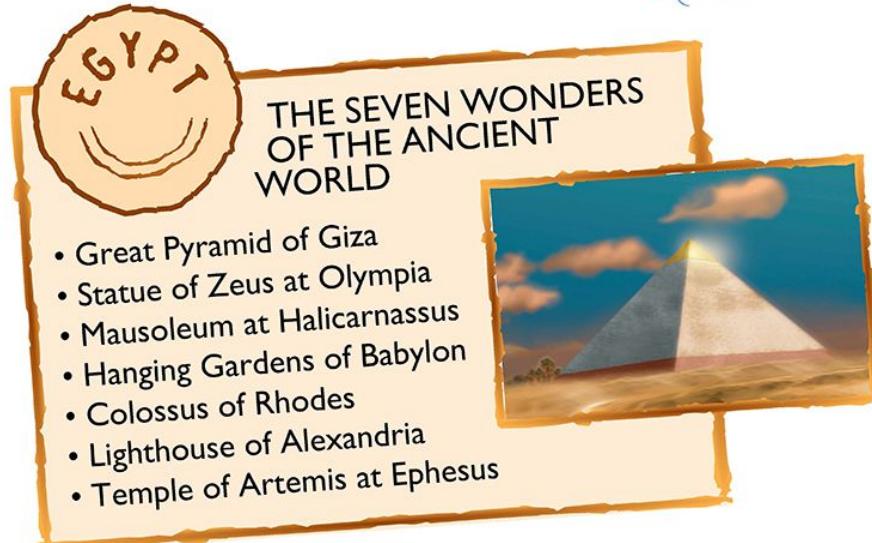
ON THE ROAD AGAIN!



The little ship filled with a mysterious **BLUE**
fog.

My paws gripped the arms of the chair, and my head spun like a top.

The time machine began to vibrate,
spinning faster and faster and
faaaaaaaaassssssssster!    





A CASTLE ON THE HORIZON

When we finally stopped moving, Professor von Volt opened the porthole cautiously.

“Look!” the professor **exclaimed**. “There’s **CAMELOT CASTLE!**”

We climbed out of the Mouse Mover 3000 and gaped at the **ENORMOUSE** castle before us. Once again, the professor reached into his pocket and pulled out five teeny tiny miniaturized costumes.

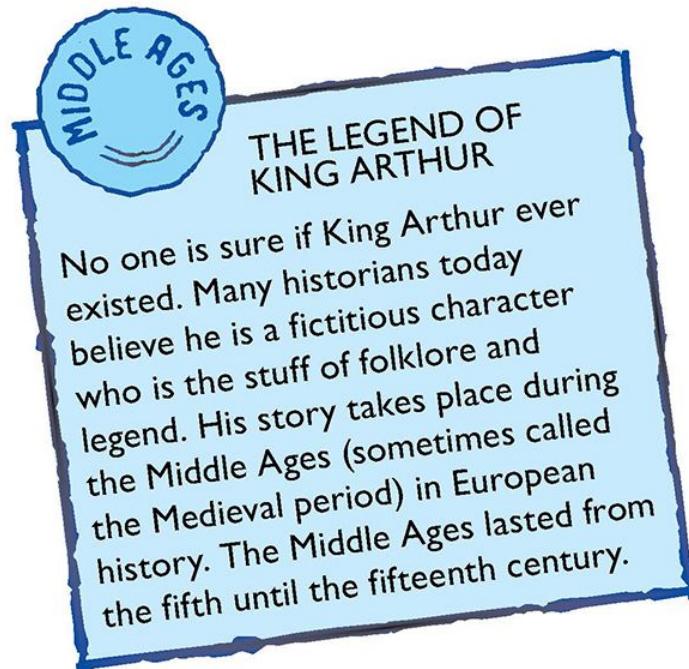






Professor von Volt used his secret potion to restore the clothes to their **NORMAL** size. I pulled on my brown tunic, green coat, striped tights, pointed shoes, leather satchel, and hat with a red feather. Then the professor handed us each five coins.

"I'll give each of you three **copper** coins, one **SILVER** coin, and one **GOLD** coin," he said. "The copper coin can buy you **DINNER**, the silver coin can buy you a **SWORD**, and the



A CASTLE ON



THE HORIZON

gold coin can buy you a **HORSE**. Use them well!"

I put the coins in the leather satchel and slipped it across my chest.

We hid the **MOUSE MOVER 3000** behind a rock, covered it with moss, and headed toward the castle.



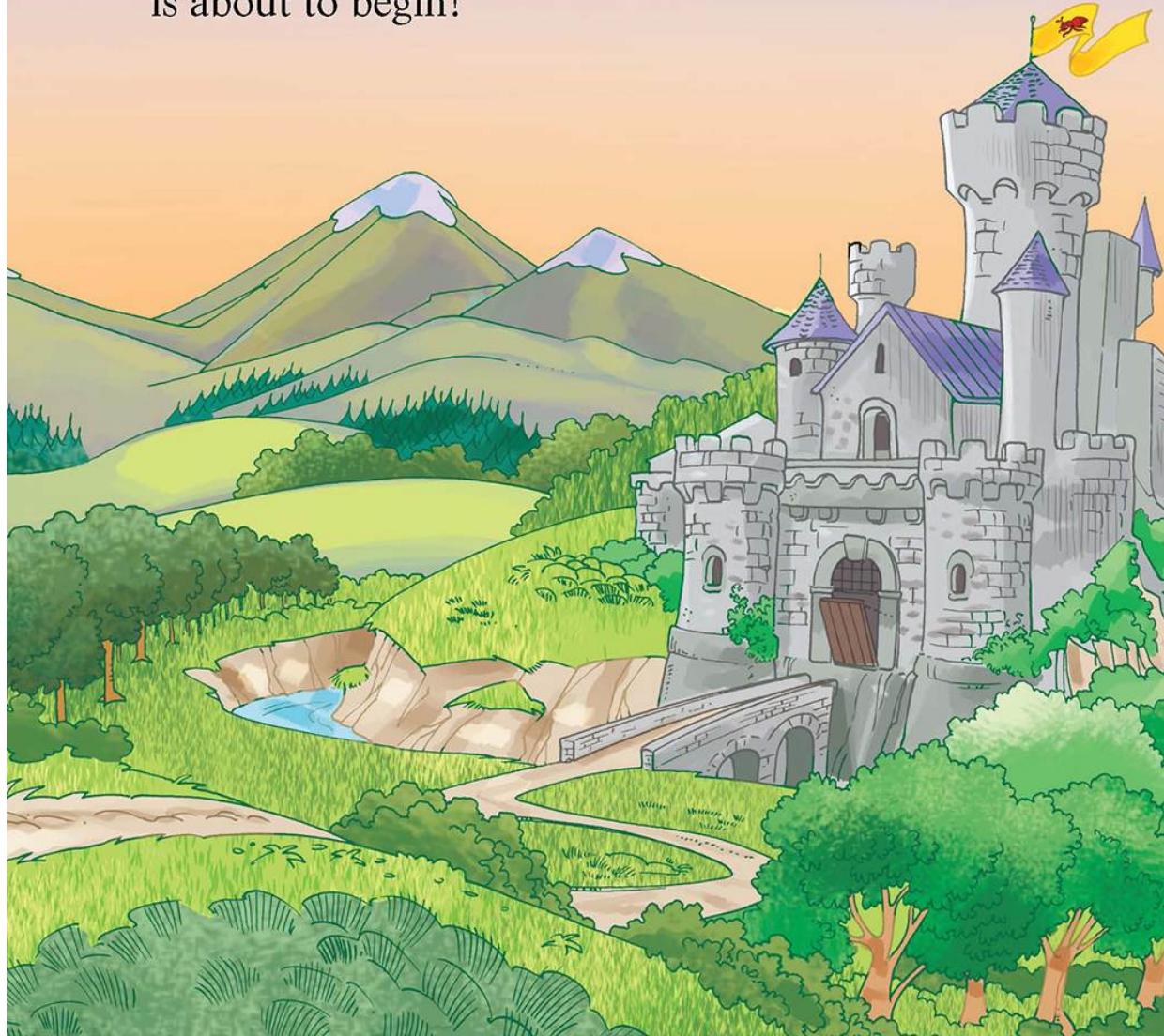


A CASTLE ON



THE HORIZON

"We're now in **CAMELOT**, Britain, where, according to legend, the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table unfolded," Professor von Volt told us. "Our **ADVENTURE** is about to begin!"





MAP OF GREAT BRITAIN



AVALON: The magical island where King Arthur's sword Excalibur was forged and where some believe King Arthur was buried.

CAMELOT: The castle where King Arthur and his court lived.

CAERLEON: City on the Usk River in modern-day Wales that is associated with King

TINTAGEL CASTLE: King Arthur's birthplace.

BROcéLIANDE: A legendary forest in the rough location of modern-day Paimpont forest, in Brittany, France, where Merlin's tomb is said to be found.

STONEHENGE: A prehistoric monument of enormous stones

**Arthur's legendary Round
Table.**



**built sometime between 3000
and 2000 BC.**



Excerpt from the poem

"Idylls of the King"



by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

... Then rose the King and
moved his host by night,
And ever pushed Sir Modred,
league by league,

Back to the sunset bound
of Lyonesse —
A land of old upheaven
from the abyss



By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten
peoples dwelt,

And the long mountains
ended in a coast



Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of
a moaning sea . . .



Feudal lord
or king



Vassal



Lords



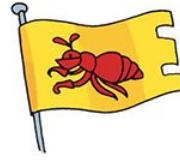
Villeins



FEUDALISM

Feudalism was a type of government during medieval times. The **feudal lord or king** gave a large estate (called a **fief**) to a **vassal**. In exchange for the land, the vassal agreed to be loyal to the king. The **vassal** would then divide up the land further and give it to his **lords**, who agreed to provide knights who would fight for the king. The lord gave land to the **villeins**, who had to farm the land for the lord. At the very bottom were the **serfs**. They had no land and

Serfs were considered to be the property of the lord.



CAMELOT? THIS ISN'T CAMELOT!

By the time we reached the castle, the sun had set. The castle was surrounded by a very **deep** moat, and the drawbridge was raised. The flag flying in front of the castle had an image of a **flea** on it. **How odd!**

“Let’s pretend to be a troupe of **ACTORS**,” Professor von Volt suggested. “That way we’ll blend in.”

Then he shouted toward the castle: “Hello, citizens of **Camelot**!”

A **tiny** window opened, and a snout appeared.

“Who is it? Who goes there?” the sentry asked. “What does Camelot have to do with anything? This is **FLEA FLICKER CASTLE**!”

“Whaaaaat?” the professor whispered to us.

_____ **200** _____

CAMELOT? THIS



ISN'T CAMELOT!

“We came to the wrong place. *How odd!*”

“Open the gate! We’re actors!” Trap shouted back.

“How do I know you’re telling the **truth**?”
the sentry asked suspiciously.

Trap began juggling several **COLORED**
balls in the air. **POP! POP! POP!** He
managed to catch each one and send it
into the air again.

“See?” Trap said. “And my oldest friend here
plays the **flute**, the
maiden **sings**, and the
little one is a **jester**.”

The sentry pointed to me.

“What about the one
with the **butterflies**
on his nose?” he asked.

Butterflies? He must

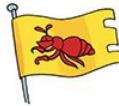
MIDDLE AGES

EYEGLASSES

Eyeglasses were invented in the thirteenth century in Italy. The monk Alessandro della Spina was the first person to produce them for others. There were many other things that hadn't been invented yet during the Middle Ages, like postage stamps and modern toilets. People used chamber pots...

POPS instead!

CAMELOT? THIS



ISN'T CAMELOT!

have been talking about my **glasses**.

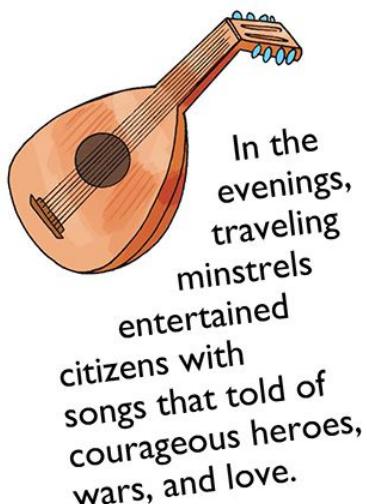
“I — ahem,” I said, taking a step forward, “I’m a minstrel!”

“Really?” the sentry asked. “Then recite a *poem!*”

Holey cheese! My mind went **BLANK**.
I couldn’t come up with anything!

“Think of something, quick!” Trap whispered
as he pinched my tail.

So I improvised:



“Oh, mouse in the castle
Please let us come in,
Our show is so cheesy
You’ll laugh and you’ll grin!
Our music and jokes
Are better than the rest,
And my rhymes, you can see,
Are simply the best!”

The sentry shook his head.

— 202 —

CAMELOT? THIS



ISN'T CAMELOT!

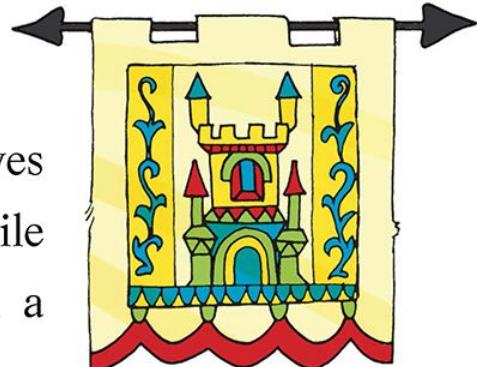
"Bah, there's nothing **special** about that poem, but I'll let you come in anyway," he said. "We're bored. There's nothing to do here. Even if your show **stinks**, it will still be entertaining!"



With a creak, the drawbridge came down. A short, one-eyed mouse with ruffled whiskers came to meet us.

"Follow me," he said. "I'm **Cyclops McMouse**."

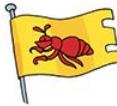
As we followed him through the courtyard, I looked around me. In one corner, a **BLACKSMITH** was forging a horseshoe on an anvil. Nearby, a **farmer** loaded hay on a cart. The **baker** was taking crispy loaves of rye bread out of an oven while an **apprentice** was weaving on a loom inside the tailor's shop.







CAMELOT? THIS



ISN'T CAMELOT!

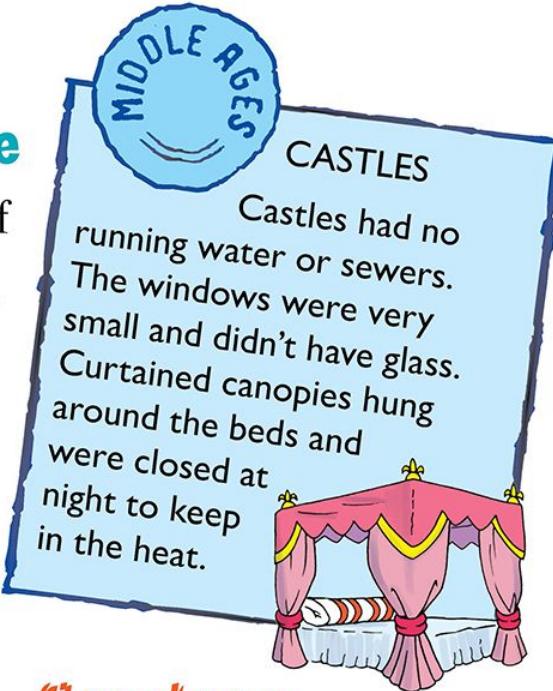
Cyclops McMouse

took us through a maze of **passageways** until we came to a vast hall paved with **BLACK** and **WHITE** stones. Small torches on the walls cast an **EERIE** glow. There was a glowing **fireplace** at the other end of the hall, but the space was so enormous that our side of the room was freezing **cold**. Here and there hung embroidered **tapestries** depicting great medieval scenes.

Cyclops McMouse lowered his voice.

“Be careful what you say,” he warned. “Sir Flea Flicker isn’t a very trusting **mouse**. If he doesn’t like the looks of you, he’ll chop off your head!”

I was **worried**.









INSIDE THE CASTLE

1. Castle's banner
2. Tower
3. Battlements
4. Arrowslit
5. Drawbridge
6. Moat filled with water
7. Knight
8. Dungeon where prisoners are kept
9. Mechanism to lift the drawbridge
10. Treasury
11. Armor
12. Banquet hall
13. Bedroom
14. Roof
15. Armory
16. Coronation room
17. Sentry
18. Archer
19. Thick brick walls
20. Secret passage
21. Kitchen



22. Pantry

CAMELOT? THIS



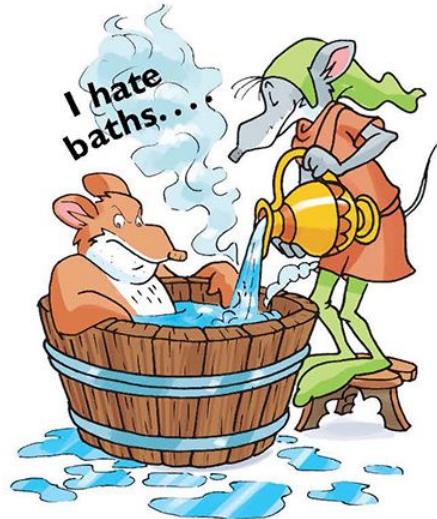
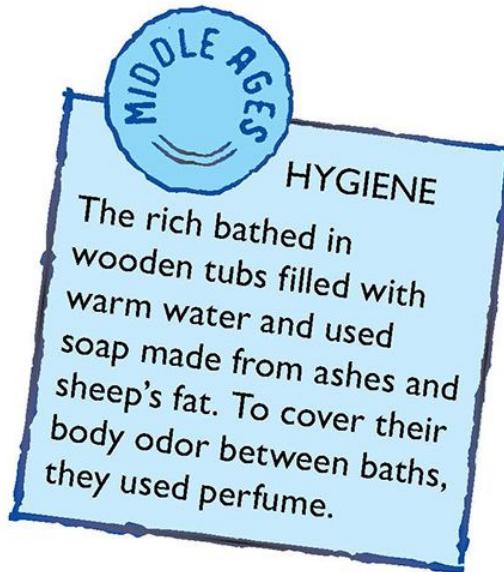
ISN'T CAMELOT!

"His son, Flea Flicker Junior, is the same way," Cyclops continued. "He loves to see heads **roll**."

"Oh, I'm not worried," Trap said confidently. "Leave it to me. I'll entertain them with my most **INCREDIBLE** jokes, like this one: What do you call a mosquito in a tin suit? A bite in shining armor! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

At the end of the hall, I saw a very **LOOOONG** table covered with food. Knights were sitting and talking and eating. Some were playing **CHESS**. In a corner, the ladies were busy embroidering as they talked and talked. Sir Flea Flicker, the lord of the castle, was short and stocky with a stubby nose and disheveled fur. He wore a **LOOOONG** purple velvet cloak embroidered with little golden fleas that was **stained** with greasy spots.

At his right was his son, Flea Flicker Junior, a big mouse with **greasy** fur, mangy whiskers, and **crooked yellow** teeth.



Cyclops bowed until his whiskers touched the ground.

“Oh, noble sir,” he announced loudly. “A troupe of actors has come with the hopes of enlivening this **somber** night!”

I peeked at Sir Flea Flicker to see what effect this introduction might have had. He scratched himself. **Scratch. scratch. scratch!** Then he squashed a flea. **Squish!**

“Humpf!” Sir Flea Flicker mumbled. “If they don’t entertain me, **CHOP OFF THEIR HEADS!**”

“Right!” Cyclops McMouse agreed. “If they don’t entertain us, **chop, chop!**”

All the knights shouted at the same time:
“Chop, chop, chop!”



SAY SOMETHING POETIC!

A rat wearing a **BLACK** hood stepped forward.

"There's someone to **decapitate**, huh?" he asked gruffly. "I want to test my new ax!"

He tore out one of his whiskers, tossed it in the air, and cut it with his ax. **CHOP!**

Even Trap looked worried now.

"Cousin, say something **poetic**, or they'll chop off our heads!" he whispered as he **PINCHED** my tail.

"Don't rush me!" I squeaked.
"I can't think when I'm under **PRESSURE**!"

I didn't know what else to say,



Sir Flea Flicker's

nenchmouse

SAY SOMETHING



POETIC!

so I tried to **flatter** the mean, scruffy Sir Flea Flicker:

“Oh, Sir Flea Flicker,
So noble and wise,
We’re so glad to meet you,
And all of your guys.
Your castle is mighty,
Your knights are quite brave,
And the cheese that you serve,
The locals all crave!”

“Humpf!” Sir Flea Flicker replied. “Not bad. I didn’t know my cheese was so **POPULAR**.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. We were **Saved!**

But then he looked at Trap, Thea, the professor, and Benjamin.

“What about these four?” he asked suspiciously.

“What can they do?”

Trap began telling **joke** after **joke** after **joke**.

MEDIEVAL LAUGHS



Q: Why did the king go to the dentist?

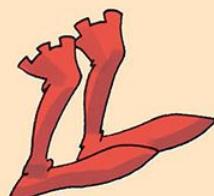
A: To get his teeth crowned.

A knight goes to a shoemaker.

"I would like a pair of boots," he says.

"What color, sir?"

"Both the same, please!"



The lord of the castle meets a friend who lives in a nearby castle.

"Dear friend, can you lend me one hundred pieces of gold?" he asks.

"Oh, I have only one silver coin in my pocket," the friend replies.

"And at the castle?" the lord asks.

"Everyone's fine at the castle, thank you!"

Q: What king of medieval England was famous because he spent so many nights at his Round Table writing books?

A: King Author!





A knight meets a friend.
“Hello, Sir Mousey,” he says.
“You’ve changed so much! You’re
much thinner than you used to
be, your fur is much longer, and
your whiskers are blond instead of
black.”

“My name isn’t Sir Mousey,” the
other knight replies.

The first knight is shocked. “You
even changed your name!”



A knight writes to his loved one.
“Fair maiden, I’d cross a thousand
enchanted forests to see you again! I’d
face a thousand enemy soldiers! I’d fight
a thousand ferocious dragons!”

“Well then, come see me now!” the
maiden writes back.

“Now?” the knight writes back.
“But it’s raining!”

“Tomorrow is my wife’s birthday, and I
don’t know what to get her,” one knight
tells another.

“Give her a pretty silk handkerchief,”
the other knight answers.

“Hmmm,” the first knight replies. “But
I don’t know the size of her nose!”







A FOOD FIGHT . . . WITH PIE!

Professor von Volt began to play a merry melody,
Thea sang, and Benjamin danced a little jig.

Danced a little jig... Jig... Danced a little jig... Danced a little jig... Pewter

A procession of servants entered the hall
carrying **pewter** dishes of meat, chestnut
fritters, quince jelly, blueberry jam, dried figs, and
raisins.





A FOOD FIGHT . . .



WITH PIE!

Last in line was a **TINY** servant around Benjamin's age. He was struggling to carry an **ENORMOUSE** pie that was decorated with a **tiny** flag bearing the Flea Flicker Castle emblem.

As the tiny servant made his way to the table, he tripped on one of the knights' swords and fell. The pie ended up on Sir Flea Flicker's **face**. The lord's snout turned bright red with embarrassment.

"Get that mouse!" he shouted.

To save the little mouselet, Trap grabbed three



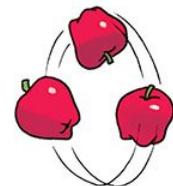


A FOOD FIGHT . . .



WITH PIE!

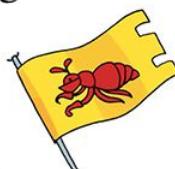
apples and began **juggling** them in the air. He was trying to **distract** Sir Flea Flicker! Trap jumped up on a table. He balanced a spoon on the tip of his snout and spun a pewter dish on top of the spoon. Meanwhile, he continued **juggling** the apples while his tail waved the little flag that had been in the pie.



Everyone in the court was **AMAZED**.

“Hurrah!” they cheered loudly.

Trap put down all of his props. As his grand **FINALE**, he took a piece of pie and threw it in the nearest knight’s face.



I held my breath, waiting to see how Sir Flea Flicker would **react**. But after a moment of shock, he laughed so hard he almost choked. Then he began throwing pieces of pie at his guests. It was a food fight . . . with **pie**! Everyone burst out laughing.

Hee, hee, hee!

Ha, ha, ha!

Ho, ho ho!

A FOOD FIGHT . . .



WITH PIE!

I sighed with relief. The little servant was safe! While the food fight continued, I approached the **trembling** mouselet. He was as **PAL**E as a slice of mozzarella!

“Everything’s fine, little one,” I reassured him. “Don’t be afraid. What’s your name?”

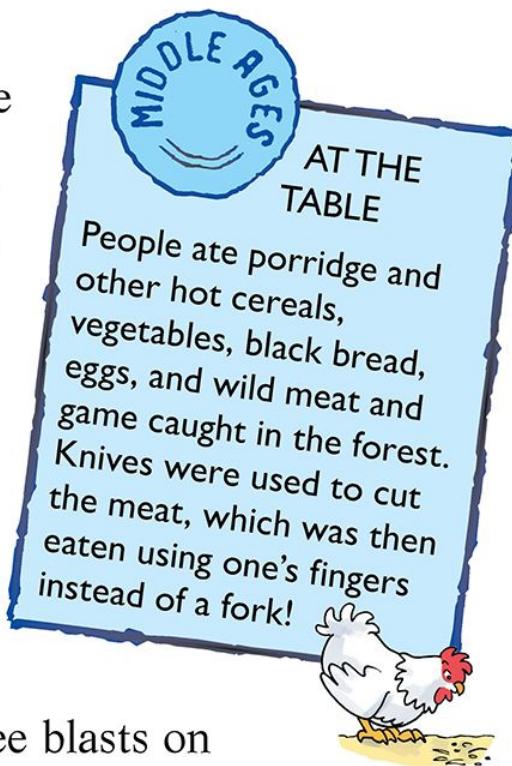
“**Crouton**, sir,” he replied **softly**. “I’m an orphan. I don’t have a mother or father.”

As we were talking, a messenger sounded three blasts on a trumpet and handed Sir Flea Flicker a piece of **parchment**.

Toot-toot-toot! Toot-toot-toot!

The trumpeter sounded again:

Toot-toot-toot! Toot-toot-tooooot!











A FOOD FIGHT . . .



WITH PIE!

“Stop tooting in my ear!” Sir Flea Flicker shouted. “Oof!”



Then he read the parchment.

“Oh, son, get ready!” he shouted with **EXCITEMENT**. “All of Britannia’s knights are on their way here, to Flea Flicker Castle. A grand tournament will be held, and the winner will become the **new king!**”



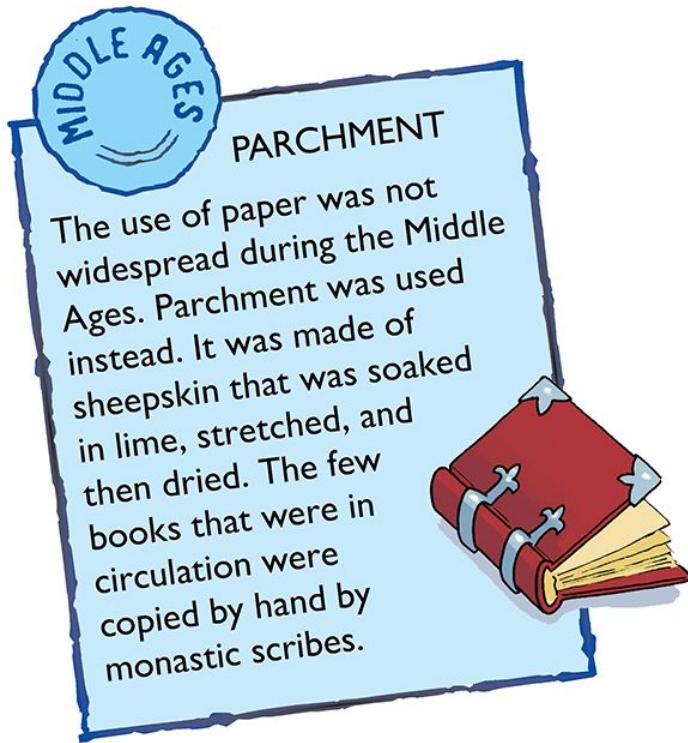
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A FOOD FIGHT . . .



WITH PIE!

“Papa, are you saying I’ll be the next king?”
Flea Flicker Junior shouted. “Huh? Huh? Huh?”





THE IMPOSSIBLE CHALLENGE

Sir Flea Flicker sniffed the air. **Sniff! Sniff!**

“What’s that nice smell?” he asked.

Trap bowed down until his **WHISKERS** touched the floor. Then he removed a gorgonzola cheese sandwich from his satchel.

“It’s **GORGONZOLA CHEESE**, my sire!” he said.

“Would you like to taste it?”



Sir Flea Flicker gestured to a mouse standing nearby. The **fat** little rodent took the sandwich, smelled it **cautiously**, and then took a little bite.

During the Middle Ages, many lords used powerful poisons to kill their rivals. That's why many lords had their own personal tasters. It was that person's duty to try foods before they were given to the lord to make sure they weren't... .



the water poisoned.



Little **Crouton** leaned toward me.

"That's Sir Flea Flicker's new personal **TASTER!**" he whispered. "Three have died in the last month."

"So can I eat it?" Sir Flea Flicker asked eagerly.

"It's **delicious**, my lord," he said.

"I know it's good," Sir Flea Flicker replied impatiently. "I can smell it! But how do you **FEEL?**"

"I feel great, sire!" He licked his whiskers.

He tried to take another bite, but Sir Flea Flicker grabbed the sandwich.

"**MEDIEVAL MOZZARELLA!**" he shouted. You're supposed to **TASTE** it, not **eat** it. There'll be nothing left for me!"

Sir Flea Flicker bit into the sandwich and ate the whole thing in just three bites.

It is generally believed that John Montagu, fourth earl of Sandwich, invented the sandwich sometime in the late 1700s. According to legend, he frequently asked to be served slices of meat between two pieces of bread so that he didn't have to interrupt his card games to eat a formal meal.



“That’s quite an appetite!” exclaimed Trap.

Sir Flea Flicker wiped his mouth on his sleeve and let out a belch. **BURP!**

“Hey, you,” Sir Flea Flicker said, pointing at Trap. “I nominate you to be the castle’s new **COOK!** Prepare a pot of this **GORGON SOMETHING-OR-OTHER.** I want to look good when the knights come to dine here next week. Make it **delicious**, or off with your head. **CHOP!**”

Trap snapped to attention.

“Got it, chief!” Trap replied. “There’ll be **gorgonzola** cheese for the knights that will be whisker-licking good!”

A round rat with curly fur elbowed his way in.

“But **I’m** the castle cook!” he protested, wielding a wooden spoon.

“Oh, come on!” my cousin squeaked. “I’m better than you! I know a whole **BUNCH** of things you don’t!”



“Really?” the cook **challenged him**. “Name a food, and I’ll cook it — I give you my word!”

“Okay, fine!” Trap replied, a smug look on his snout. “Make me a glass of **orange juice**.”

“Hmmm, orange juice?” the rat replied. “Pardon me, but what is that?”

“Okay, make me **TOMATO SAUCE**,” Trap said.

“Hmmm, tomato?” the rat replied. “**MEDIEVAL MOZZARELLA**, what is that?”

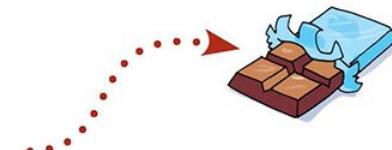
“Well, then, I’d love a slice of **pineapple**!” Trap replied triumphantly.

“Pineapple? Never heard of it!”

“I bet you that you don’t even know how to bake



After the year 1492, a lot of new foods were introduced to Europeans from America. New animals that had been almost entirely unknown to Europeans, such as the modern-day parrot, were also imported from the New World.



a **chocolate** cake, do you?" Trap taunted.

"Or make a cup of **COFFEE**?" 

"**Chocolate**? **COFFEE**?" the cook sobbed. "Never heard of them. That's it! You **won**."

You're the better cook!"

Benjamin **CHUCKLED**.

"I told Uncle Trap that tomatoes, pineapples, and chocolate were imported to Europe from **America** after 1492," he told me. "Coffee came from the **Middle East** and the orange came from **China**. That's why no one here in the Middle Ages knows what these foods are yet!"



BRING ME THE GORGONZOLA!

Sir Flea Flicker granted Trap everything he needed to make the gorgonzola cheese dinner, and he gave Trap permission to go **anywhere** in the castle he wanted.

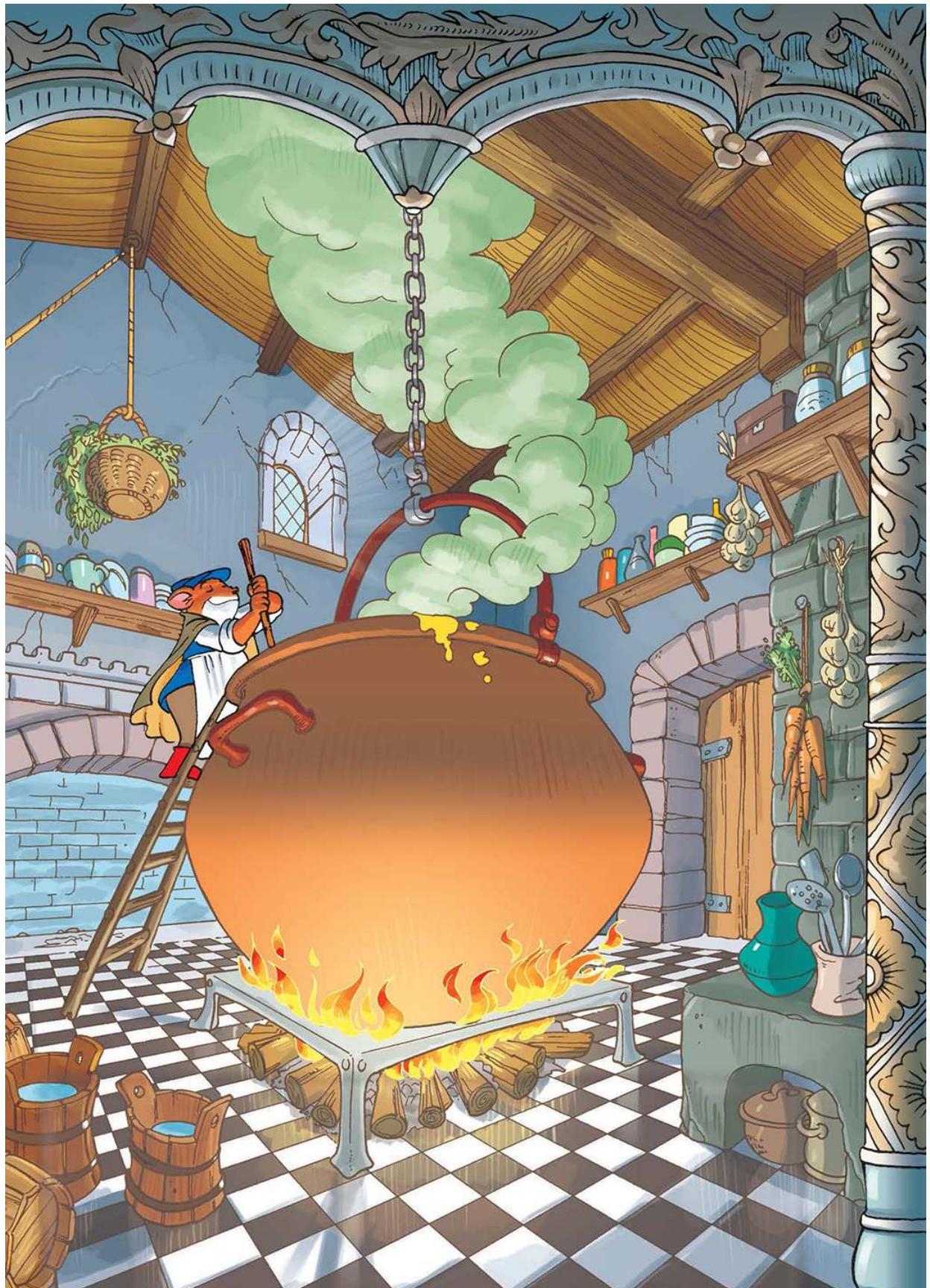
“Yay!” Benjamin cheered. “This will give us a chance to **explore** the entire castle!”

We chatted with guards, artisans, and farmers, but no one had ever heard of **Camelot** or **KING ARTHUR**.

“It’s very odd that the **CHRONOMETER** didn’t take us to Camelot!” Professor von Volt said.

Trap was busy mass-producing gorgonzola cheese. He used milk in **HUGE** oak barrels that had been rolled into the castle’s courtyard from nearby **farms**. It would be a few days until

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BRING ME THE



GORGONZOLA!

the cheese was **ready**.

We knew the cheese was ready by the **stinky** smell. Sir Flea Flicker descended on the kitchen, **GREEDILY** sniffing the air.

"**BRING ME THE GORGONZOLA!"**

Trap spread gorgonzola on some toast. He garnished it with an olive that looked like a **flea**.

"Ta-da!" Trap exclaimed. "**FLEA FLICKER CASTLE'S STINKY TOASTED BREAD!**"

The taster barely had time to take a **nibble** and give the okay before Sir Flea Flicker gobbled it up. After he was done, Sir Flea Flicker **dove** into the caldron to eat some more.

"**Yummy, yum, yum!**" he cried as he came up for air. He was covered in cheese from the tips of his **whiskers** to the end of his **tail**. "Soon all of Britannia's knights will taste and envy my gorgonzola!"

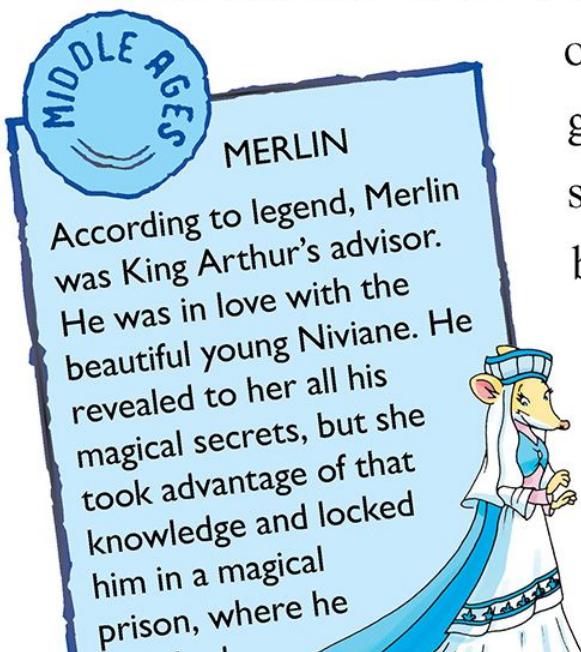


MERLIN'S EYES

I was sleeping on a straw mat in a corner of the kitchen the next morning near Trap, Thea, Benjamin, and the professor when I woke with a start. The first **rays of the sun** filtered in through a small window, and an imposing figure stood before me. He wore a blue cloak and a tall conical hat with **gold** stars embroidered on it. An owl flew in the window and came to rest

on his shoulder with a gentle **fustle**. He smoothed his long white beard and looked at us with **PENETRATING** blue eyes.

"I am Merlin," he **GREETED** us. "What



perished.



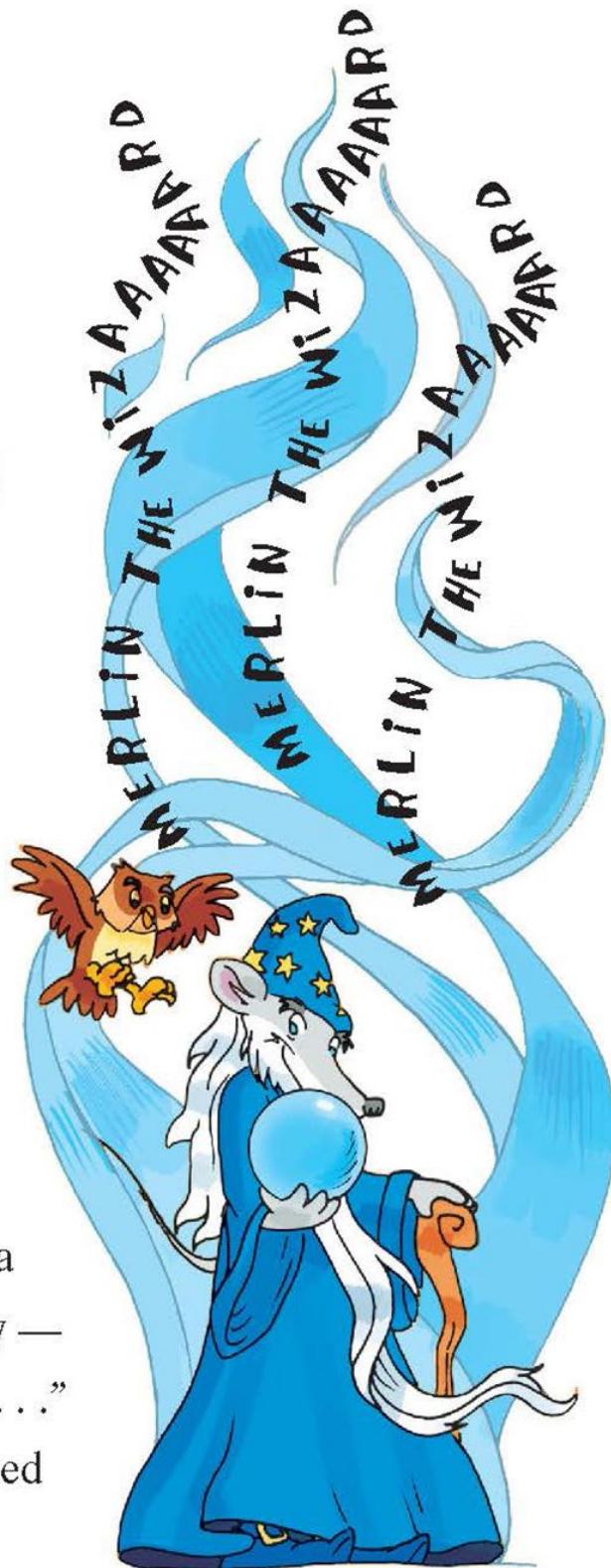
are your **names**?
Are you travelers? I
have heard that you
have **incredible**
magical abilities."

Professor von Volt
BOWED respectfully.

"So good to meet
you, wise Merlin,"
he replied. "Yes, we
are travelers. We come
from **FAR, FAR** away."

"I feel that is so,"
Merlin replied with a
nod. "You come from a
country outside of reality —
unreachable even to me...."

A **SHADOW** passed
over his eyes.



MERLIN'S



EYES

"Well, travelers who come from a faraway place, I will tell you a secret," he continued. "In this castle, there is a treasure more precious than **silver** or **gold**. That is why I am here — to reveal the **hidden** treasure so that Britannia can reach its full potential!"

At that moment, a ray of **sunlight** shined directly into my eyes, temporarily blinding me. I rubbed my eyes. When I opened them again, the wizard had **DISAPPEARED!**

Had I been **DREAMING**?





MERLIN'S



EYES

"Geronimo, there's a treasure here!" Trap exclaimed. "Let's go find it!"

I guess I was **awake** after all!

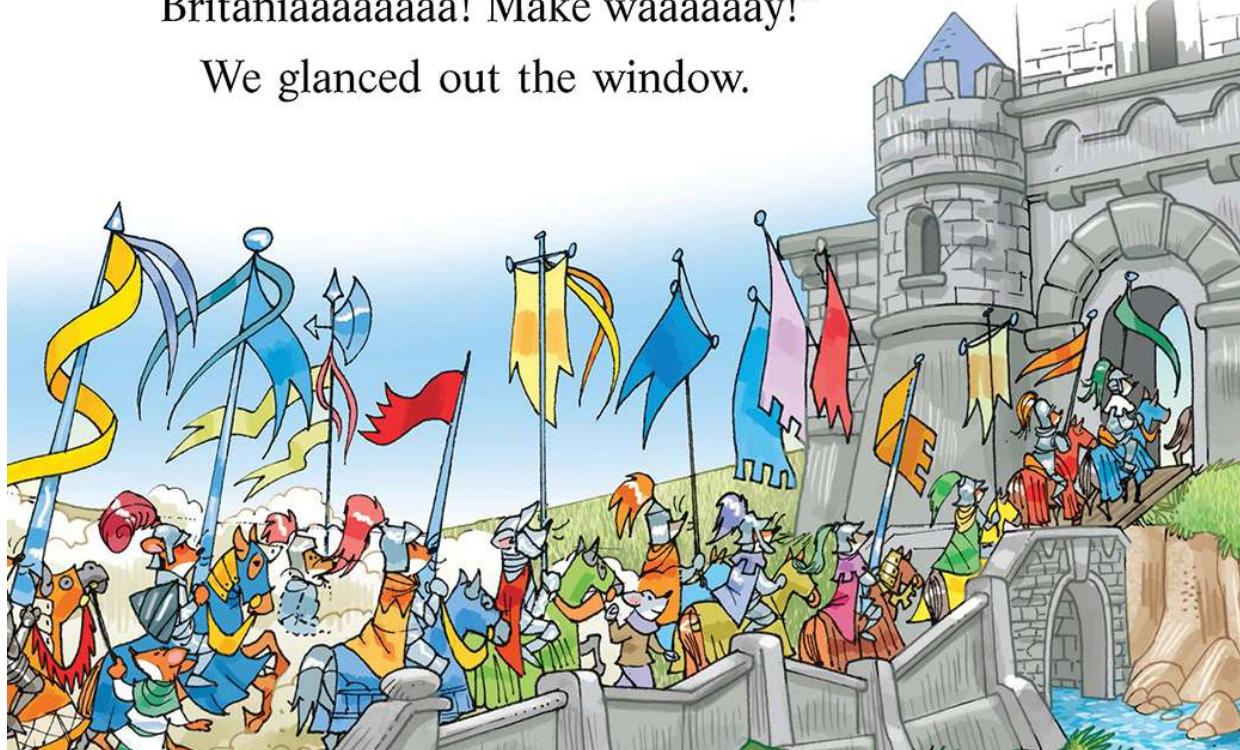
"What do you say, Geronimo?" Trap continued. "Even a teeny tiny treasure would be enough to make this trip worthwhile. Let's **GO!**"

Suddenly, we heard the sound of the trumpet.

Toot-toot-toot-tooooooooot!

"Make way for the **bravest** knights in Britaniaaaaaaa! Make waaaaay!"

We glanced out the window.







CLOTHES

Farmers and other average citizens wore cloth shirts, trousers, leggings, and cloaks. The lords wore embroidered wool or silk clothing dyed bright colors. They were embroidered and decorated with gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones. The lords' clothes were so valuable that they were left to their children as part of their inheritance.



Sure enough, a thick cloud of **dust** covered the road leading to Flea Flicker Castle. Hundreds — no, **THOUSANDS** — of knights were galloping toward the castle. Each knight carried a **multicolored** banner that waved briskly in the wind. It was an **extraordinary** sight!

Thea quickly snapped a photo. I took out my

travel journal and jotted down a few thoughts:

The knights who are to challenge one another for the crown of the King of Britannia are arriving!

“Hurry up, Geronimo,” Trap said. “Stop **daydreaming** and help me wash the dishes!”



A MOUSELET WITH GOLDEN BRAIDS

Once I finished washing the dishes, I went to the courtyard to throw out the ~~garbage~~.

On my way back into the kitchen, I saw a tiny mouselet with **LONG** blonde braids and a light blue tunic. She wore a silver pendant in the shape of a **heart** with the letter **G** engraved on it.

“That’s **KING LEODEGRANCE** of Carmelide’s daughter,” I heard someone whisper.



I watched as the little princess strolled toward the stream next to castle. She went up the **STONE** bridge that crossed the stream. Then she leaned over to watch the **rushing** water below. The knot that held the pendant **loosened**.

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The little mouselet tried to grab the necklace, but it fell down into the stream.

Crouton was nearby. Without a hint of hesitation, he jumped into the **frigid** water. A few seconds later, he emerged, holding the pendant. With a bow, he held it out to the mouselet.

“Thank you!” she said, tears of **JOY** in her eyes.

“This piece of jewelry is the only remembrance I have of my mother!”



“I understand,” Crouton whispered **shyly**. “I don’t have a father or mother.”

The two smiled, and I immediately knew they had become friends.

I ran to Crouton and wrapped him in my coat. Even so, his teeth continued to **CHATTER**.

“Come into the kitchen and warm up by the **FIRE**, little one,” I urged him. He waved good-bye to the golden-haired mouselet, and we went back inside the castle.







FOR MY COUSIN, THAT'S NOTHING!

The next morning I woke to hear the sound of someone sobbing in the courtyard outside the kitchen window. I woke my cousin Trap and **dragged** him outside with me.

“Why’d you have to wake me, Geronimo? **Huh? Huh?**” Trap whined. “I was in the middle of the most **incredible** dream! I had just located the treasure hidden in the castle, and I was **RICH, RICH, RICH!**”

“Shhh!” I shushed my cousin, pointing to a sobbing old rodent leaning against a tree. “That mouse is very **upset**. Let’s see if we can help.”

“Excuse me, sir,” I said. “Is everything okay?”

“Oh, my poor, darling Mousilda!” the old rodent sobbed. “I’d save her myself, but alas, I

FOR MY COUSIN,



THAT'S NOTHING!

am too **old**! *Brrrrrrrgh!*"

He blew his nose on his coat sleeve.

"I don't understand . . ." I began. Someone tugged **gently** on my tail. It was Crouton!

"Psst, Geronimo," he whispered. "That's Sir Ratford of Cheddarshire. His daughter, Mousilda, is being held **PRISONER** in the tallest tower of the super-scary **BLACK CASTLE!**"

How terrible! I had to do something to help.

"Sir Ratford, my name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*," I told the sad rodent. "I will save your daughter!"

"You will?" he exclaimed, overcome with **joy**.

"Thank you, most noble rodent. Thank you!"

He hugged me **TIGHTLY**.
My snout turned **PURPLE** with embarrassment.





FOR MY COUSIN,



THAT'S NOTHING!

CROUTON tugged my tail again.

“Sir Geronimo,” he whispered, “are you sure you want to do this? No other knight has dared to enter the **BLACK CASTLE**.”

“Of course he dares to save Mousilda!” Trap exclaimed. “My cousin is a very **brave** mouse.”

I was? **No, no, no!** I’m not a brave mouse at all! In fact, I’m very, very scared. Back home in New Mouse City, I’m known for being the biggest **scaredy-mouse**. But if someone needed my help, I couldn’t say no.

“But there are strange legends about the **BLACK CASTLE**,” Crouton continued. “They say there are **gigantic leeches** in the moat. . . .”

“Pff, for my cousin, that’s nothing!” Trap replied.

“They say there’s a **fire-breathing dragon** in the courtyard. . . .”

“Pff, for my cousin, that’s nothing!” Trap replied.

LTV

FOR MY COUSIN,



THAT'S NOTHING!

"They say that the Black Knight dumps **boiling hot fondue** on whoever tries to get in. . . ."

"Pff, for my cousin, that's nothing!" Trap replied.

Gigantic leeches? A fire-breathing dragon?? Boiling hot fondue???

Why, why, oh, why had I agreed to come on this wacky journey through time?

A moment later, an enormous rat in black armor with a face that would scare even a **RABID** cat came galloping up to Flea Flicker Castle on his horse. His coat of arms was a **Prancing** black rat with a **Forked** tail.



The Black Castle



Gigantic leeches



Fire-breathing dragon



Boiling hot fondue

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FOR MY COUSIN,



THAT'S NOTHING!



“I am Winston Wickedpaw, from the noble house of Drake Mudrat, also known as the **Black Knight**. I hear that someone here has challenged the great Drake Mudrat!”

Boy, word sure did travel **quickly** in the Middle Ages!

“That’s right!” Trap replied boldly. “My cousin *Geronimo Stilton* is going to save the maiden Mousilda.”

“Oh, really?” Winston Wickedpaw asked. He turned to me and pointed his super-pointy lance at my snout. “I dare you — no, I **double** dare you to, you measly little mouse!”

“He accepts your challenge!” Trap replied **BOLDLY**. “Make ready your whiskers, **Winston Wickedpaw**. My cousin Geronimo Stilton will follow you to the **BLACK CASTLE**, where he will defeat **Drake Mudrat** and save the maiden Mousilda! Isn’t that right, Geronimo?”

Trap pulled my ear.
“Don’t you wimp out
now, **scaredy-mouse!**”
he whispered.

WINSTON WICKEDPAW
shook his fist at me.

“I’ll wait for you at the
BLACK CASTLE,
Geronimo of Stilton!” he
said. “Oooooooh, you’re
in big trouble! Drake
Mudrat is one seriously
scary mouse!”

I turned as **PALE** as
a slice of mozzarella. A
moment later, I fainted!







BOILING HOT FONDUE SHAMPOO

When I came to, I was wearing a suit of **armor**. Sir Ratford of Cheddarshire and his squires had already dressed me!

“Bring him a horse!” Sir Ratford shouted.

“Yes, of course, bring me a horse,” I said. “Wait, what? **A horse?** I don’t know how to ride a horse!”

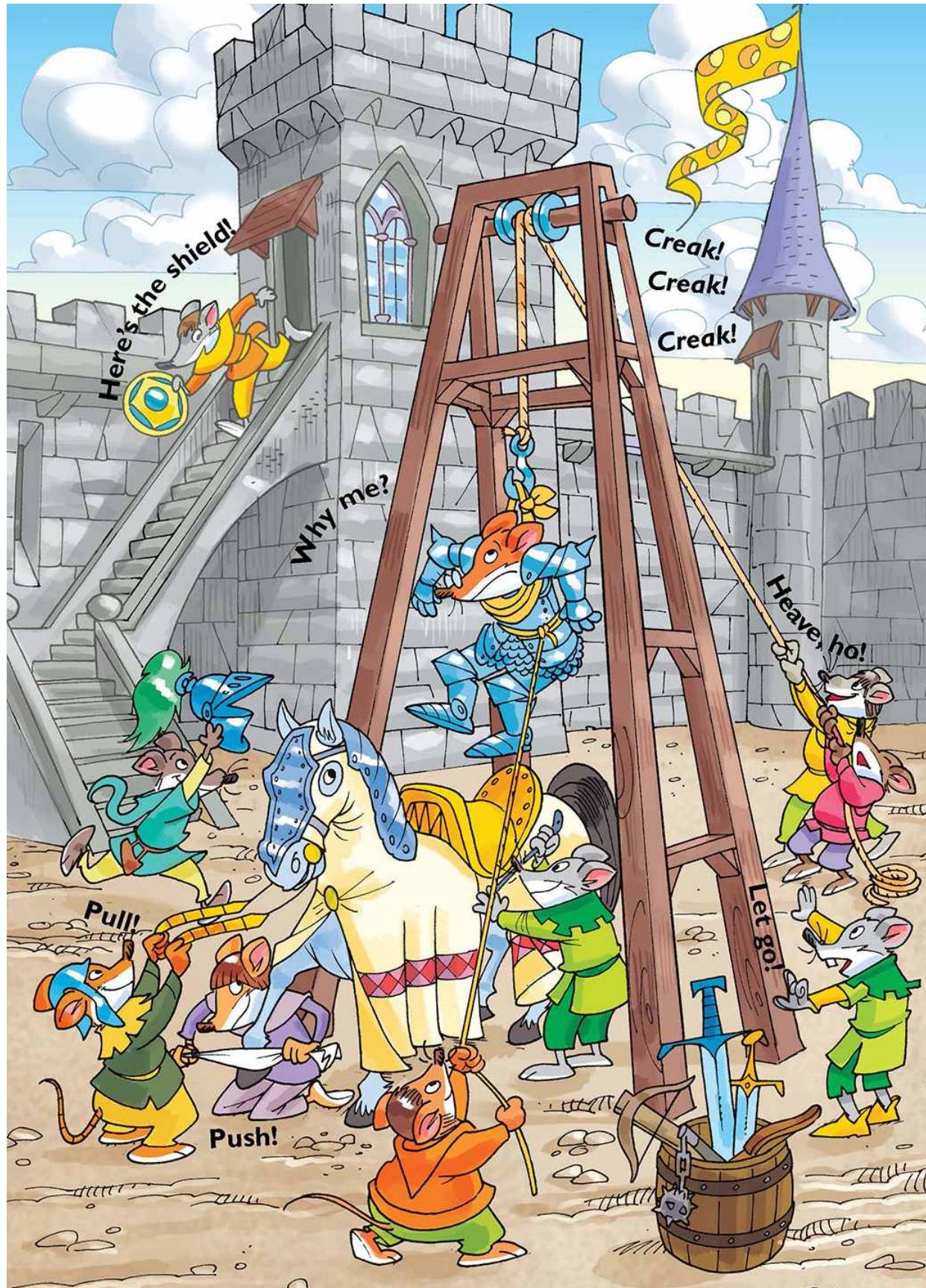
But Sir Ratford and his squires used a pulley to haul me onto the horse. Then I headed at a gallop toward the **BLACK CASTLE**.



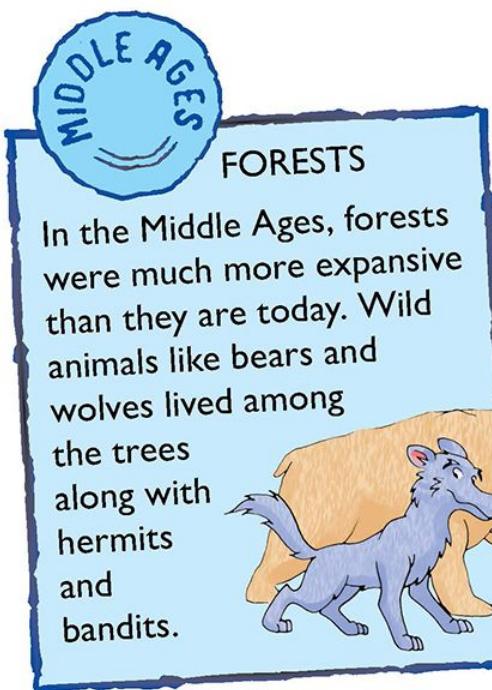
Medieval armor began as chain mail, made of small metal rings linked together. This developed into the more protective plate mail, made of metal plates covering the body along with a metal helmet. Shields were made from wooden planks that were



covered in leather and painted.







Actually, the horse galloped while I hung on to the saddle for **dear life**! On the way to the **BLACK CASTLE**,

I fell off the horse three times! After the third fall, I decided to walk the rest of the way.

It was hard to move through the forest with the armor and sword, so I left them behind. I arrived at the **BLACK CASTLE** at the top of **Black Hill** in the middle of **Black Forest** at night. The creek that ran alongside the castle was **black**. The walls of the castle were **black**, the roof was **black**, the door was **black**, and the banner that flapped on the highest tower was **black**. The cawing crows that gloomily circled the castle's towers were **black**, too.

Caw, caw, caaaaaaaaaawwwwww!





Before I got any nearer, I took a deep breath to calm my nerves.

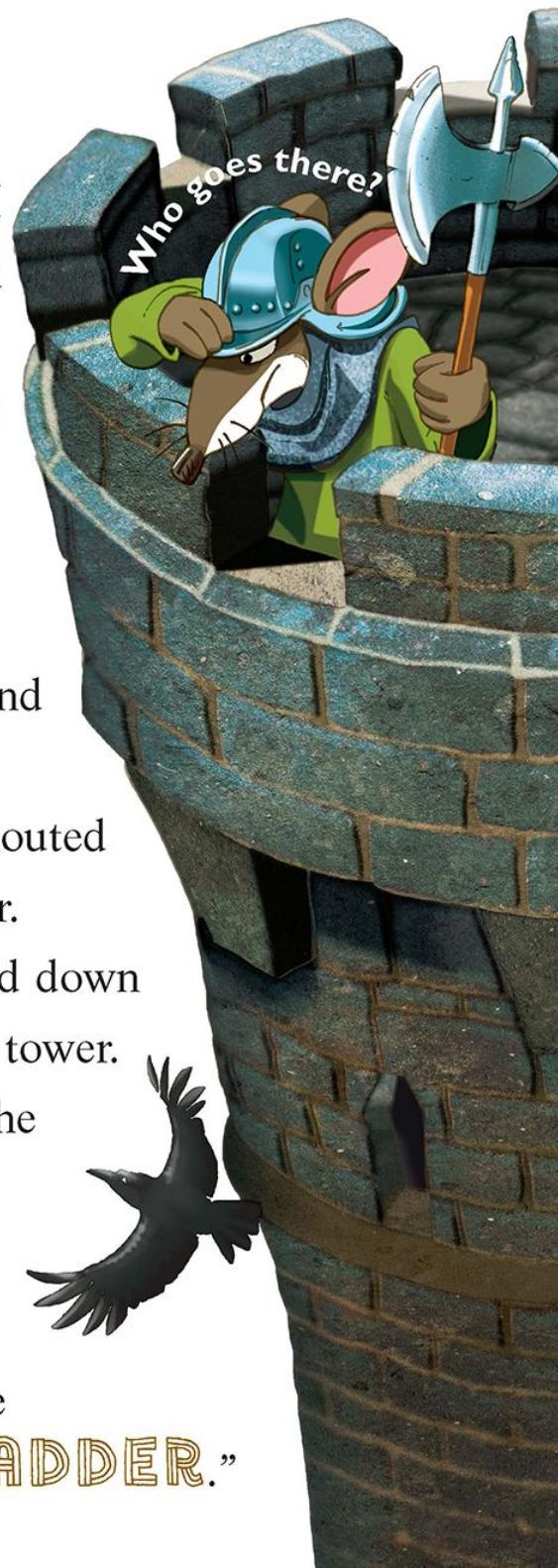
I glanced **worriedly** at the moat, but I didn't see any leeches. So I straightened up, gathered all my **COURAGE**, and approached the castle.

"Er, is anyone there?" I shouted at the massive **black** door.

A pair of whiskers peered down at me from the top of a **tall** tower.

"Who goes there?" the guard asked.

"Ahem — I'm the carpenter," I replied.
"Someone sent a message about a **BROKEN LADDER**."







SIEGE

If a castle was about to be attacked, sentinels sounded the alarm, and the drawbridge was raised. Archers shot arrows through the castle wall's arrowslits. Meanwhile, the enemy attacked with fiery arrows, rams, mobile towers, and catapults. Sieges could last for months because castles kept a large stock of supplies.

"In this castle, there's always something **rotting** away," he **grumbled**. "Even the roof is falling apart!"

"I'm waiting for a **knight**, a certain

Geronimo of Stilton," he continued as I followed him inside. "My orders are to drop a caldron of **boiling hot fondue** on his head! Lucky for you, you identified yourself!"

"Lucky me!" I agreed, breathing a secret sigh of **RELIEF**. "I've heard there are some pretty bloodthirsty leeches in the moat. And that fire-breathing dragon must keep things **toasty** warm in the winter!"

The guard chuckled.

Catapult (to hurl stones at the enemy)





BOILING HOT



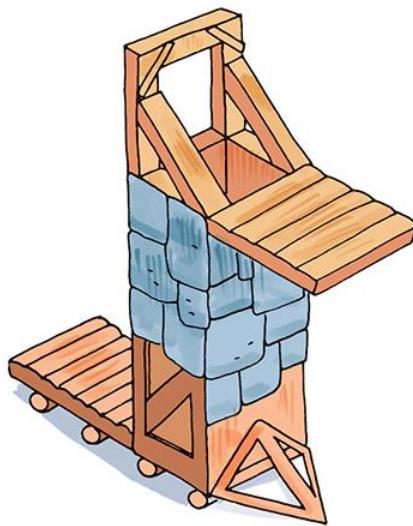
FONDUE SHAMPOO

"I shouldn't be telling you this because it's a secret, but that rumor about the leeches is just made up to keep **Gawkers** away," he said. "And it works, too! No one dares to get anywhere near the castle! Besides, if anyone does come near, I take care of them with a shampoo of **boiling hot fondue!**"

I laughed through gritted teeth.

"Ha, ha, ha," I said. "**Funny!**"

As soon as I could, I slipped away through a **DARK** hallway and went up the stairs that took me to the highest tower.



Ram (used to break down the walls and doors)



Pyramidal tower (used to climb up the wall)



OH, I'M SO AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!

I climbed and climbed and climbed. Ugh! Those stairs seemed to go on **FOREVER**!



I got to the tippy top of the tower and saw a *teensy-weensy* little **black** door with the Black Knight's coat of arms above it. A thick, rusted key was stuck in the door. I turned it and the little door **SCREECHED** open.

"Do not be afraid, maiden Mousilda!" I cried. "I am here to **save** you!"



I looked around the **black** room. There was a canopied bed with brocaded **black** curtains. Next to the **black** stone fireplace, a melancholy little mouselet with fur as white as snow was busy knitting.

OH, I'M SO AFRAID



OF HEIGHTS!

She was dressed in a **GOLD** silk gown and wore a crown studded with rubies. She jumped up.

“Who are you, brave knight?” she squeaked.

I bowed.

“My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*,” I replied. “I’m here to save you!”

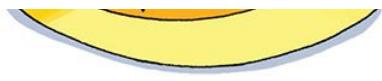
I heard the **thud** of heavy footsteps coming up the stairs, and I saw the light of a torch project a dark shadow on the floor. It was **Drake Mudrat**!

We quickly hid behind some armor.

“Mousilda, **WHERE** are you hiding?” Drake Mudrat asked in a **SINGSONG** voice. “Don’t you want to marry me, **little mouse of my heart?**”

He peeked behind the brocaded **black** curtains. While he was





OH, I'M SO AFRAID



OF HEIGHTS!

distracted, Mousilda and I **SLIPPED** out the door and began descending the stairs on **TIPTOE**.

Suddenly, I caught a whiff of stinky garlic.

Achoo! I sneezed loudly.

Drake Mudrat turned. His garlicky breath was making me sneeze uncontrollably!

Achoo, achoo, achoo!

Why, why, oh, why did I have to be allergic to garlic?

“So you’ve come!” Drake Mudrat shouted as he chased us down the stairs. “I’ll catch you, Geronimo of Stilton, and I’ll **PLUCK OUT** all your whiskers!”

I heard a clatter from below: **SOLDiERS!**





“ish!

OH, I'M SO AFRAID



OF HEIGHTS!

Our only hope was to **ESCAPE** through a tiny window and get to the **roof** of the castle. Once we were on the roof, I made the mistake of looking down.

Medieval mozzarella! I'm so afraid of heights!

We were up really, really **HIGH**!

I grabbed Mousilda's paw and, carefully trying to keep our balance, we made our way onto the battlements. Beneath us the archers aimed their **arrows** at us. They flew past us. One **GRAZED** my ear, another **PIERCED** the feather of my hat, while a third arrow **sliced off** one of my whiskers!

Mousilda was wearing a **long** dress that hampered our progress, so I carried her in my arms and ran as fast as I could while I tried **not** to look down.

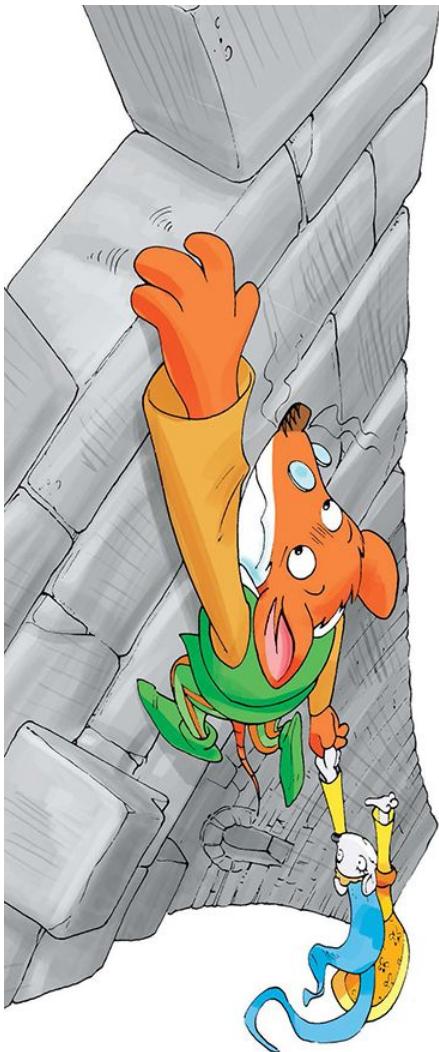
Crack!



U. S.



Fair



I had almost reached the stairs leading to the courtyard when I slipped on a pile of **CROW DROPPINGS!**

Caw!

Mousilda and I rolled down the roof. Luckily, I grabbed the embankment as we went over the edge. A second later, we were **dangling** high above the ground.

“HEEEEEEEEEEELP!”

we screamed. “Please help us!”

Right below us in the courtyard, I saw four **familiar** faces. It was Professor von Volt, Thea, Trap, and Benjamin.

“Hang on, Uncle!” Benjamin shouted.

The four of them scampered up the stairs, and seconds later, they had grabbed us and pulled us to **SAFETY**.



MOZZARELLA PERFUME

“Phew! This time I was sure I was a goner.” I sighed. “I thought I would lose my fur!”

We ran **DOWN** the stairs, **CROSSED** the courtyard, and hurried over the drawbridge just as it was beginning to rise. Then we hopped on our horses and **GALLOPED** back toward Flea Flicker Castle.

Mousilda didn’t fall off her horse once. Can you guess how many times I fell? **THIRTEEN!** I bruised both **ears**, my right **knee**, my left big **toe**, three **whiskers**, the tip of my **nose**, my left **pinky**, my **tail**, my right **wrist**, my left **incisor** . . . and my **bottom**!

When we finally got back to Flea Flicker Castle, I slid to the floor, **EXHAUSTED**.



Sir Ratford hugged me, tears in his eyes.

“Ask me for anything, anything, absolutely anything you want!” he told me. “Do you want **land**, or a **castle**, or **riches**?”

“Oh, ask for a chest full of **gold!**” Trap whispered excitedly. “Or a coffer full of **PEARLS!**”

“There is no need to give me anything!” I told Sir Ratford.

Sir Ratford took his sword and solemnly laid it first on my **left** shoulder, and then on my **right**.

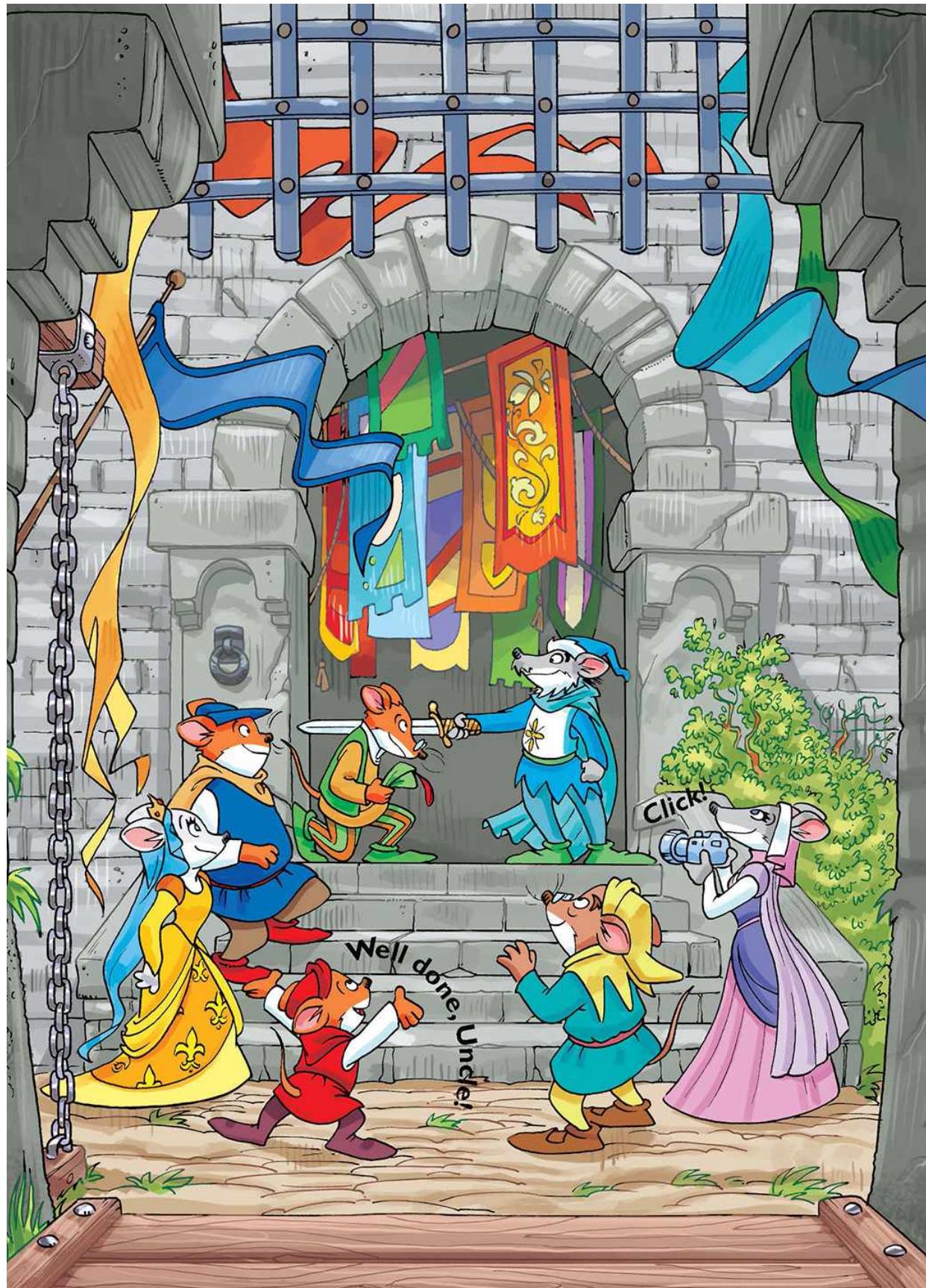
“Geronimo of Stilton, I name you **KNIGHT!**” he said. “Do you promise to defend the **weak** and mend the **injustices** in the world?”

“I promise!” I agreed proudly.

“**HOORAY!**” everyone cheered. “Hip, hip, hooray! Three cheers for Geronimo of Stilton!”

“Well done, Uncle!” Benjamin said sweetly.

I heard a **CLICK** and knew my sister was busy snapping photos.



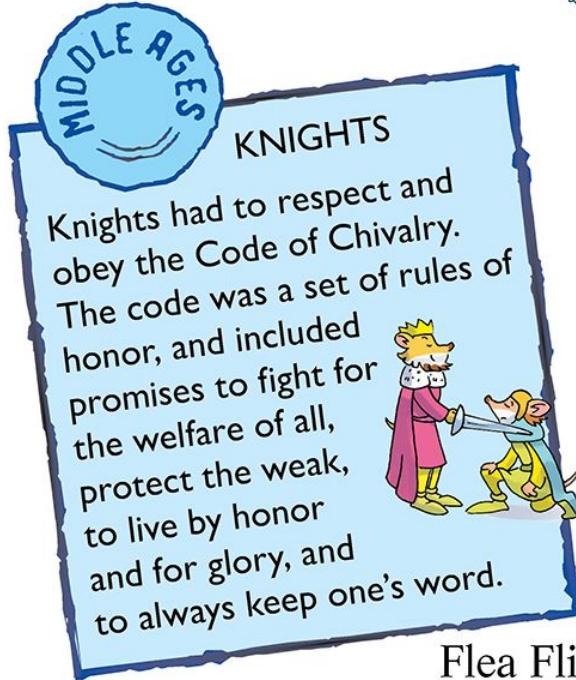
Well done, Uncle!



MOZZARELLA



PERFUME



"Where are you from, my **BRAVE** knight?" Mousilda asked.

"I am from far, far away," I told her. "I will be leaving soon."

"Will you return to Flea Flicker Castle?" she asked.

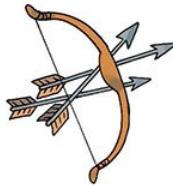
"**WHO KNOWS?**" I replied. "I may be back some day!"

"Well, then, Sir Geronimo, however far you travel, know that I will always keep the memory of your generous gesture in my **HEART**," she said. ❤️ "And here's something to help you remember me."

She handed me a white handkerchief that had the **delicate** scent of mozzarella perfume.

I accepted the handkerchief.

"Thank you," I replied humbly. "It would be impossible to forget you, my lady!"



THE GOLD ARROW

The following morning we heard the sound of a trumpet: It was the beginning of the tournament to crown the king of Britannia!

Toot-toot-toot! Toot-toot-toot!
Toot-toot-toot!
Tooooooooooooooot!

“The tournament will begin with the **archery** competition,” the herald announced. “The most valiant shooters will compete for the prize of the **GOLD ARROW!**”

The contestants shot one arrow after another.

When it was **Flea Flicker Junior’s** turn, he took aim.

“Now I’ll show you how it’s done!” he shouted.

He shot three arrows one after another, all

THE GOLD ARROW



within the target, and closer to the center than anyone else's arrows.

The crowd cheered:

"FLEA FLICKER JUNIOR!"
"FLEA FLICKER JUNIOR!"
"FLEA FLICKER JUNIOR!"

He preened himself.

"Yes, I'm good, and I know it!" he said.

The herald made an **announcement**:

"The winner of the contest is —"

But a voice interrupted him.





THE GOLD ARROW

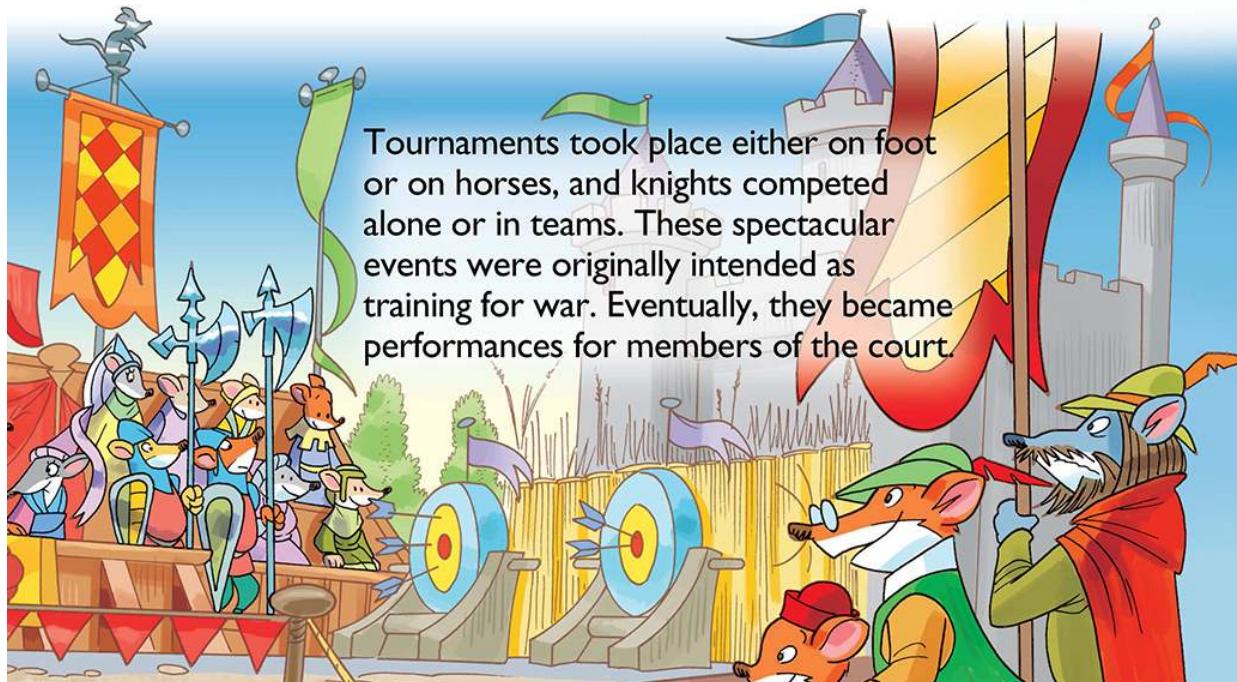


"I want to try, too!" came the mouse's squeak.

The contestant came forward, her face covered by the brim of her hat. But I recognized her immediately. It was my sister, **Thea**!

She pushed her hat down so no one would recognize her. Then she notched the arrow and prepared to shoot. **My whiskers trembled with excitement!**

Thea squinted, took aim, and released the arrow. It whistled through the air.



Tournaments took place either on foot or on horses, and knights competed alone or in teams. These spectacular events were originally intended as training for war. Eventually, they became performances for members of the court.



THE GOLD ARROW



SWISHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

It hit the **BULL'S-EYE**!

She released another arrow: **BULL'S-EYE**!

She shot again: **BULL'S-EYE**!

Thea took off her hat, and everyone
recognized her.



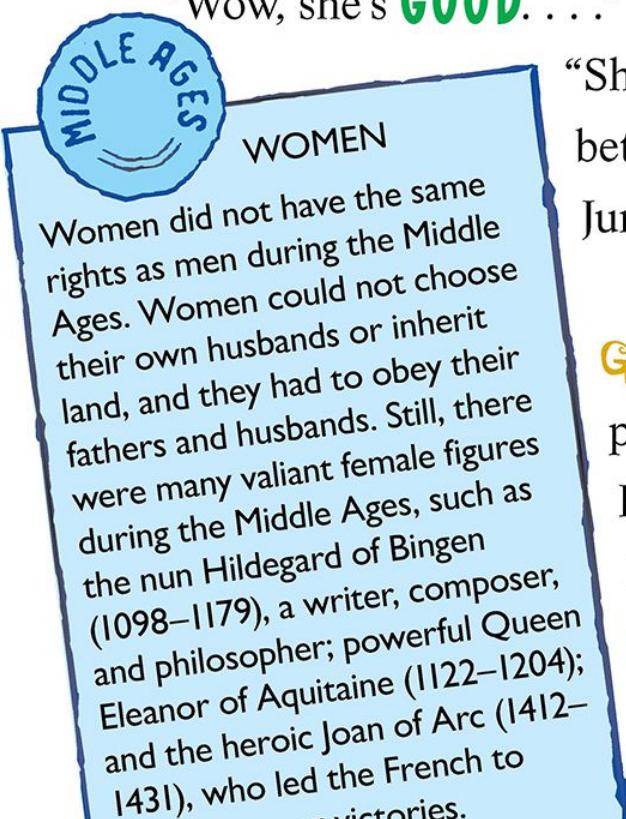
Flea Flicker Junior was **purple** with anger.

"I can't believe she beat me!" he shouted.

"Wow, she's **GOOD** . . ." the crowd murmured.

"She rocks! She's way
better than Flea Flicker
Junior!"

Thea **accepted** the
Gold Arrow as her
prize as Trap, Benjamin,
Professor von Volt, and
I chanted: "**Nothing**
can stop the Stilton
family!"



important war victories





HEAR YE, HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

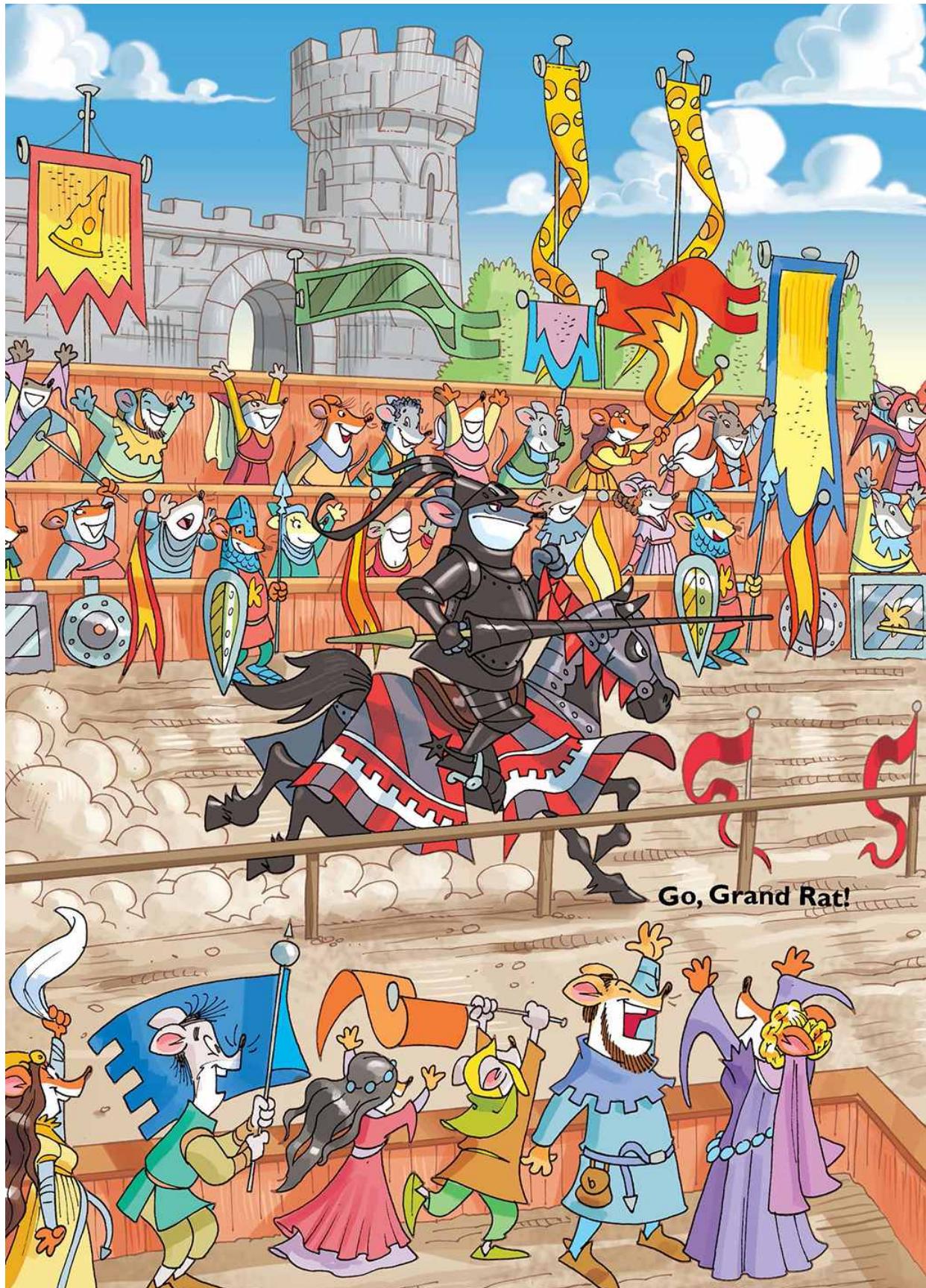
At noon, the herald made another announcement:

“Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! The Grand Rat of Rattonia will **CHALLENGE** Measly Marvin of Mousehampton to a duel.”

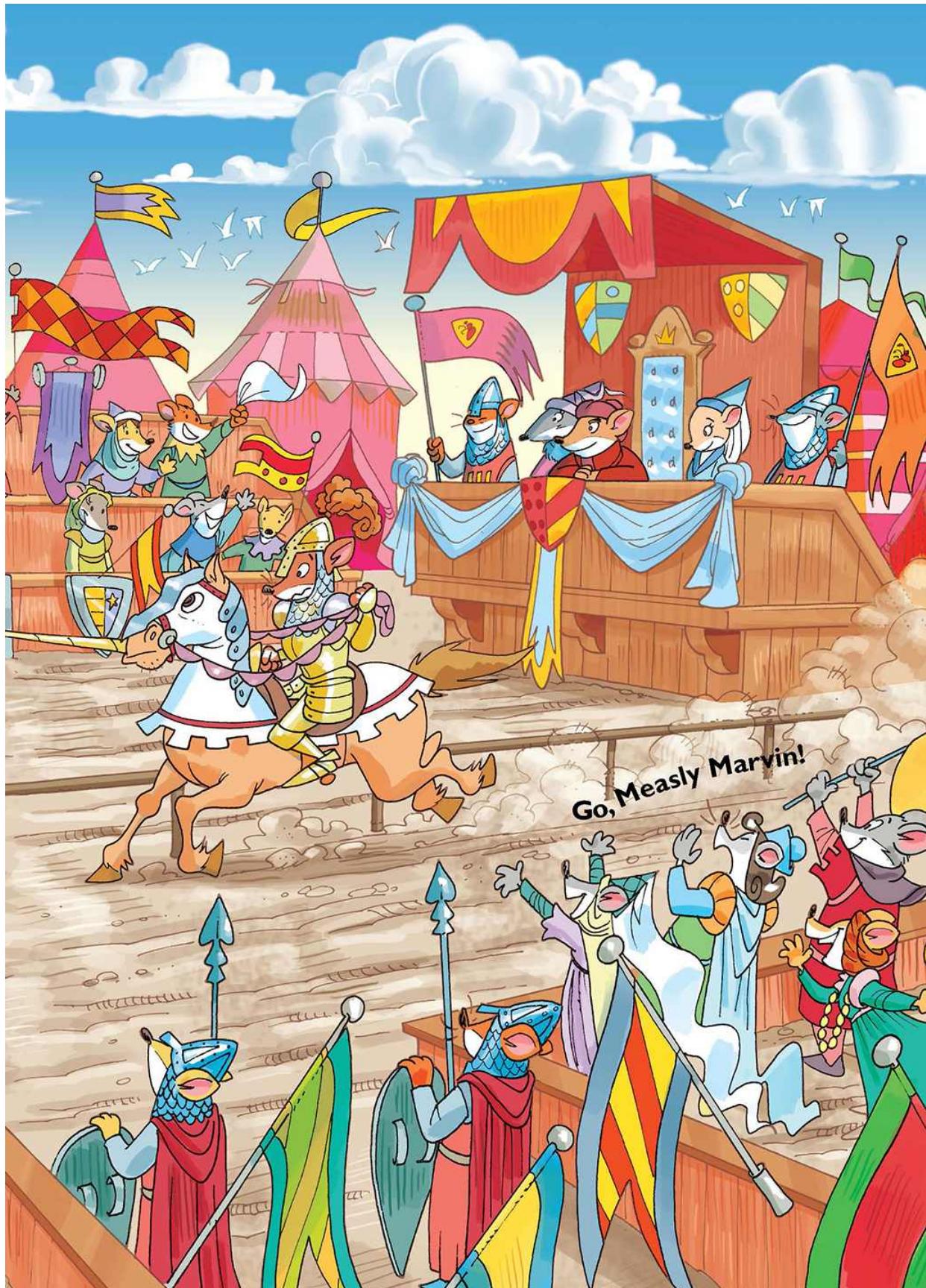
Two knights came riding into the arena on their steeds. They stopped and waited as their horses pawed **nervously** at the ground. The starting signal sounded, and the knights grabbed their **LONG** lances and galloped toward each other.

The two knights clashed with a **metallic** sound:
Claaaaank! High in the stands, I saw Crouton **watching** the tournament. I sat down next to him.

“Oh, Sir Geronimo,” he gushed. “There are so many knights, and they’re so brave!”











TELL ME, WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

Crouton and I spent the entire afternoon watching the tournament. Then **DUSK** fell.

“Tonight is a special night,” I explained to Crouton. “It’s the night of the **shooting** stars. You can wish upon a star. Tell me, little one, is there something you dream of?”

He **blushed** and shook his head.

“There’s nothing?” I asked. “You can tell me.”

“I do have one great dream,” he whispered. “But it’s an **IMPOSSIBLE** dream!”

“Oh, no dream is impossible!” I told him. “Tell me your dream and I promise I’ll try to make it come true.”

“I . . . ahem . . . I . . .” he whispered. “I want to take part in the **tournament**!”

TELL ME, WHAT



IS YOUR WISH?

“Well, as far as I know, the first things you need to have are a **horse** and a **sword**,” I said.

Crouton lowered his head **SADLY**.

“I could never afford a horse,” he said.



I opened my satchel. I took out the **GOLD COIN** Professor von Volt had given me.

“With this coin, you can get yourself the best horse in **Britannia!**” I said as I handed it to Crouton.

“Really?” Crouton asked in surprise. “Thank you, Sir Geronimo!”

I reached in my satchel again.

“And then, dear Crouton, you can use this **silver coin** to buy a sword.”

“Thank you, Sir Geronimo, but I already found a sword,” he said. “It’s wedged in a rock.”

“Stuck in a rock?” I asked, disbelieving.

He clasped my paw and led me to the **TOWN SQUARE**.



PAWS OFF THE SWORD!

“Here’s the sword!” Crouton squeaked.

I saw a **SHINING** blade wedged in a rock. Little Crouton grabbed it with both little paws and lifted it above his head **proudly**.

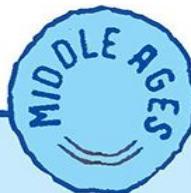
“Hey, you!” someone grunted. “Where did you get that sword?”

It was Flea Flicker Junior. He grabbed Crouton’s sword.

“It’s . . . it’s . . . it’s **Excalibur**!” he shouted excitedly. “Hey, everyone. Come look! Get ready to meet and crown the new king of Britannia!”

I took a step forward.

“Ahem . . . Sir Flea Flicker Junior, the sword actually belongs to little **Crouton**,” I said. “He’s the mouse who **DREW** it from the stone.”



EXCALIBUR

Excalibur is the legendary sword of King Arthur. Some believe the sword was embedded in a stone and could only be removed by the true king of Britain. No one knows if Excalibur ever really existed, but there really is a medieval sword wedged in a rock in St. Galgano Church in Tuscany, Italy!



PAWS OFF!

Flea Flicker Junior grunted contemptuously.

"IMPOSSIBLE!"

he scoffed. "I wouldn't believe it even if I saw it! And anyway, I have the sword now, and I'm keeping it. **PAWS OFF!**"

Sir Flea Flicker pushed through the crowd.

"My son!" he exclaimed. "You finally did something right! Great news: The tournament's over. My son has the *Sword from the Stone* and will be king of Britannia!"

Trap, Thea, Benjamin, Professor von Volt, and I stood by Crouton.

"*The sword belongs to Crouton!*" the professor said firmly.

All the knights crowded around the sword.

"Is it true?" they murmured. "Is it really *Excalibur*?"

PAWS OFF



THE SWORD!

“Someone took it out of the **STONE**!”

“Yes, it was a tiny servant. . . .”

“No, it was Flea Flicker Junior. . . .”

“At least that’s what he says. . . .”

“I can’t see him as **KING**. . . .”

“But no one saw him pull the **SWORD** out of the stone. . . .”

“I think this is just a prank. . . .”

Suddenly, the great **Merlin** appeared. He made a sign asking for **SILENCE**.

“Knights of Britannia, do you want a king?” he asked. “If you do, the **SWORD** will choose him.”

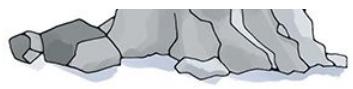
The crowd gathered in the square. At the center of the square was a massive dark granite stone.

Merlin read the words carved in the stone:

THE MOUSE WHO EXTRACTS THIS
SWORD SHALL BECOME THE RIGHFUL
KING OF BRITANNIA



“Give me Excalibur!” Merlin ordered



PAWS OFF



THE SWORD!

Flea Flicker Junior.

The mouse handed over the sword **reluctantly**.

Merlin put it back in the stone.

Flea Flicker Junior stepped up to the sword.

"Mooooooooove!" he ordered those in his way. "In just a moment, I'll be king!"

He grabbed the **hilt** of the sword and pulled with all his **might**. He pulled and pulled and pulled . . . but nothing happened!

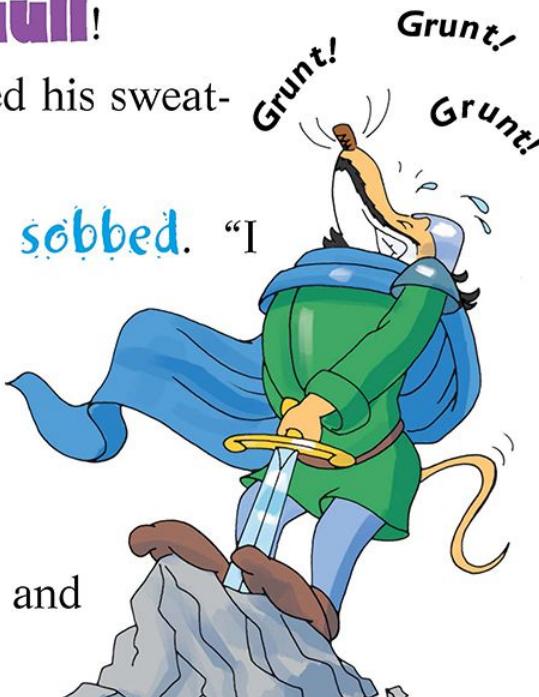
"Pull, pull, pull!" his father squeaked. "Come on, son, **pooooooooooh!**"

Flea Flicker Junior dried his sweat-soaked whiskers.

"I can't, Daddy," he **sobbed**. "I really can't!"

"Step aside," Sir Flea Flicker said. "I'll show you how to do it!"

Panting, he pulled and





PAWS OFF



THE SWORD!

pulled and pulled . . . but the sword didn't
BUDGE an inch.

"I want to try!" one of the knights shouted.

One after another, all the knights tried to extract the sword.

Sylvester Strongmouse of Stalwart, the strongest knight in Britannia, tried to extract the sword, but it didn't budge an inch!

Robert Roundmouse of Stoutville, the roundest knight, tried next. But in spite of his



PAWS OFF



THE SWORD!

weight, the sword didn't budge an inch!

Wilson Wisemouse of Wisdomshire, the oldest of the knights, also tried. But in spite of his wisdom, the sword didn't budge an inch!

Finally, *Richard Reekrat of Stinkonia* tried as well. Because of his odor, they left him for last. And you guessed it — the sword didn't budge an inch!

When everyone had stepped aside disappointed, we heard a **LITTLE** voice.

“Can I try, too?” Crouton asked.

Sir Flea Flicker and his son laughed.

“Look here,” Sir Flea Flicker **SCOFFED**. “It’s Crouton the servant.”

I took a step forward.

“Let him try!” I said firmly.

“Sure, let him try,” Flea Flicker Junior sneered.

“I could use a good **laugh!**”

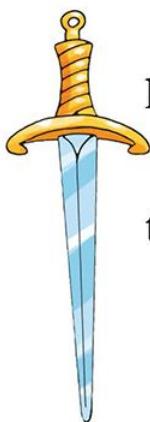


THE SWORD THAT SINGS

I walked with Crouton to the center of the square. He took a few **timid** steps toward the stone where the sword was **wedged**. When he got to the stone, he hesitated and turned toward me.

“Go on, little one,” I encouraged him. “It’s your turn. You can do it!”

He grasped the hilt of the sword, and . . . he pulled the sword out of the stone **EFFORTLESSLY**.



“**Ooooooooooooooh!**”

the crowd gasped.

A ray of moonlight pierced the clouds.

The sword sang **sweetly**:



**“I am the Sword in the Stone,
And you are the heir to the throne.**

**The King of Britannia you’ll be,
This is my solemn decree!”**



“It’s a **trick!**” Flea Flicker Junior shouted.
“He’s just a servant, so it doesn’t **COUNT!** It’s
a trick!”

“Yes, yes!” the crowd shouted. “It must be one
of Merlin’s tricks!”

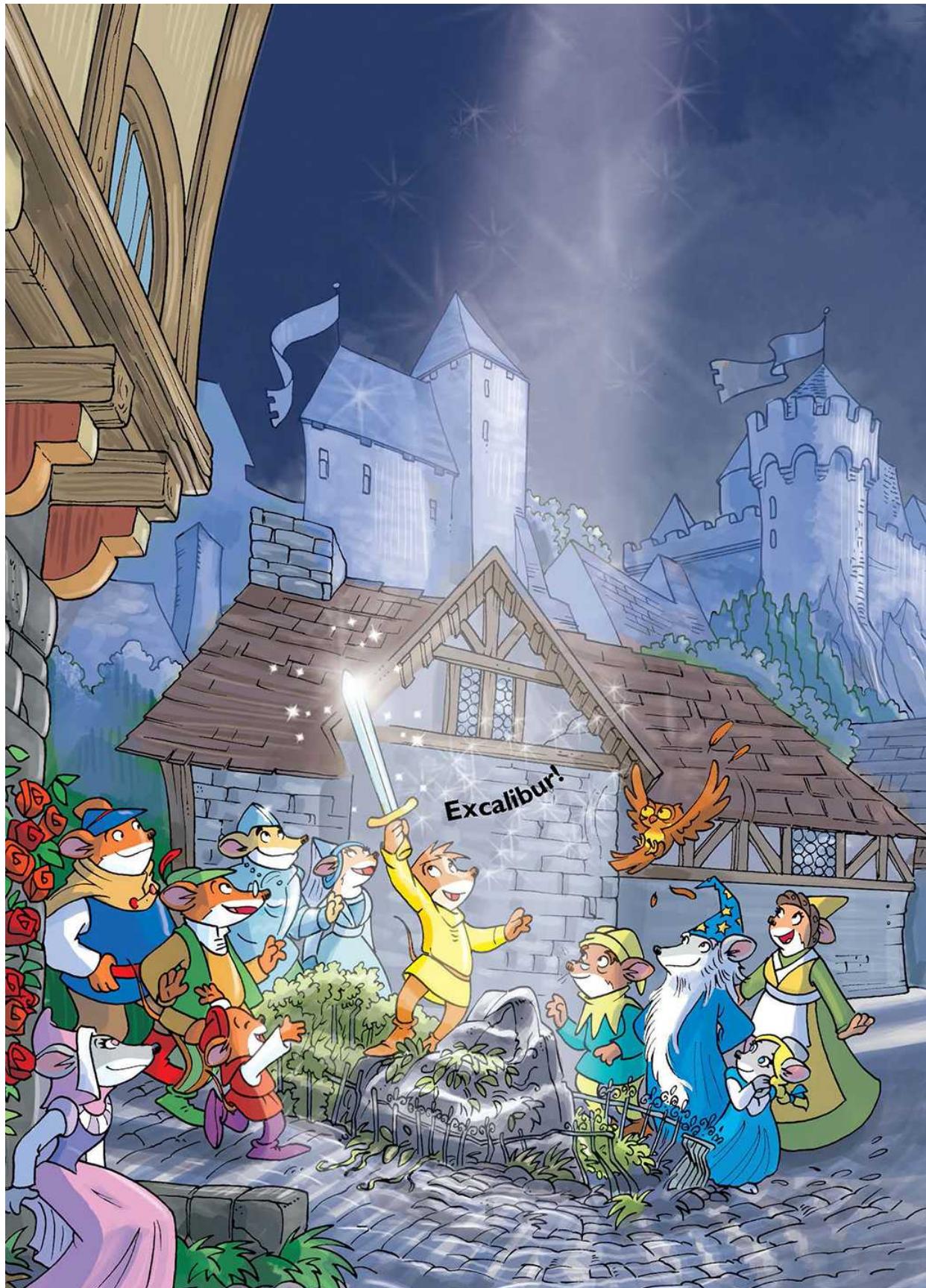
“The magician’s paw must be in it!”

Crouton placed the **SWORD** back in the
STONE. Then he took it out again and raised
it over his head so that everyone could see. This
time, there was no doubt. Merlin made a solemn
gesture and raised his arms to the **SKY**.

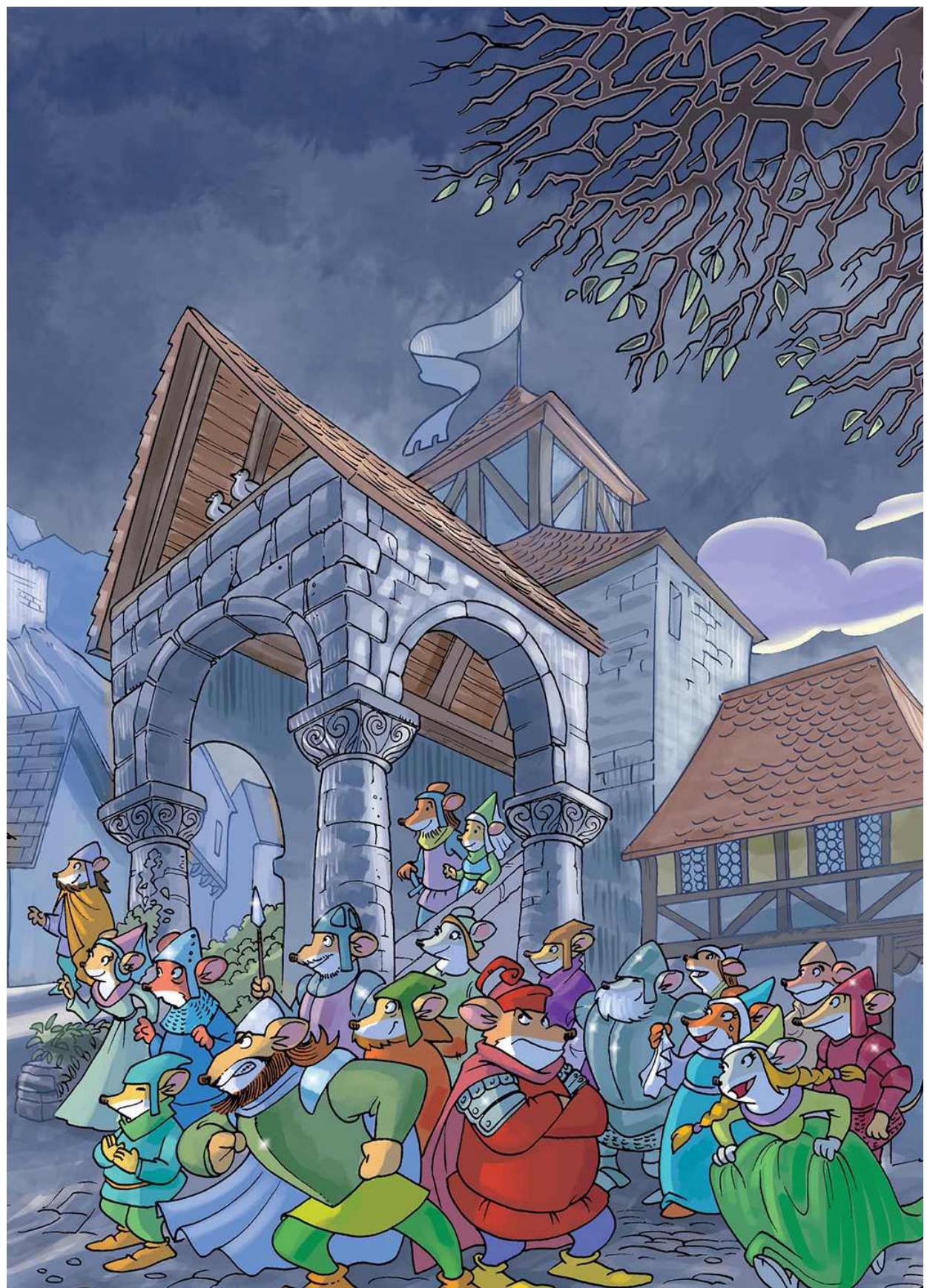
“Hear ye, hear ye!” Merlin shouted. “Years
have passed since our king Uther Pendragon
left us forever. But today we are gathered here
to **CROWN** his legitimate heir: his son, Arthur.
Long live Britannia’s new king! Long live **King**
ARTHUR!”

The crowd knelt down on the ground.

“**Long live the new King of Britannia!**”











they all shouted. "Long live King Arthur!"

The sword blazed and the crowd chanted:

"Ar-thur! Ar-thur! Long live King Arthur!"

The little mouselet with the blonde braids gazed at Crouton — that is, Arthur — with adoring eyes.

Arthur blushed **shyly**.

"My lady!" he greeted her.

She gave him her arm, and the two walked toward the castle, gazing into each other's eyes.

"Ah, **Maiden Guinevere** and little **ARTHUR** look so cute together. . . ." I heard some gossipers whisper.

Merlin smiled with satisfaction.

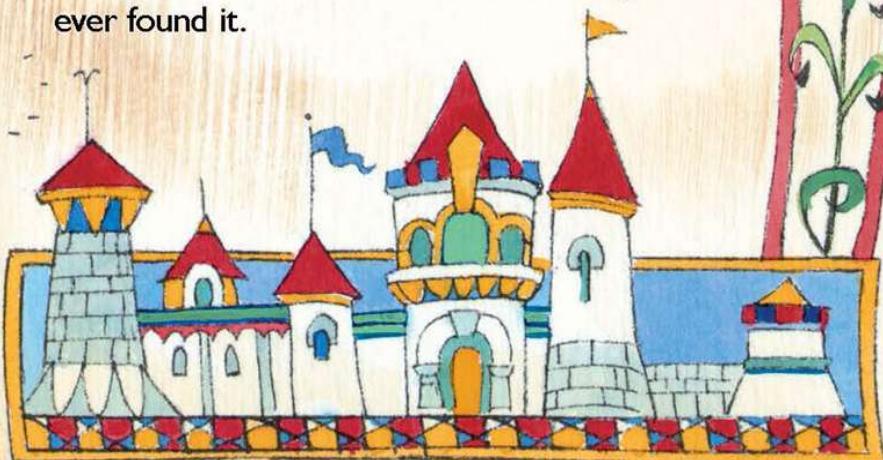
"That was the treasure hidden in the castle: a great king. **King ARTHUR!**"

each other's eyes gazing into each other's eyes who bump into each other's eyes Guinevere and Arthur



The Knights of the Round Table

According to legend, King Arthur was the secret son of the King of Britain, Uther Pendragon, and Lady Igraine, duchess of Tintagel. His half sister was Morgan le Fay. When King Pendragon died, Merlin the magician hid little Arthur in a faraway castle to protect him. When Arthur was ready to ascend the throne, Merlin revealed that he was the true king through the Sword in the Stone. Guinevere, daughter of King Leodegrance, married Arthur. Under the sage rule of King Arthur, Britain fought off the Saxon invaders. Finally, Merlin gave King Arthur one final mission: to find the Holy Grail. Supposedly, the cup held the cure to many ailments and it bestowed its owner with great wisdom. King Arthur gathered the most valiant knights around his Round Table, which was designed without a head to signify that all who sat at the table shared an equal status. He then asked for their help locating the Holy Grail. According to the legend, no one knows for sure if Arthur or his knights ever found it.







A NEW KING AND QUEEN

Suddenly, Professor von Volt ran up to me, panting and **OUT OF BREATH**.

“Geronimo, where have you been?” he asked. “I’ve been looking for you. We have to leave immediately. The **MOUSE MOVER 3000**’s batteries are almost out of power! If we don’t leave soon, we may have to stay here **FOREVER!**”

“Will little Crouton be okay?” I asked Merlin, **concerned** for my young friend.



“Yes, dear *friend*,” he replied. “I will make it my responsibility to advise him and to make him a good king.

“I do think the castle will need a new name, though.

The future king and queen

A NEW KING AND QUEEN



Flea Flicker Castle is a **horrible** name. I'll advise him to call it . . . **CAMELOT**! I think Camelot will soon have a new queen, Guinevere, that sweet little mouselet."

Professor von Volt smiled.

"Arthur, Guinevere, Camelot . . . **GOOD!**" he said. "Now everything makes sense."

Merlin raised his paw to bid us farewell.

"I won't forget you, **travelers from afar!**" he said.

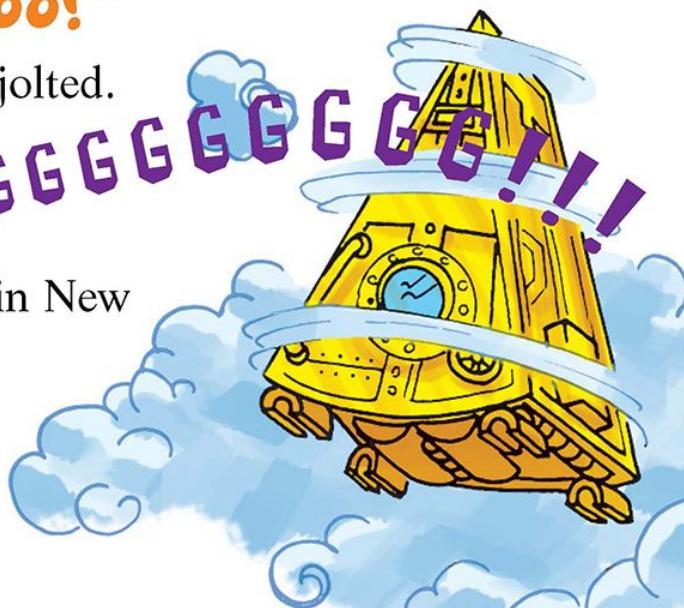
We climbed aboard the Mouse Mover 3000.

“Ready?” squeaked Professor von Volt.
“Goooooooooo!”

The time machine jolted.

Soon we were back in New Mouse City.

Ah, it felt so good
to be home!







I GIVE YOU MY WORD . . .

We found ourselves back in Professor von Volt's laboratory. The door opened and my friends and I climbed out of the time machine. Ah, **HOME SWEET HOME!**

I couldn't wait to get home and take a warm, **cheddar-scented** bath.

"Oh, wait!" Trap yelled. "I left my bag on the ship! Geronimo, can you get it for me? I'm late for an **APPOINTMENT!**"

"An appointment?" I grumbled as I climbed back inside the Mouse Mover 3000, whose batteries were charging. "When did you have time to make an **APPOINTMENT** while the rest of us were busy traveling through time? This better not be another one of your **tricks**, Trap!"



"Who, me? Do **tricks**?"
Trap asked. "Be real,
Geronimo. I'm the most
serious mouse of all time!
You're so **SUSPICIOUS**. It's
not good for your **HEALTH**,
you know? Anyway, gotta go! See
you later, alligator!"

With that, he dashed out the door. As he was running out, he **TRIPPED** on something on the floor. It was the **remote control** for the **MOUSE MOVER 3000**.

Suddenly, the Mouse Mover 3000 began to **HUM**, and the door closed with a bang. This time, I knew what was happening.

So I quickly buckled my seat belt and inserted the earplugs. The time machine filled with



“The begin-

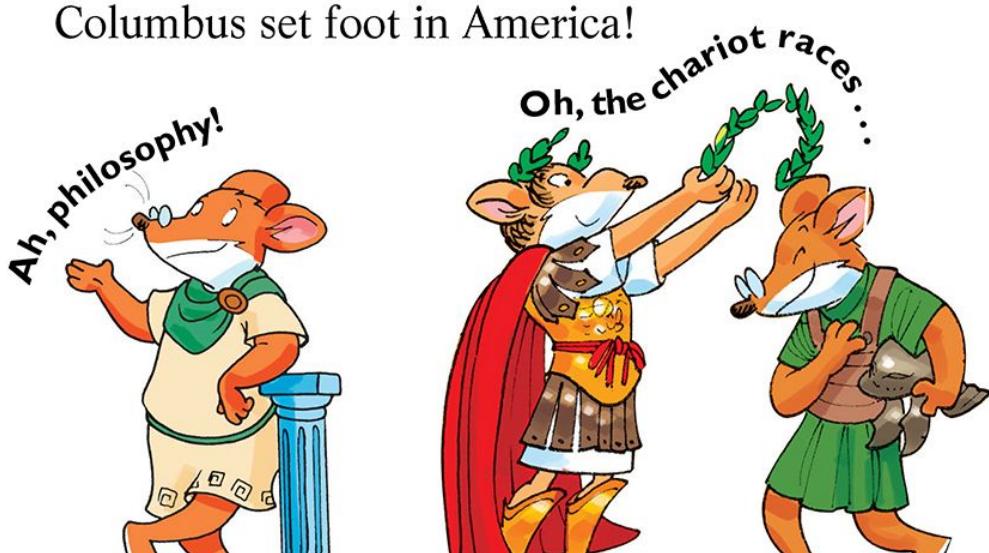
I GIVE YOU



MY WORD . . .

a **BLUE** fog and began rotating **faster** and **faster**! Where was I going? I didn't know. But I wasn't worried. In fact, I was excited about traveling through time **again**. Who knew what adventure I might find!

Maybe I would end up in **ancient Greece**, where I would chat with great philosophers like **PLATO** and **ARISTOTLE**. Or maybe I would find myself in ancient Rome, where I could take part in a chariot race in the Coliseum. Or perhaps I would travel to the year 1492 to see Christopher Columbus set foot in America!





I GIVE YOU



MY WORD . . .

Where would the Mouse Mover 3000 take me?

WHERE? WHERE? WHERE?????????????

I held on tight and —

BANGGGGGGGGGGGGG!

The time machine came to a sudden **stop**.

I had a feeling I was about to have another
WHISKER-LICKIN>-GOOD adventure!

I give you my word that whatever happens
on my journey, I'll be sure to write about it . . .
someday!

Until then, farewell, **dear mouse friends!**

Maybe I would see Christopher Columbus!









TRAVEL JOURNAL





Dear rodent friends,

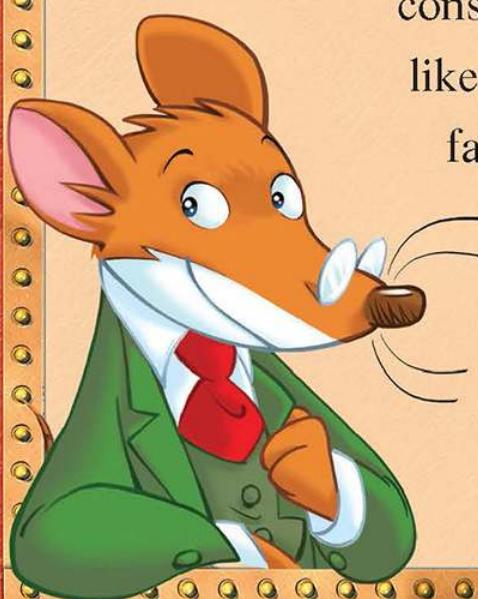
I hope you have enjoyed reading all about my adventures during my journey through time.

To keep the memories from fading, I wrote this very special travel journal just for you.

It's full of **definitions**, **MAPS**, and **FUN FACTS**.

Learn about dinosaur discoveries around the world, the Egyptian calendar, and the secrets of medieval castle construction. You'll find it's like taking off on another fabumouse journey through time!

Geronimo Stilton





PREHISTORY





PREHISTORY MINI DICTIONARY



bird: A warm-blooded animal with two legs, wings, feathers, and a beak. The oldest known bird is Archaeopteryx, which lived in the Late Jurassic period around 150 million years ago.

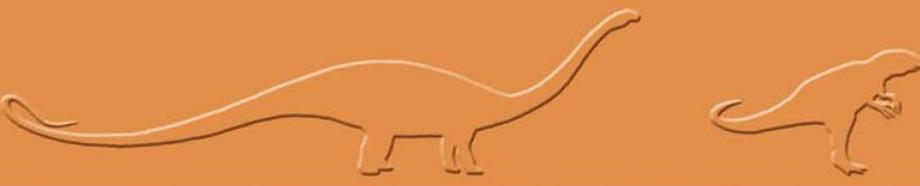
carnivore: An animal that eats meat.

egg: An oval or round object that contains a baby bird, reptile, fish, or insect. It is produced by the female member of these species to protect their young as they develop. Dinosaurs laid eggs in nests. The largest dinosaur eggs were as big as eighteen or nineteen inches long, while the smallest were the size of tennis balls.

family: A group of living things that are related to each other. Donkeys and mules are members of the horse family.







genus: A group of related plants or animals that is larger than a species but smaller than a family.

herbivore: An animal that only eats plants.

mammal: A warm-blooded animal that has hair or fur and usually gives birth to live babies. Female mammals produce milk to feed their young.

paleontology: The science that deals with fossils and other ancient life-forms. A person who studies paleontology is called a paleontologist.

prehistory: A time before history was recorded in written form.

reptile: A cold-blooded animal that crawls across the ground or creeps on short legs. Most reptiles have backbones and reproduce by laying eggs.

species: One of the groups into which animals and plants of the same genus are divided. Members of the same species can mate and have offspring.





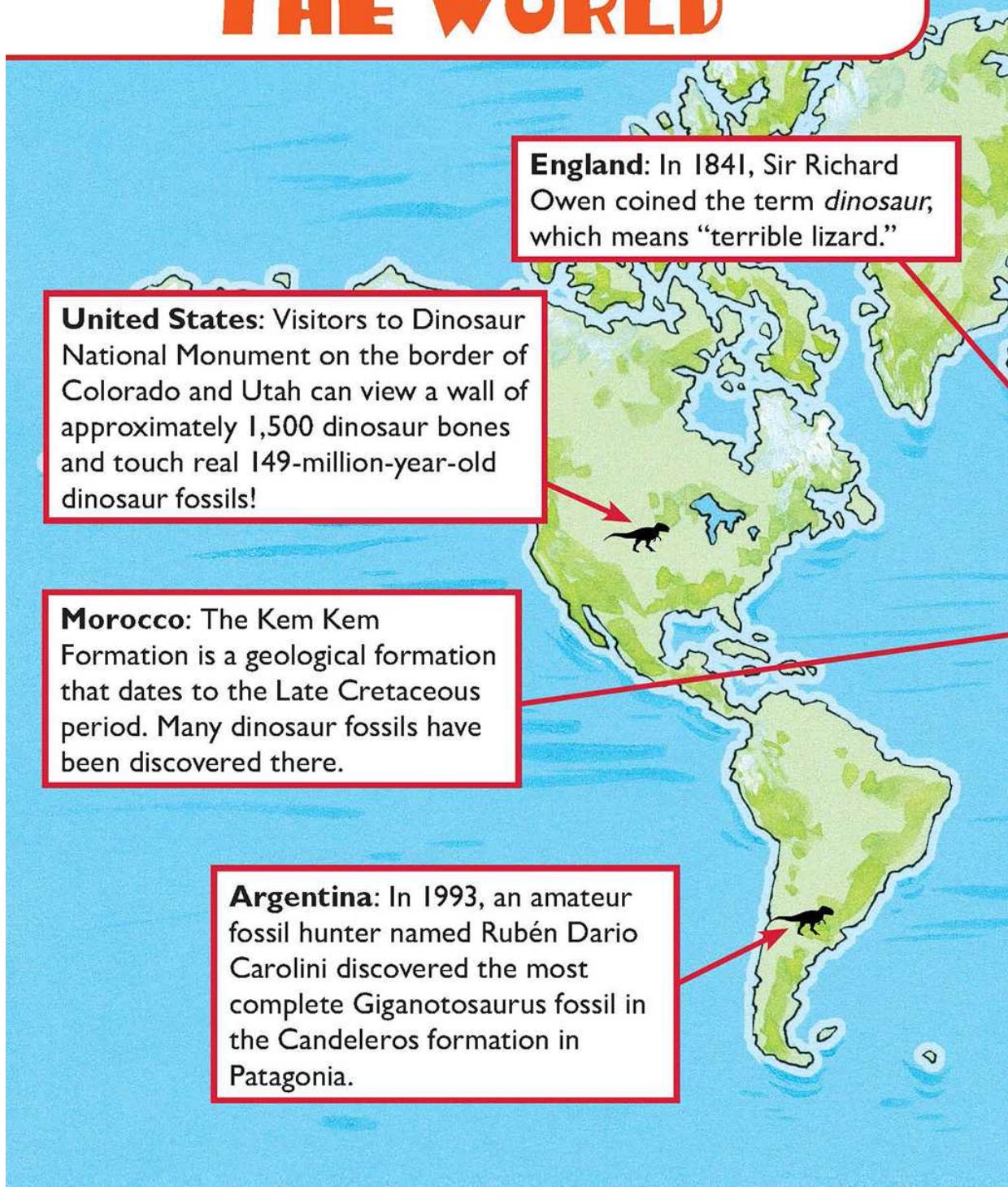
DINOSAURS AROUND THE WORLD

United States: Visitors to Dinosaur National Monument on the border of Colorado and Utah can view a wall of approximately 1,500 dinosaur bones and touch real 149-million-year-old dinosaur fossils!

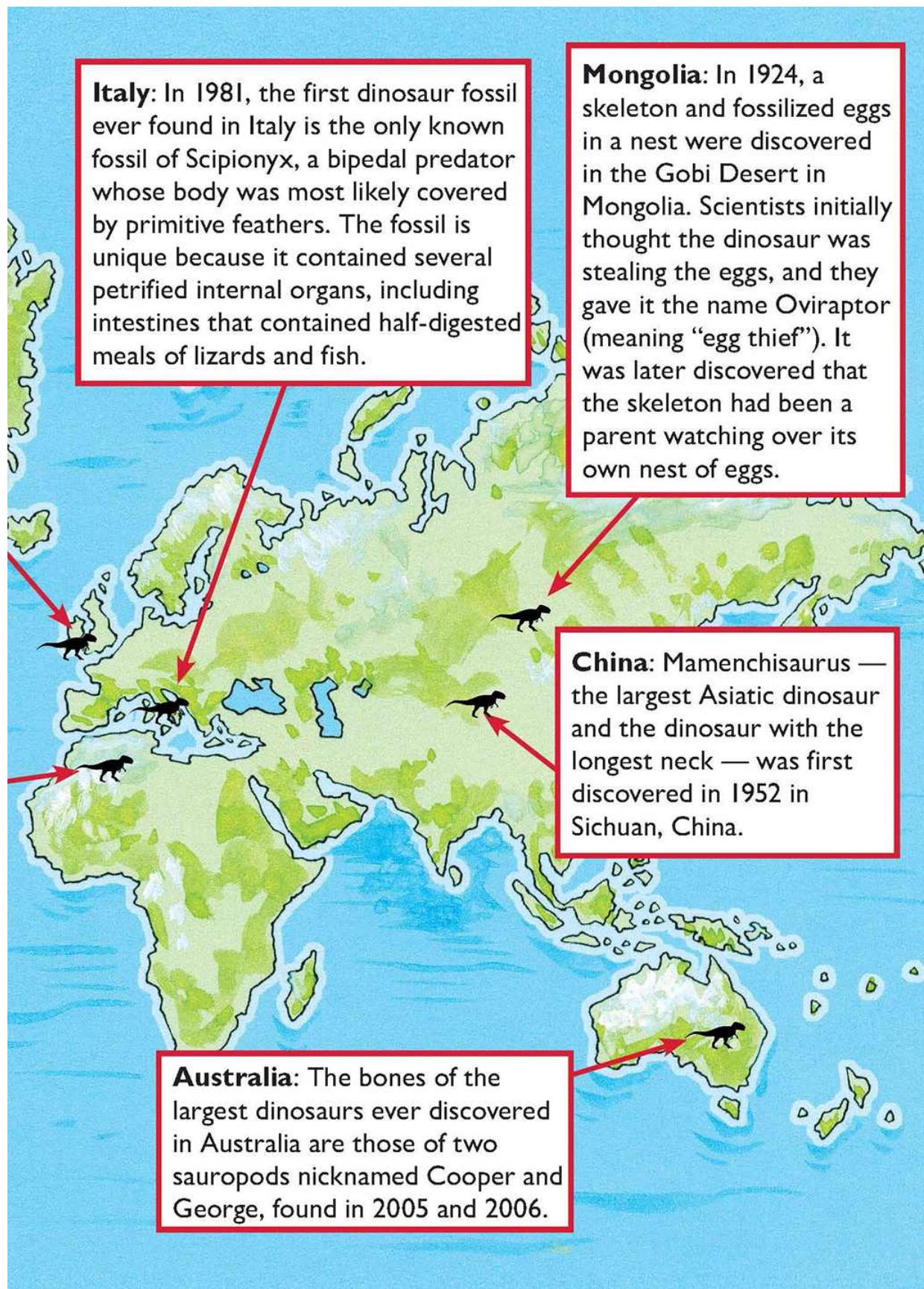
England: In 1841, Sir Richard Owen coined the term *dinosaur*, which means “terrible lizard.”

Morocco: The Kem Kem Formation is a geological formation that dates to the Late Cretaceous period. Many dinosaur fossils have been discovered there.

Argentina: In 1993, an amateur fossil hunter named Rubén Dario Carolini discovered the most complete Giganotosaurus fossil in the Candeleros formation in Patagonia.











The dinosaur that . . .

Was the fastest: Dromiceiomimus could run at a speed of around thirty-seven miles per hour.

Was the heaviest: Argentinosaurus weighed around eighty tons.

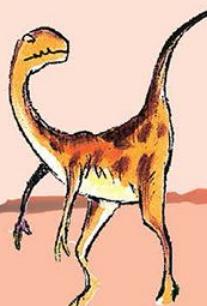
Was the tallest: Sauroposeidon's head could reach fifty-seven feet in height.

Had the longest neck: Mamenchisaurus's neck made up half its length.

Had the longest tail: Diplodocus's tail was up to forty-five feet long.

Had the longest name: Micropachycephalosaurus

Was the first discovered: Megalosaurus was discovered and named in 1824.





EGYPT





EGYPT MINI DICTIONARY



amulet: A charm or object that is said to have magical powers that protect the owner.

archaeology: The study of the distant past, which often involves digging up old buildings, objects, and bones and examining them carefully.

cubit: An ancient form of measurement based on the length of the forearm, measured from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. Usually equal to about eighteen to twenty inches (forty-six to fifty-two centimeters).

deben: An ancient Egyptian stone used as a measurement for weight. Copper deben weighed about 13.6 grams each, while gold deben weighed about 23.7 grams each. Deben could be used as currency in exchange for goods and services.

Egyptology: The study of the civilization of ancient Egypt.







hieroglyphics: A system of writing used by ancient Egyptians, made up of pictures and symbols that stand for words.

mastaba: An Egyptian tomb that is oblong-shaped with sloping sides and a flat roof, like the base of a pyramid.

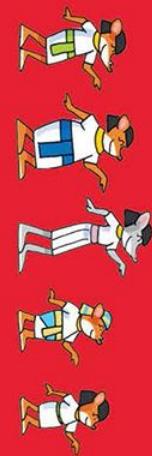
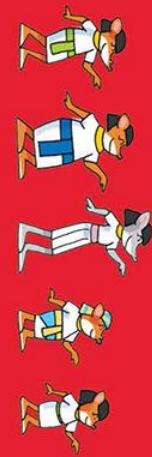
necropolis: A place dedicated to burials and worship of the dead.

obelisk: An upright four-sided pillar built out of one piece of stone that gradually tapers as it rises and ends in a pyramid on top. It was usually decorated with inscriptions.

papyrus: A tall water plant that grows in northern Africa and southern Europe. Ancient Egyptians used the stems of the plant to make writing paper.



pyramid: An ancient Egyptian stone monument where pharaohs and their treasures were buried.

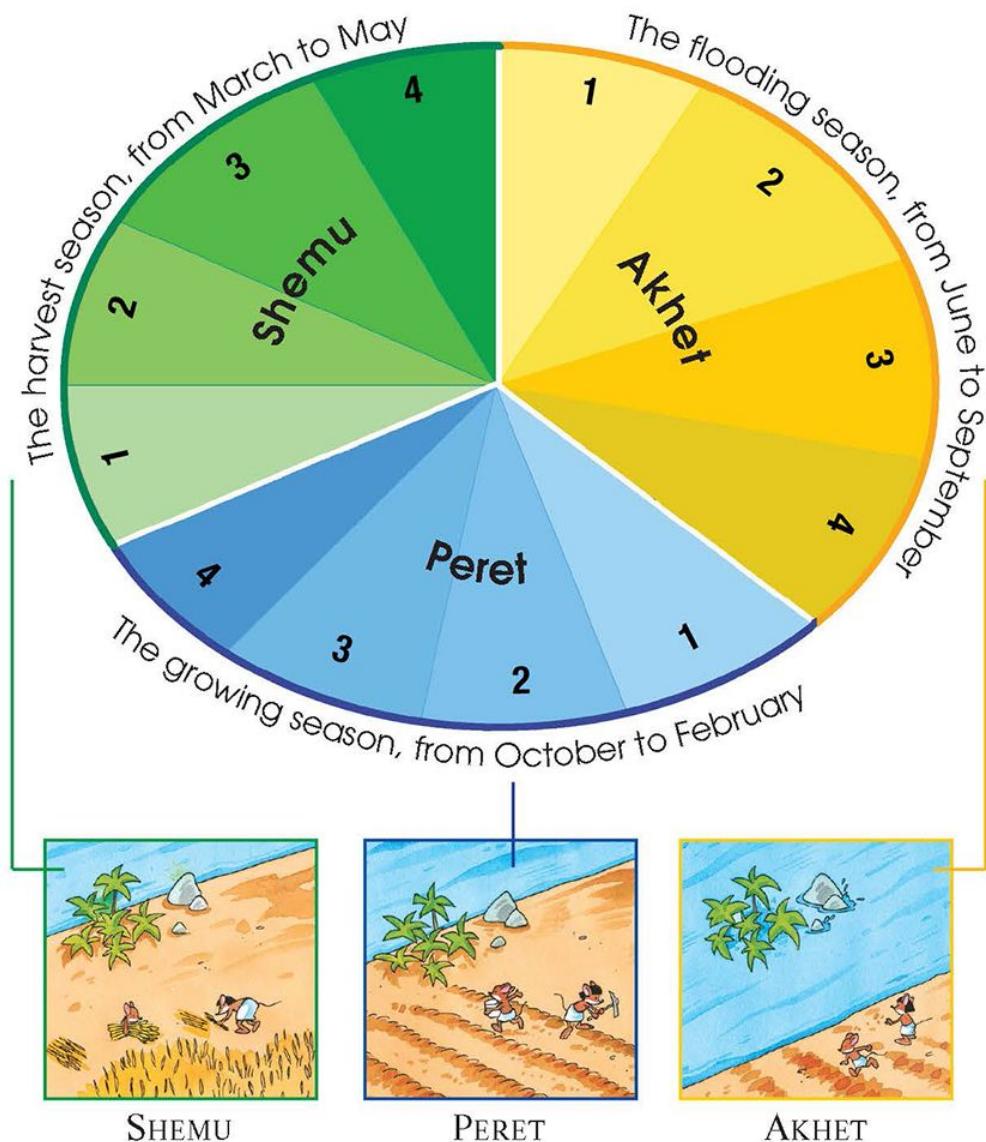






Egyptian Calendar

The Egyptian year was made up of 365 days and had three seasons made up of four months each:







Every month was made up of thirty days, divided into three weeks of ten days each.

New Year's Day fell in mid-July, which is when the waters of the Nile River began to rise rapidly. It was preceded by five days of great festivities to honor of the birth of:



ISIS
goddess of
nature and
magic



HORUS
god of war
and hunting



OSIRIS
god of the
afterlife



NEPHTHYS
goddess of
death



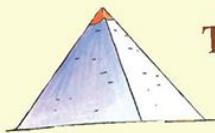
SET
god of the
desert







Egypt Fun Facts



The oldest pyramid . . .

is the Pyramid of Djoser in the Sahara desert in Egypt, northwest of the city of Memphis. It was built during the twenty-seventh century BC for the pharaoh Djoser and was originally 203 feet tall.



The oldest obelisk . . .

is that of Senusret in Heliopolis. It is 67 feet tall, weighs 120 tons (240,000 pounds), and is made of red granite.

The tallest obelisk . . .

is that of Tuthmosis III. Today it stands in the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano, Rome, where it has been since 1588. It is 105 feet tall.



The oldest hieroglyphs . . .

come from Abydos, 300 miles south of Cairo. The symbols were found on pieces of pottery, bone and ivory tags, and clay seal impressions that are dated between 3400 and 3200 BC.



MIDDLE AGES





MIDDLE AGES MINI DICTIONARY

amanuensis: A medieval monk or servant whose job it was to write books from dictation by hand and illustrate them with miniature drawings.



arrow slit: A thin vertical cutout opening in a castle wall that archers can use to launch arrows at invading forces. Also called an *arrow loop* or *loop hole*.

coronation: The ceremony in which a king, queen, or other ruler is crowned.

jester: A professional joker or entertainer in medieval courts.

joust: A competition between two knights on horseback with lances.





lance: A long spear with a pointed metal tip, used in the past by soldiers fighting on horseback.

maiden: A young, unmarried woman.

minstrel: A musician or someone who recited poems in medieval times.

parchment: Heavy sheets of paperlike material made from the skin of sheeps, goats, or other animals and used for writing.

pewter: A metal made of tin mixed with lead or copper. Pewter is used to make plates, pitchers, and other utensils.

sentry: A person who stands guard and warns others of danger.

standard: The flag or banner of a nation or military group.

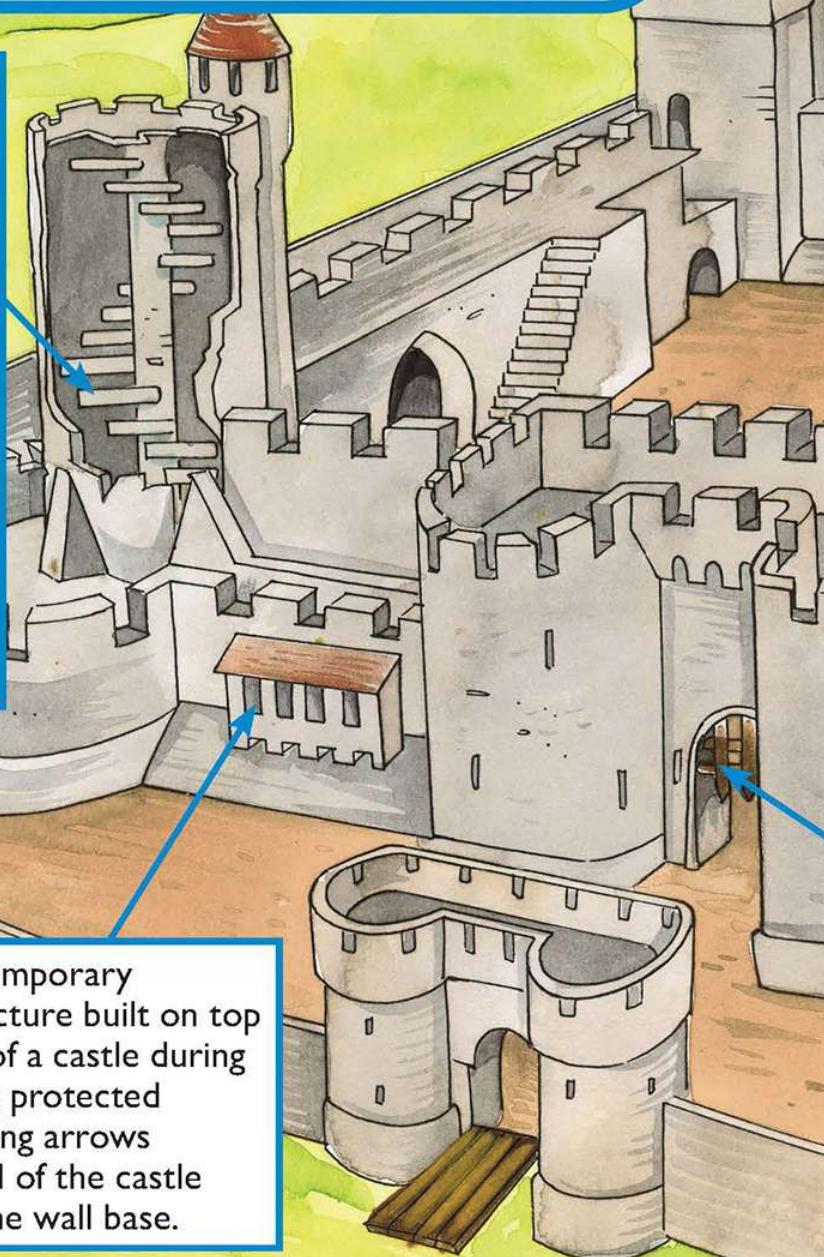




The Secrets of the Castle

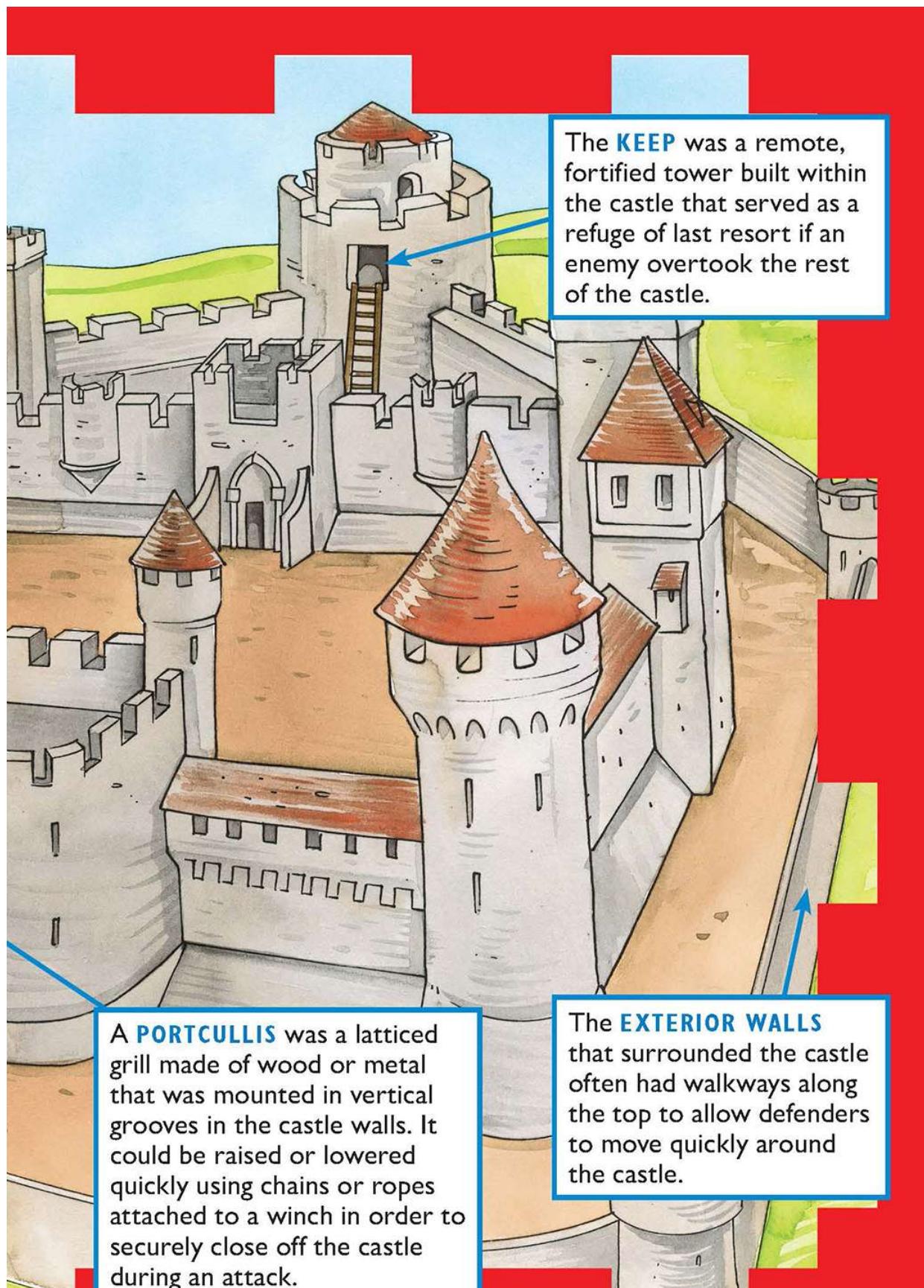
SPIRAL STAIRCASES

were steep, narrow, and always turned upward in a clockwise direction from the bottom. This was so that an attacker who was coming up the stairs while holding a sword in his right hand couldn't make the best use of the sword because his arm would hit the castle wall.



A **HOARDING** was a temporary shedlike wooden structure built on top of the exterior walls of a castle during a battle. The hoarding protected soldiers who were firing arrows directly down the wall of the castle toward attackers at the wall base.









Middle Ages Fun Facts

- The largest medieval castle in central Europe is the **Spiš Castle** in eastern Slovakia, which is now partially in ruins.
- It usually took around **seven to twelve years** to build a medieval castle. Some larger castles, like the Tower of London, took more than twenty years to complete.
- **Château Gaillard** is a medieval castle in Normandy, France, that was built by Richard the Lionheart beginning in 1196. Remarkably, the castle was constructed in just two years.
- The oldest standing castle in Europe is part of the **Château de Doué-la-Fontaine** in western France. The castle is believed to have been the first European castle built out of stone in around 950.





IN WHICH HISTORICAL PERIOD WOULD YOU HAVE LIVED?



QUIZ



1 At the end of dinner, which dessert would you choose?

- a) A pistachio ice-cream cone
- b) An almond and honey pastry
- c) A slice of wild berry pie



2 What do you do if you don't agree with someone else's opinion?

- a) You get angry.
- b) You try to find a compromise.
- c) You make your point of view known through a conversation.



3 What are your favorite Subjects?

- a) History and geography
- b) Math and geometry
- c) English and drawing



4 Which color do you like the most?

- a) Green
- b) Yellow
- c) Blue



5

Which of these places would you most like to visit?

- a) A tropical forest
- b) The desert
- c) An abandoned castle



6

What profession interests you the most?

- a) Geologist (someone who studies the earth's physical structure, especially soil and rocks)
- b) Archeologist (someone who studies the past, often by digging up and examining the remains of old buildings, objects, and bones)
- c) Philologist (someone who studies literature, history, and classic languages)



7

Which pet would you most like to have?

- a) A prehistoric fish
- b) A cat
- c) A horse



8

What's your favorite way to spend an afternoon with a friend?

- a) Flying a kite at the park
- b) Playing at home
- c) Drawing or writing stories together



9

Which type of house would you like most?

- a) A tree house
- b) A palace
- c) A small country home



10

Where would you most like to live?

- a) At the foot of a mountain
- b) Near a river
- c) On a small, rolling hill



11

If you were invited to a birthday party, what would you wear?

- a) Comfortable everyday clothes
- b) Something fun and fancy
- c) Anything, as long as it matches



In what period would you have lived?

HERE ARE THE RESULTS...

Prehistoric

If you answered **A** to most questions, you are adventurous and can always get out of a tricky situation. You probably would have most liked living in the prehistoric era.



Egyptian

If you answered **B** to most of the questions, you are detail-oriented, patient, and calm, and you solve problems with a lot of thought and care. You probably would have most liked living in ancient Egypt.



Medieval

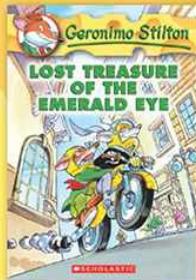
If you answered **C** to most of the questions, you have a vivid imagination but you are also a rational thinker. You probably would have most liked living in the Middle Ages, where you would have been a faithful advisor to the king.



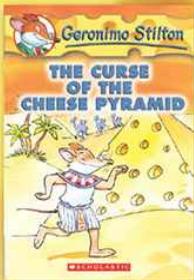




**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of
the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the
Cheese Pyramid



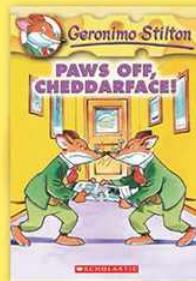
#3 Cat and Mouse in a
Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of
My Fur!



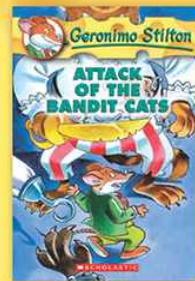
#5 Four Mice Deep in
the Jungle



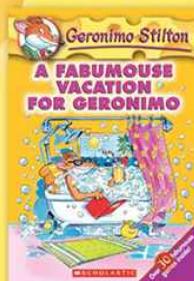
#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!



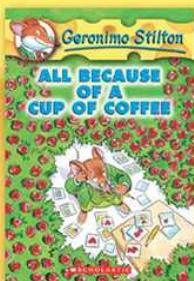
#7 Red Pizzas for a
Blue Count



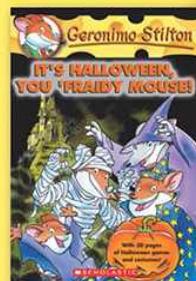
#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for Geronimo



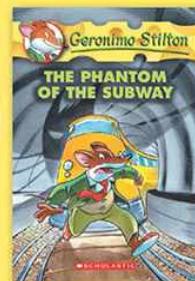
#10 All Because of a
Cup of Coffee



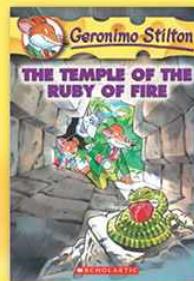
#11 It's Halloween,
You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas,
Geronimo!



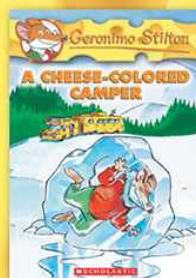
#13 The Phantom of
the Subway



#14 The Temple of the
Ruby of Fire



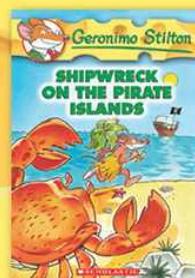
#15 The Mona Mousa
Code



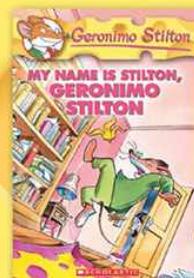
#16 A Cheese-Colored
Camper



#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck
on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name is Stilton,
Geronimo Stilton



SURF'S UP,
GERONIMO!

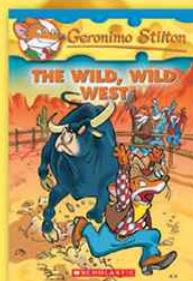
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper

#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!

#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands

#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton

#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



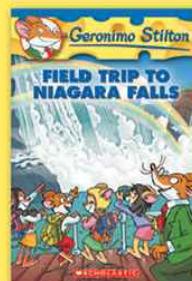
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



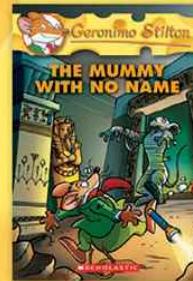
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



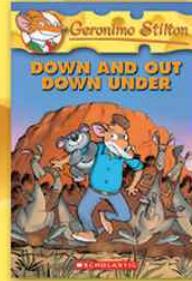
#26 The Mummy with No Name



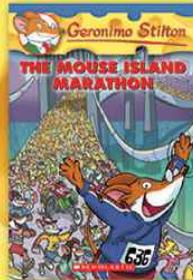
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



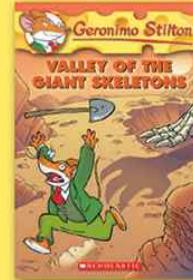
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



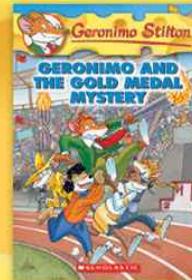
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



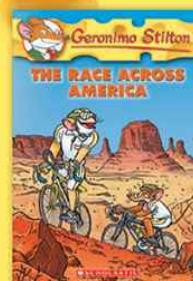
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



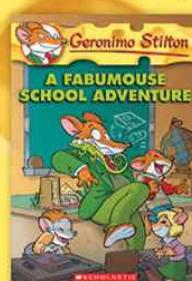
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



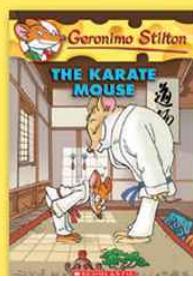
#37 The Race Across America



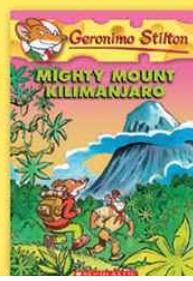
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Tree



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!

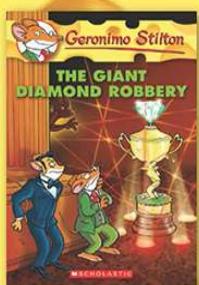
#39 Singing Sensation

#40 The Karate Mouse

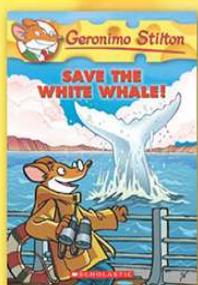
**#41 Mighty Mount
Kilimanjaro**

**#42 The Peculiar
Pumpkin Thief**

**#43 I'm Not a
Supermouse!**



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



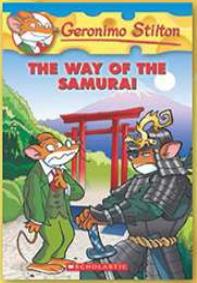
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



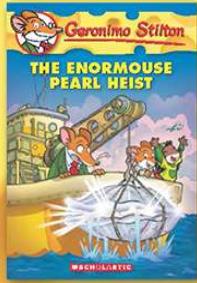
#48 The Mystery in Venice



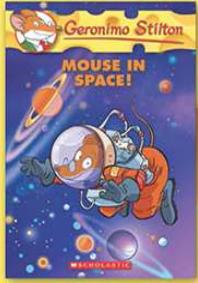
#49 The Way of the Samurai



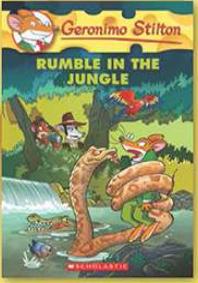
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



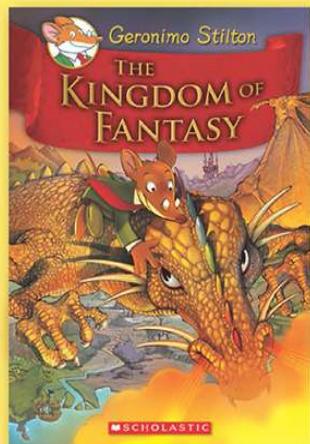
#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation

Special Edition!

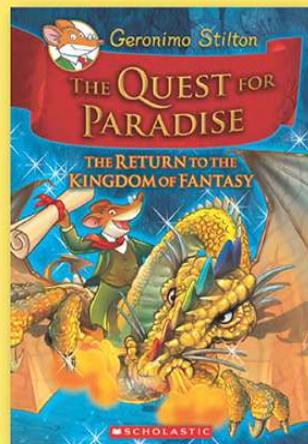




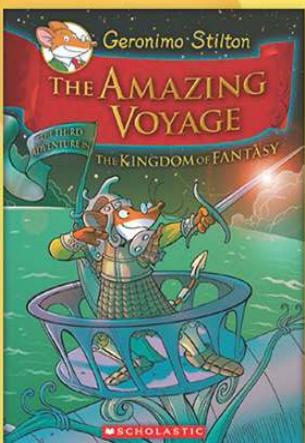
Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



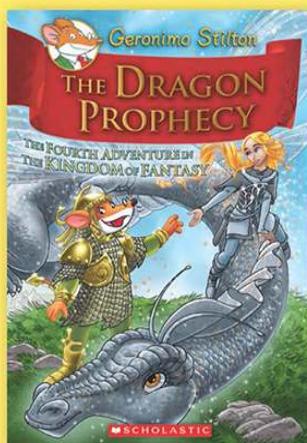
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



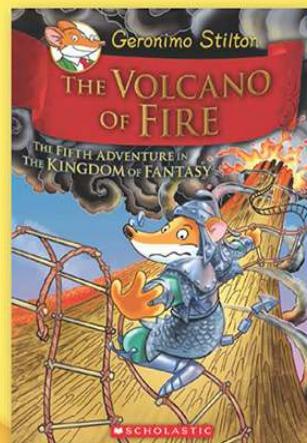
THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM



THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM



THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM

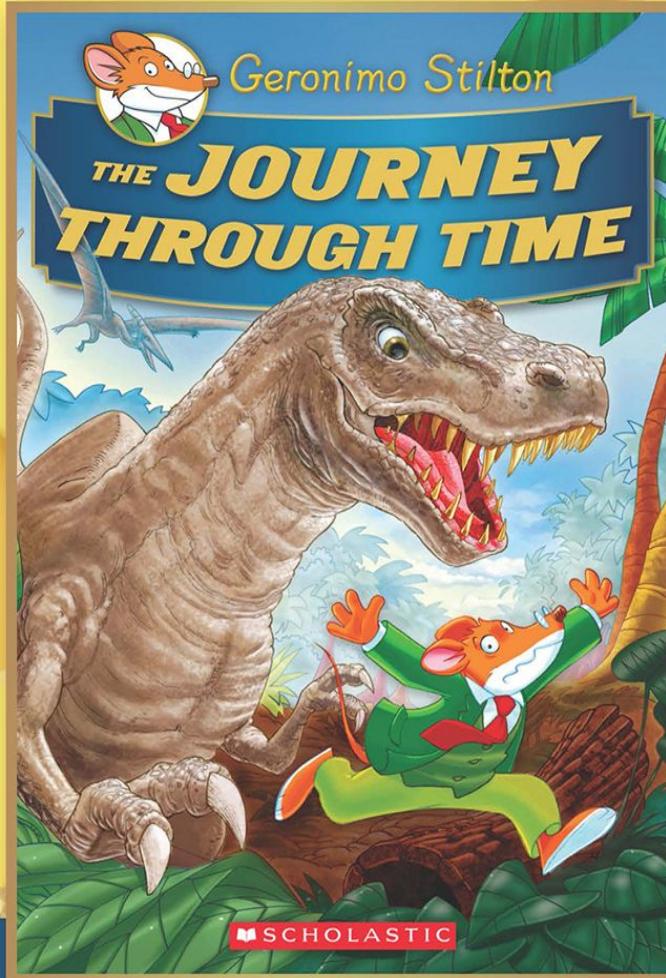
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY

IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY

IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

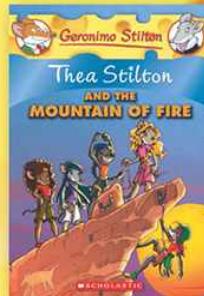




**Don't miss
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



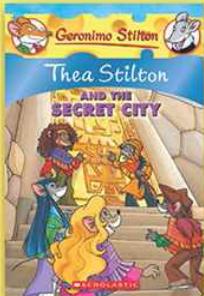
Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



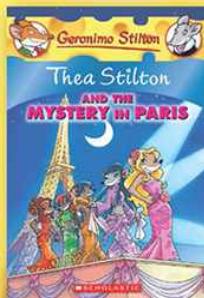
Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



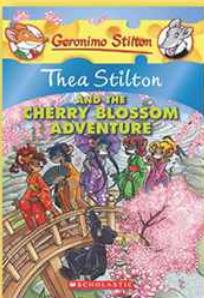
Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



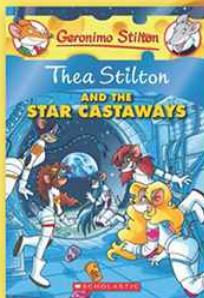
Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris



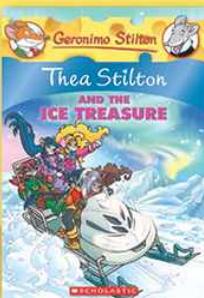
Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



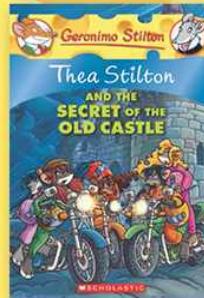
Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



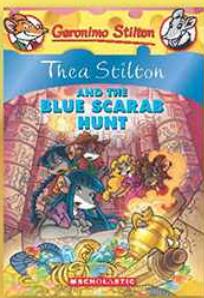
Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



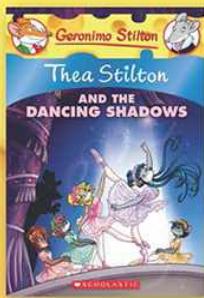
Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



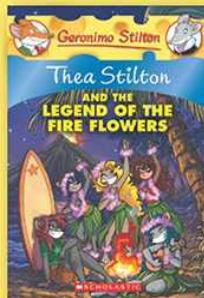
Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



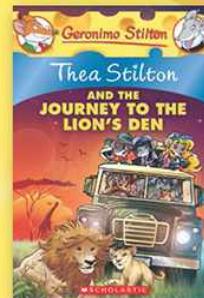
Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



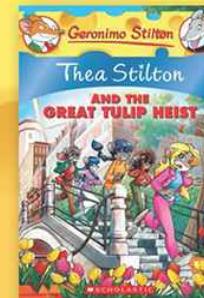
Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the
Lion's Den



Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist

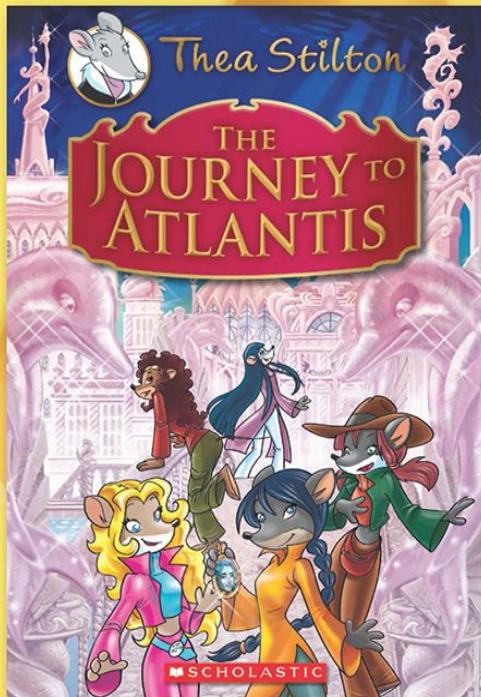


Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage

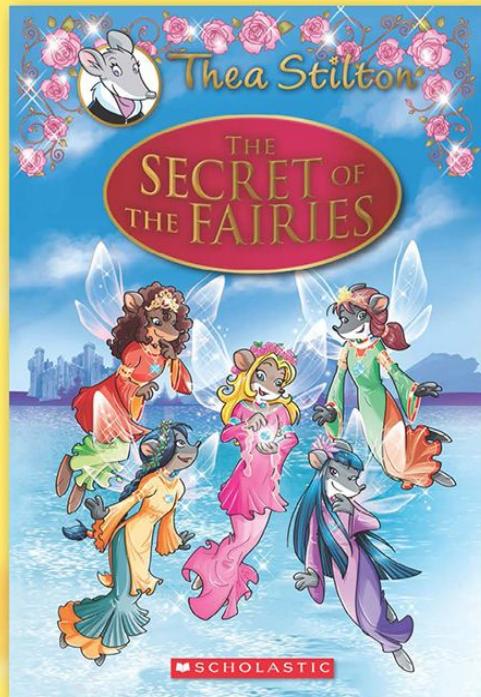




Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



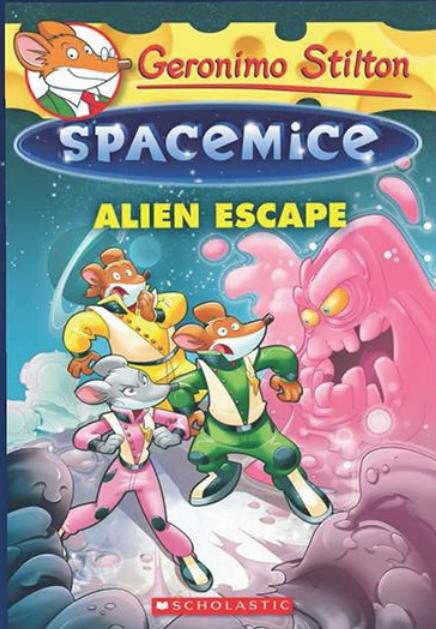
THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



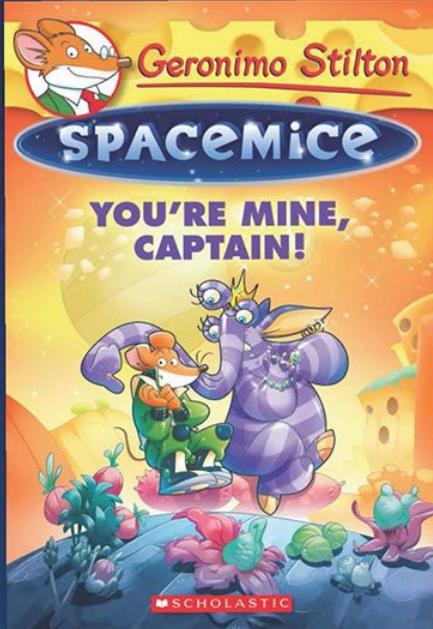
Meet GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



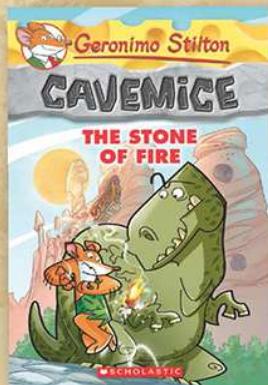
#2 You're Mine, Captain!



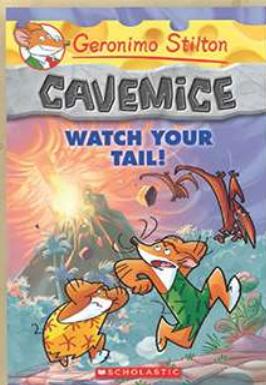


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

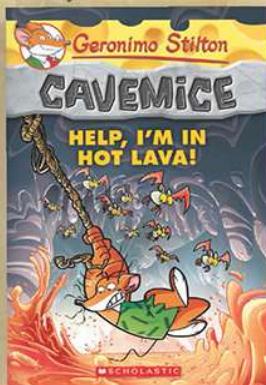
He is a **cavemouse** — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



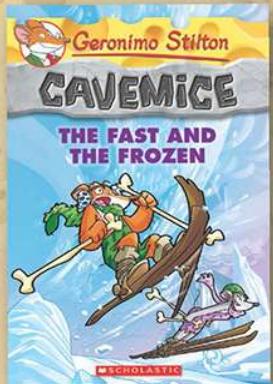
#1 The Stone of Fire



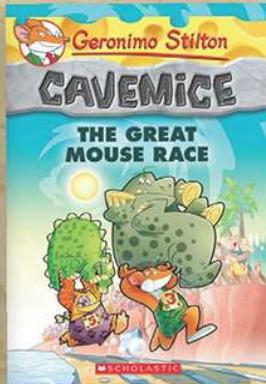
#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse Race



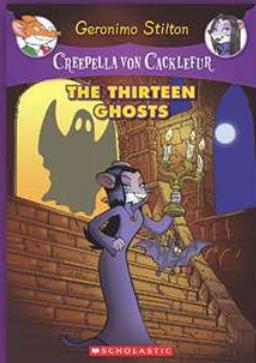




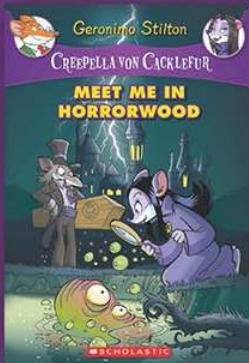
Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

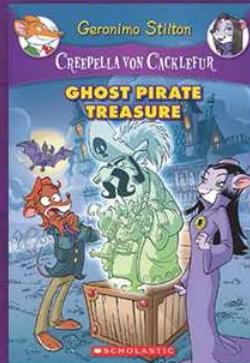
I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing.** **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly** funny and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



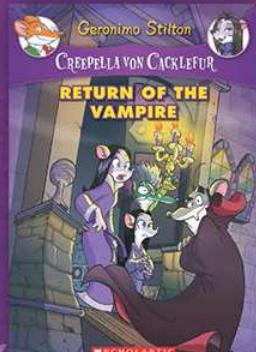
#1 The Thirteen
Ghosts



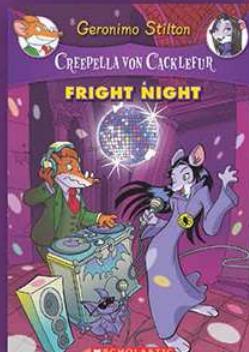
#2 Meet Me in
Horrorwood



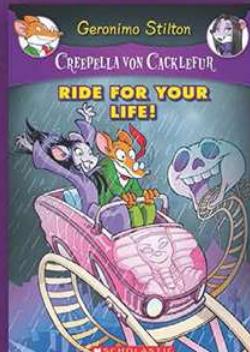
#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasure



RETURN OF THE
VAMPIRE



FRIGHT NIGHT



RIDE FOR YOUR
LIFE!



**#4 Return of the
Vampire**

#5 Fright Night

**#6 Ride for
Your Life**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

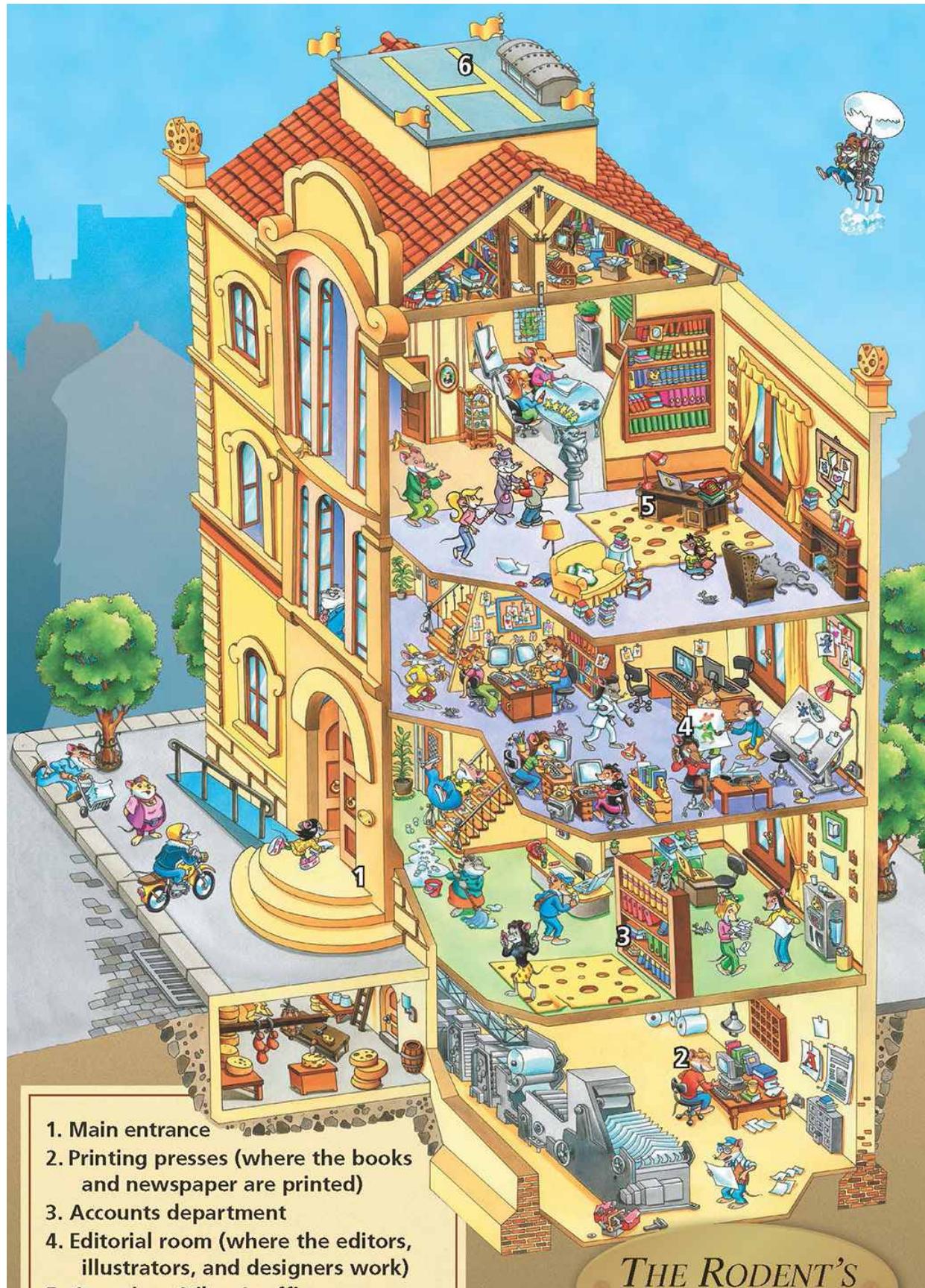


Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



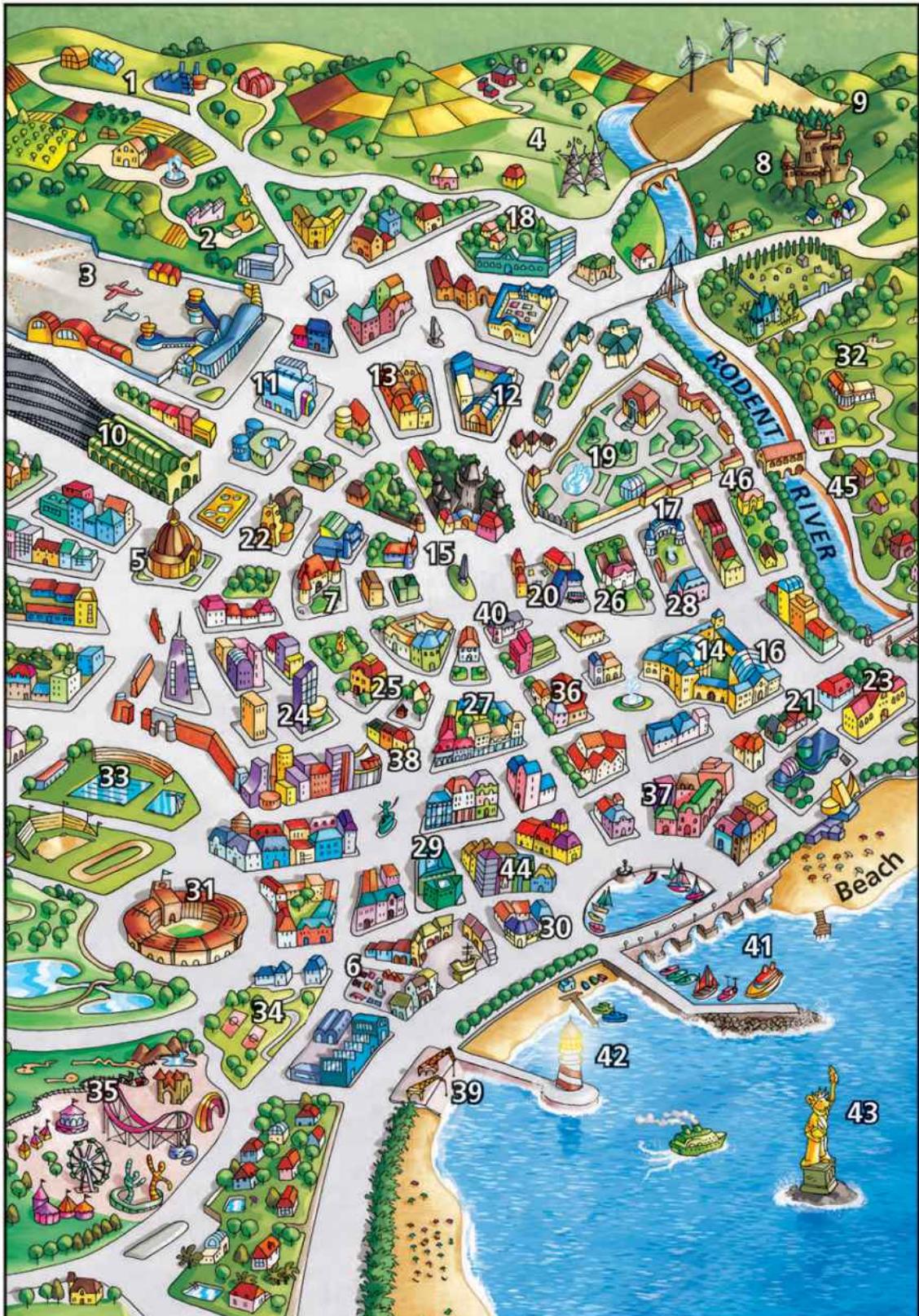


1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)

THE RODENT'S

5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

GAZETTE

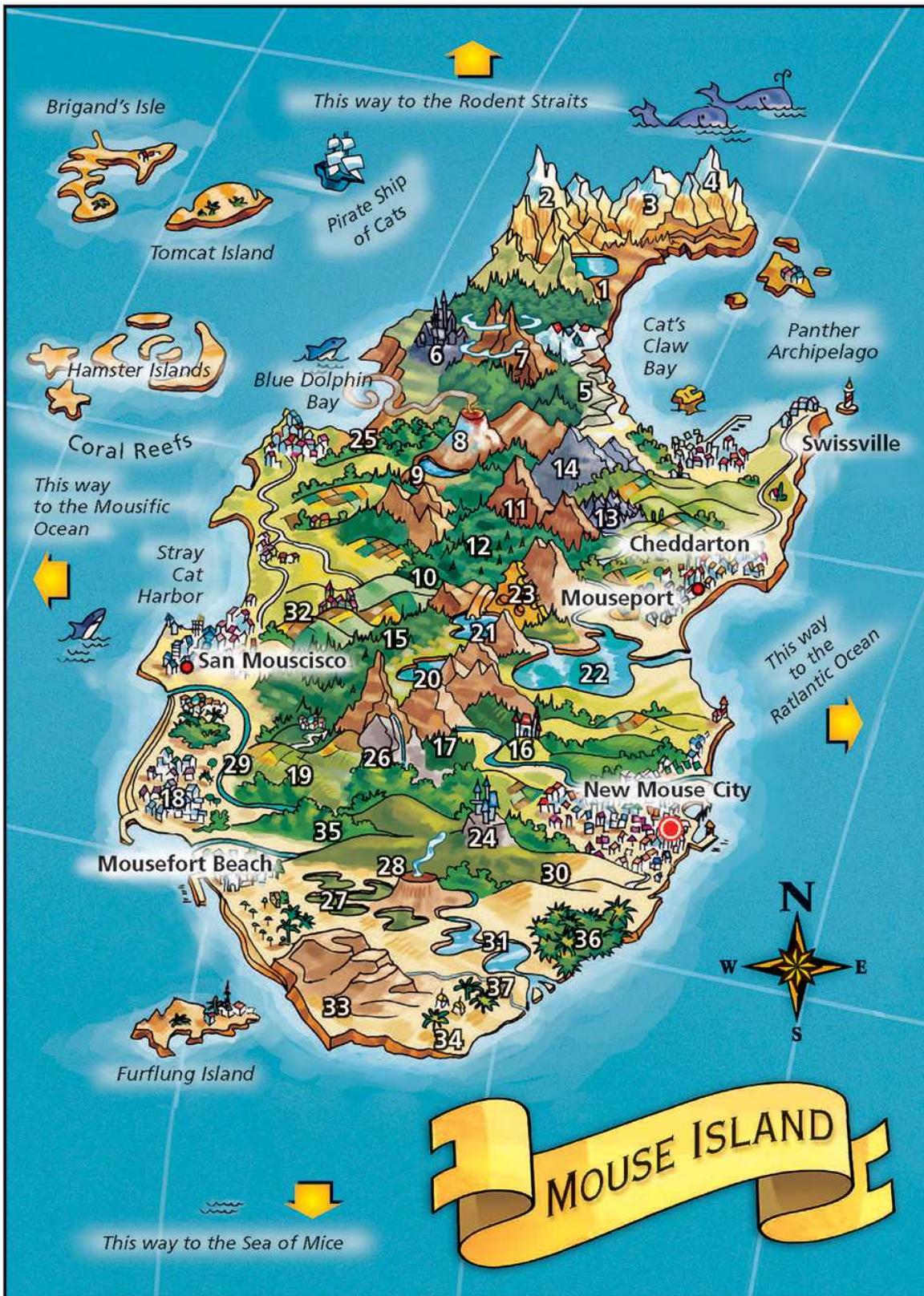




Map of New Mouse City

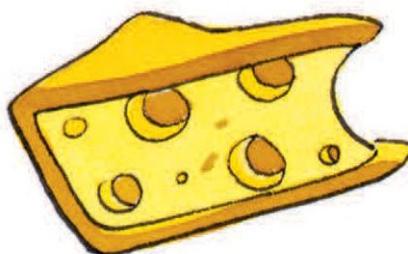
1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House

[REDACTED]



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant
Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 29. Vole Vale |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 12. Dark Forest | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 34. Oasis of the
Sweaty Camel |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |





Prehistory



Ancient Egypt



Medieval Period

Journey back in time with Geronimo Stilton!

I, Geronimo Stilton, never expected to set paw inside a time machine. But when Professor von Volt invited me to travel with him, I had to accept!

My family came along to help us discover how the dinosaurs became extinct, how the Great Pyramid of Giza was built, and what life was like at King Arthur's court. Along the way I was chased by a Tyrannosaurus rex, almost eaten by a crocodile in the Nile, and asked to save a maiden from an evil knight's castle. Holey cheese! It was an adventure through history!

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